THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An I ly
Founded A Franklin

Volume 196, Number 9

SEPTEMBER 1, 1923

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

Corra Harris—Ben Ames Williams—Forrest Crissey—Dorothy DeJagers
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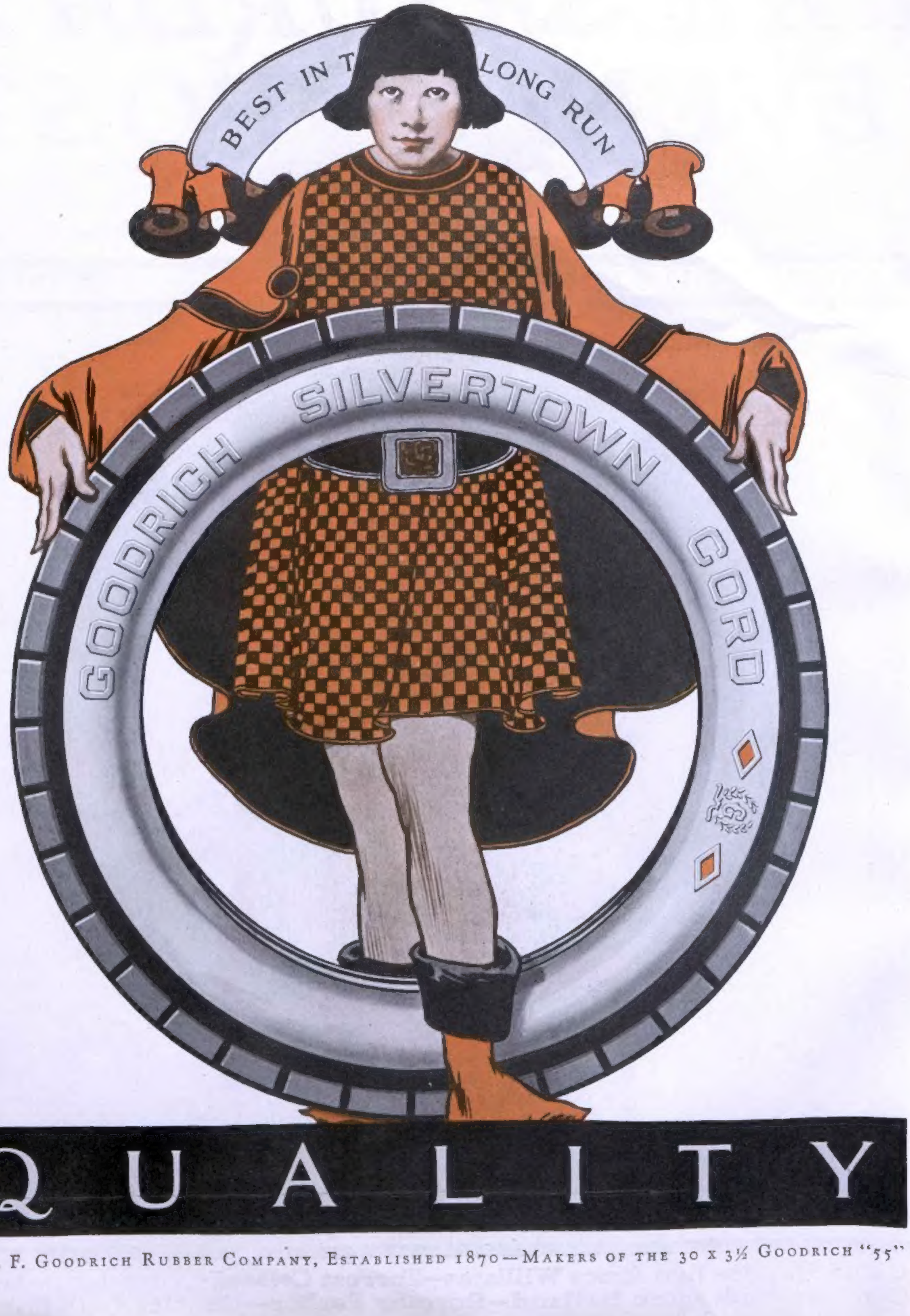


THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, ESTABLISHED 1870—MAKERS OF THE 30 X 3½ GOODRICH "55"

THE CUT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

You see at once the difference between Society Brand Clothes and all others. It's the cut, that gives their unequaled air of smartness. This is true of every model. The Cornell sack suit is loose, easy, broad shouldered, with a long, low roll to the lapel. The Robinhood, a single breasted box coat with a flare to the skirt, is the thing for early fall.

Society Brand Clothes

ALFRED DECKER & COHN, MAKERS • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • IN CANADA: SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES LIMITED, MONTREAL ©

For its Beauty—
your skin needs quick, simple cleansing

You probably realize that thorough daily cleansing of your skin is an important contribution to its beauty.

This is right. Indeed, daily cleansing is the very most important requirement for skin-beauty.

But do not complicate the cleansing process—you will find the simplest method to be best.

Cleansing should not be allowed to make your skin more sensitive and tender than it already is. Remember that this thin covering of your face must resist sun, wind, dust and all the other damaging influences of everyday life—it needs all the help it can get.

While the cleansing process should, therefore, be thorough, it should also be brief and simple in order to be safe.

Daily washing with Ivory Soap and warm water, in a perfectly common-sense way, followed by rinsing and a final dash of cold water to close the pores and bring the blood coursing to the surface, provides exactly this kind of thorough, yet safe, simple and pleasant cleansing. The film of oil and dust or powder disappears easily and quickly. Your skin is enlivened and refreshed. You have done everything necessary to give it the charm of softness and the ability to resist the attacks of another day.

We invite you to choose Ivory Soap because Ivory is *pure*, and purity is of first importance.

Because it is pure, Ivory is naturally mild and gentle—safe for the most sensitive skin.

A soap that keeps its promises

The promises made to you by Ivory are very specific—safe-cleansing, gentle stimulation, and freedom from irritation of any kind.

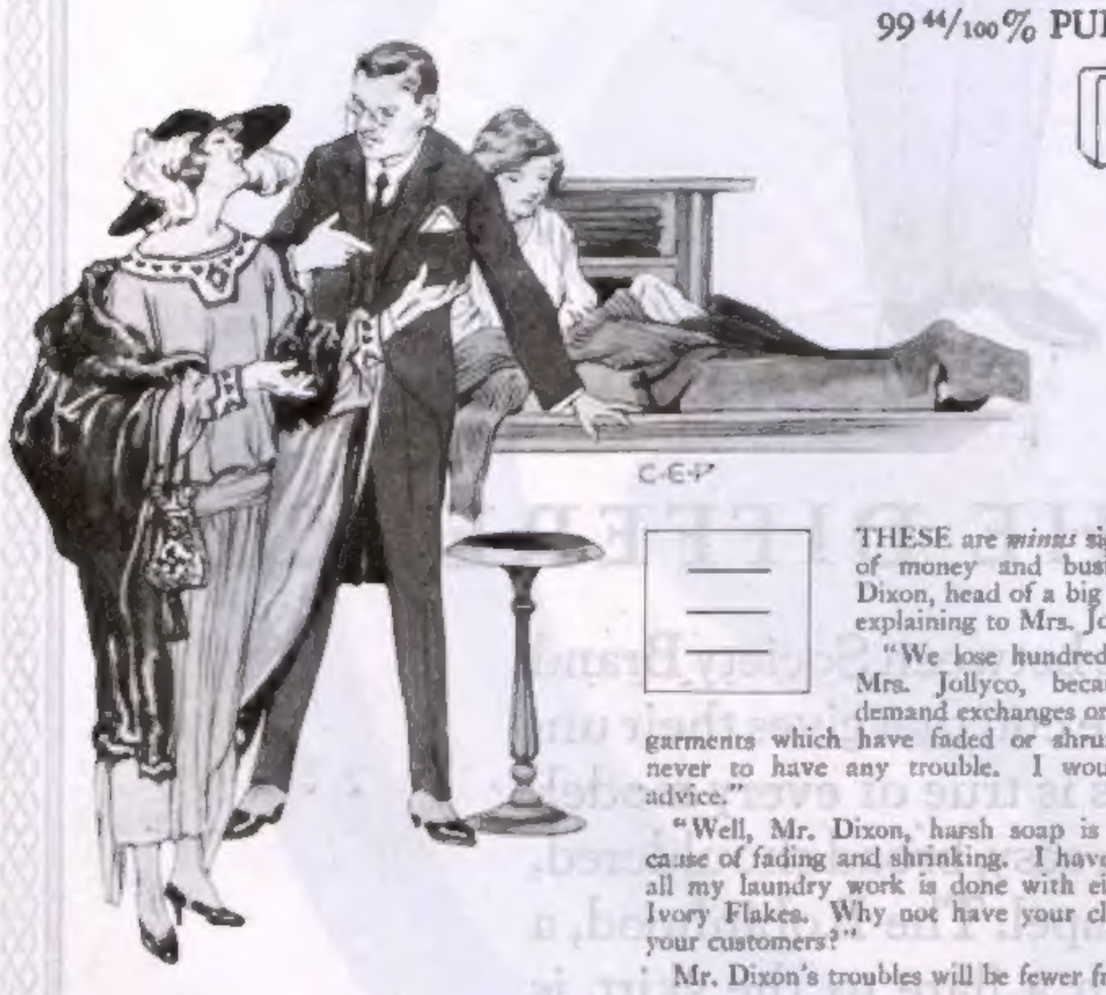
It would be easy for us to add to Ivory such materials as artificial coloring matter or medicines; but such materials cannot improve the cleansing qualities of any soap, and would lower the Ivory standard of purity.

Ivory has a standing such as probably no other soap has ever enjoyed, and for one reason—*Ivory keeps its promises absolutely.*

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS

IVORY

THESE are *minus* signs, indicating losses of money and business goodwill—Mr. Dixon, head of a big department store, is explaining to Mrs. Jollyco:

"We lose hundreds of dollars a year, Mrs. Jollyco, because our customers demand exchanges or refunds for delicate garments which have faded or shrunk! Yet *you* seem never to have any trouble. I would appreciate your advice."

"Well, Mr. Dixon, harsh soap is probably the chief cause of fading and shrinking. I have no trouble because all my laundry work is done with either Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes. Why not have your clerks suggest this to your customers?"

Mr. Dixon's troubles will be fewer from now on.

IT'S been a long time since anyone has heard about our tricky neighbor, Mrs. Prowl.

Sh! Look.

Arrested! Yes, for taking the Ivory Soap from Teewee Jollyco's bathtub and substituting a harsh soap in its place!

The wise Judge sentenced her to solitary confinement and a daily bath with the same harsh soap. And now, dear reader, poor Mrs. Prowl is *pleading* for Ivory! Shall she have it?

NEW! Guest IVORY

What a welcome this dainty new cake of soap is receiving everywhere!

Wrapped in fresh new blue and white. Of just the right size for slim feminine hands.

Pure, mild and gentle for the most sensitive skin.

Creamy white, as Ivory always is.

Guest Ivory will acquit itself becomingly on your washstand.

As fine as soap can be. Yet five cents is Guest Ivory's modest price.

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
T. B. Costain, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Galveston, Tex., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 196 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, PA., SEPTEMBER 1, 1923 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 9

MY BOOK AND HEART

I Was Amazed, Exalted, as if She Had Opened the Gates of Unspeakable Splendors to Me. I Swelled With Emotions Too Great to Think

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

TOWARD five o'clock, early in the morning on the seventeenth day of March, in the year 1869, I was born, and became the eldest child of my parents, Mary Elizabeth and Tinsley Rucker White.

If I should be a son, as was confidently expected, there might be some embarrassment in choosing my own personal everyday name, because I had a distinguished grandfather already dead, and another up-and-doing grandfather with a despotic disposition who was not dead, and might reasonably expect his eldest grandson to be named for him. But if I should be a mere girl, it was chosen: I was to be named in memory of an aunt who died at the tender age of four years. I understand that she was an attractive child, but she did not live long enough to set an example for me to emulate. I have been mean enough to be thankful for this, in view of the fact that all the other women in the family who did live were so frequently cast into my teeth while I was growing up. The only thing I had from this one was her name, Corra—to the end that all my life most people have pronounced it Cora, and written it the same way, thus depriving me of an "r" to which I am entitled by inheritance.

My father was a planter. We lived on a cotton plantation in Elbert County, that consisted of two thousand acres. It was mortgaged to the last cotton bloom at the top of the tallest cotton stalk. I was the beginning of the fourth generation of my people to be born under this mortgage. It rested as lightly upon my father as the blue sky above his head. It was, I believe, the skeleton in mother's closet where she kept our skeletons. So far as I was concerned, it was a sort of heirloom that I longed to see as I was sometimes permitted to gaze at my great-grandmother's breastpin.

I do not know if my mother was really beautiful, but she had a soft, meek way of being lovely every day in the plainest clothes. She had fine, steady gray eyes. The red bow of her upper lip was higher on one side than the other. The effect was to give that side of her face a prideful look, and a very gentle expression if you regarded her from the other side. When I was a small child, and had committed a sin, I always remained

beseechingly in view of this kind side of my mother's face. She had a brilliant temper. That is to say, I obeyed her, although it was not my nature to obey anyone. There was no occasion to obey my father. My impression is that he bootlicked me, thus acquiring the lion's share of my unguarded affections. He was a handsome man, with at least forty gifts, but not very good.

I was well off in the matter of ancestors. My maternal great-grandfather was a Primitive Baptist preacher, a man of brimstone distinction in this early church. He marked his descendants with certain of the fiercer doctrinal convictions, but he failed to entail his piety. No one else among us was ever called to the ministry, and I do not remember a single one in the whole family connection renowned for righteousness. The women were good, of course; but I came up in a generation where grace and virtue were the ordinary attributes of women, nothing to make a fuss about.

The impression I have of my mother's people is that they were of the common, sturdy stock, level-headed, ambitious, but not gifted. Some such diminishing sense of origin must have rankled in the family, for I had an able and particularly barbarous-looking uncle who hastily acquired a fortune in the medical profession. Then he spent the whole of it and fifteen years looking up our family records in Europe. He returned with enough gilt-edged material to publish what may be called an unabridged dictionary of our ancestors. He proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that we are the direct left-hand descendants of Hugh Capet, an unusually simple king of France—this in spite of the fact that we had always regarded ourselves as the legitimate sons and daughters of Ireland. From that time to the day of his death this uncle wore a high silk hat, trousers that fitted his magnificent legs like the skin, a splendid coat, terrific jewelry, and carried a gold-headed cane. Whenever he was to be seen, on a country road or stepping along the village street, he gave the impression of having just stepped from his coach and of being on his way to the palace.

My father, on the other hand, never referred to his ancestors. But, having watched him with mingled admiration and despair survive every kind of vicissitude the prancing spirit of a man can stir up, I am convinced that there is such a thing as an aristocrat, and that it is a good thing to have one in the family, even if the pain, anxiety and expense of maintaining one eventually bankrupt the family. The breed is different from that of common men. It is to be judged by its qualities, not its virtues. It produces the emergency soul. My father could always lead a forlorn hope, but he could not endure the siege of life. There was a flare in him beautiful to behold. When it bloomed he was a son of God. No one could doubt it. He had an eloquence, a histrionic power for repenting of his sins that made it an honor to forgive him. Now and then he succeeded in a business way, not because he was ambitious but because it occurred to him to take the top rail, merely as a matter of sport. He was invincible in these moods, and used to raise my poor mother to the seventh heaven of pride. Then some day he would start to market with fifty bales of cotton, return at the end of the day with fifty cents in his pocket and never be able to tell what he had done with the cotton.

My earliest recollection of this father is seeing him on horseback, and at other times stretched fast asleep on an old couch, with a volume of Shakspere open, resting upon his splendid Roman nose and concealing his face like a sloping roof on either side. Yet he never quoted Shakspere. What I mean is that he was kin to all bards, heroes, and even to the major prophets of any religion; but there was not one plebeian drop of Job's blood in his veins. He was no stingier with his integrity than he was with his dollars. He spent everything. But there remained about him to the last a glory, some imperishable honor of the spirit. I doubt if he can be damned.

Such virtues as I have—the power to endure, the will to achieve—I must have inherited from my mother; but there is something rash in me with a reach to it, like a pair of wings in a high wind, that descends to me with a splendid sweep from this father.

The great country house that originally stood on a hill at the top of an avenue of trees had been burned before father inherited this plantation. Nothing remained save the fine old flower garden and five immense red-brick chimneys. This wilderness of bloom and boxwood, with these chimneys rising high above it, was like the neglected tomb of the family's former glory.

We lived behind and to one side of it, in what had been the overseer's house. This was a substantial, homely old farmhouse squeezed down between two spreading mulberry trees. Mother transformed the inside of it into something as lovely and warm as a good woman's heart; but not by any method approved of the modern interior decorator, because for one thing these effects are not a lost art, and more particularly because an interior decorator requires expensive furnishings, and mother had only her affections to spend on this business.

There were five rooms in all, but my memories begin in her room. No paint anywhere; sunny windows, with sky-blue curtains tied back primly; bright yellow furniture shockingly decorated with wreaths of blue cornflowers; garlands of them on the French bed, with its low sides and rolled foot and headboard. Never in my life,

Before I Was Fifteen Years Old I Had Read the First Five Books of Vergil and the Odes of Horace

anywhere, have I seen such a white, puffed-up, soft-looking bed! Bare floors of wide oaken boards, with rag rugs that blossomed on them like flowers. A huge fireplace, whitewashed until it glistened like marble.

The family portraits had been burned, but mother was not to be outdone. She managed to scrimp up from somewhere two astounding chromos and a steel engraving of Henry Clay. The subjects treated in the chromos were, respectively, one jaybird rampant, one woman with her hair hanging down, clinging calmly to the cross in a stormy sea, which impressed me deeply as I grew older; not the spiritual significance, but how she came to choose such a place to cling to this cross. Why not dry land? From the beginning I believe I had inherited heretical leanings, secret rational faculties that worked incessantly at the underpinning of conventional creeds.

Henry Clay had one side of the room to himself. The two chromos were hung high on the wall on either side of the fireplace. You could not miss them. They assailed the eye the moment you entered the door. But mother's talent reached its full expression on the long mantel above the fireplace. It was set much higher than mantels are now, as if things were to be placed there beyond the reach of small children, even if they stood on a chair. There was an old clock in the middle space with a pointed top, as if Time looked down at us from a Gothic window. The lower part of the glass door was stained blue; with a bunch of lilies painted on it. The thing had a raucous tick and used to snarl before it struck the hours, as if there was something accusative about time in relation to human affairs. I was afraid of it. On either side stood a flat, fan-shaped vase, china, highly decorated, and always filled with flowers from mother's garden.

Somewhere there was a tall green cup with a bunch of lamplighters in it. These were made of brightly colored papers rolled to a point at one end and fancifully crimped at the other. We had matches; but they must have been kept for emergencies, because I seem always to see mother coming into the merely firelit room at evening, choose a lamplighter, shade her face as she thrust the crimped end into the fire, withdraw it blazing feebly, step slowly to the candle stand beside her chair and light the candle.

I was ten years old before I ever saw an oil lamp. This is what I remember: That she did not light this candle for herself, but for father, who was a brave man that could not bide a dark house. On state occasions—say, when guests had been with us for dinner—two tall glass bowls with fluted columns would be placed on this mantel. They contained preserves, and were not to be trusted in the cupboard to which the servants had access, nor within my reach. Eve staring at the fruit of the forbidden tree endured no greater temptations than I did staring longingly at those glittering sirupy sweets. The only difference was that the Satan in me was not tall enough to reach them.

There was still another reason why this mantel stands out vividly in my remembrance. Mother kept medicine peculiar to my ailments on it, in the dark corner close to the clock; certain bottles, a cake of mutton suet and heaven knows what else. If I had a cold she greased the bottoms of my feet with the suet and compelled me to toast them before the fire. Also she placed a piece of medicated flannel on my little flat chest. If the worst came to the worst, she stewed butter, vinegar and sugar in a saucepan and permitted me to eat as much of this concoction as I wanted. Such remedies have long since gone out of fashion, but I remember with peculiar pleasure still the warmth and sweet softness of being comfortably ailing, wrapped and toasted before the fire. I always felt blessed and happy at such times.

Later, when I was old enough to go to school, if a disease like whooping cough or measles started she tied a lump of asafetida in a thin muslin cloth and hung it around my neck. How she endured the smell of her offspring after that I do not know, but she seemed to derive a sort of militant satisfaction in the precaution she took to preserve me from every contagion. And it was not so bad; that is to say, I was not marked by the odor of this offensive drug, because nearly every other child in school would have a similar charm hung about his neck or her neck. We were healthy youngsters too. I never heard in those days of a school being closed on account of an epidemic. I do not remember that any of us ever died. The only funerals we had were of aunts, uncles and grandparents. My belief is that children lived who survived the ordeal of getting their stomach and eye teeth. Statistics would prove the contrary, of course. This, however, is not a chronicle based upon accurate figures, but upon cheerfully expurgated memories. I doubt if any history verified by statistics would be much of a history. It would be a reference book to which only a few people would refer. It would lack the vital quality that really determines the value of history. Give me Plutarch's Lives every time. Plutarch, I have heard, was cheerfully indifferent to facts; but there is the glory and charm of truth in the tales he tells of his times. To this day it is fresher, younger stuff than we can write.

But my earliest recollections are not of incidents, nor of people; not even of my father and mother, nor of that good kind old room where I was born. It is of a very large, round, warm day, spread in a sort of bright stillness over wide green hills; one long day, you understand. There was no night. I must have been four or five years old before I remember any darkness or bad weather. Maybe I was put to bed early. Maybe I had no mind in which to retain the memories of shadows or cold weather. The only impression I have is of being alone out of doors in a bright place. There were servants, and my mother always very busy inside the house; but I missed the bondage of surveillance from which the modern child suffers. My life must have been like that of a little herb of the fields. I was kin to the grass. I was near to the trees. No one ever called me. No one ever came to see what I was doing. I was free, and busy soaking in space, light, color and this soft bright silence.

Looking back now, I know where I was—on the avenue in front of the house, but away from it. Probably mother's eye was constantly upon me. Certainly the teeming activities of this great plantation were going on about me; but I was not yet involved in the snarl of human existence. I seemed to be moving through shining spaces, not thinking or wishing, merely feeling. Maybe I was still trailing my little cloud of glory. Maybe this was only the one day I remember of that period of innocence and infancy, no longer than any other day, but held still like a blessed vision because it alone interpreted the sense of living I had then.

What I want to know is, do all very young children have the same recollections of heaven weather? Does the little slum brat get this vision of warm, bright stillness? And the children born in mansions? I believe they do. In any case, this is something more important to know than the origin of man, about which we are so greatly concerned. The end of man is the chief thing, whether he lasts after the dust of him is blown away. And if children really do come enveloped in light and peace, so that their very eyes are holden to the bad weather of this present world, it may be the first mortal intimation we have of immortality.

There is a photograph made of me about this time. I am wearing a sparrow-tail apron, long sleeves, with a neckband that fitted what it was made to fit. I am standing staunchly in a pair of little copper-toed shoes. And for a wonder my pantalets are not showing, but the braided hem of my purple merino dress is below the edge of the apron. I am also proudly conscious of a red flannel petticoat beneath the dress—children were clothed warmly in those days! My hair is fair, straight, the length of fine thin fringe, parted and brushed smartly back from a round little saucer face totally devoid of expression. I have a bulging forehead—slightly top-heavy, you would say. My nose is no more than the faintest smudge of a nose, and I have the woeful mouth of a very young martyr being persecuted by the infamous publicity of that camera.

The one suspicious feature in this otherwise vacuous little countenance is the eyes. They are large, set far apart; but they have not the wide, innocent stare of my tender years. I am concealing myself, dear friends; I have something not to be told behind this look, which is not guilty but secretly challenging. I suppose no one noticed this at the time, an infant with wise eyes, because I did not know anything; but I was born sentient of everything. Some people are not; but when you are it is written somewhere like a warning in your face. Nothing can change it. I have walked much more softly before the Lord all my life than I have felt like stepping. In my real life I have never had the human privilege of zigzagging now and then. I have been unreasonably good at times, and never so wicked as it is one's nature to be. I have worked up many a virtue by prayer and fasting. I have repented when I might have gone on and forgiven myself as other people do. But never have I been able to get that clear look of pure goodness that women who may be a fraction less good do frequently have.

More than forty years after this picture was taken, when I had just passed through a period of storm and stress with decent courage and was feeling a trifle conceited, spiritually speaking, I did something I had never done before, and certainly never shall risk doing again. I asked a friend who had known me a long time, especially the virtues I had achieved, what she thought of me. I told her I wanted an honest opinion, having every reason to expect it would be a good one.

She caught my eye for no more than an instant, then slid her gaze through the window and remained silent too long.

"I think," she began at last, speaking with abominable deliberation, "that you are the most enigmatical woman I have ever known."

And this was all she said. In her place, I might have been less truthful. But I know what she meant. It is the same thing I am tempted to think myself sometimes when I come across that picture of the child I used to be. The eyes are enigmatical. There is the prescience of too much knowledge in them. If I had one drop of Hebraic blood in me I would swear my Biblical grandmother was one of Solomon's wives! This is not to boast, but almost to weep. I seem always to have known more, not of life but of the human heart, than is polite or lawful to know. It is a sort of guilt by proxy that has frequently diminished the reputation I ought to have as a saint, though I practiced some of the noblest virtues, had charity, and have all but given my body to be burned.

I came up as the price of cotton went down after the Civil War. There was no honorable wealth in the country. People who survived the vicissitudes of that awful struggle with substance were regarded with contempt, if not suspicion. We had land and servants and a grandiloquent pedigree, but we had no money. I wore frocks made of linsey. This was a sleazy woolen cloth. The color was invariably purple, with bright yellow stripes woven crosswise in it, so that I must have looked like a little tight-waisted caterpillar. Mother knit my stockings. They were white, and came barely to my knees, where they were securely tied up with a good-looking string every day, and with pink ribbons on Sunday. My pantalets covered these knees and showed a pretty inch or two below the hem of my dress. Starch was fashionable then. A freshly ironed petticoat could stand alone. And my pantalets were so stiff that they rustled splendidly when I walked.

Sometimes now, when I am in New York during the winter, one of the most touching sights I see there is the half-clad children of rich people frisking about in the parks with their bare legs exposed to the rigors of a fearfully inclement climate. Maybe these modern parents know what they are doing. The prehistoric child was probably dressed the same way, and we do seem to be going backwards in a great many ways, but I am stepping along briskly in my fifties without ever yet having had a rheumatic twinge. I am wondering if these purple-legged children can boast as much fifty years hence. The vivisection of dumb animals is not the only thing going on in the interest of science; equally bold experiments are being made with the health and morals of the human young. It would not surprise me if presently we produced a brilliant, barbarous, stiff-jointed generation, with universities, hospitals and penitentiaries as the leading institutions of their civilization. Still, you never can tell. This world may be in the travail of a new birth. Out of the dark womb of time so much has come that looked terrible but proved good.

The trail of certain events, scenes grown dim now as the fading light of evening on distant hills over which we passed long ago, seem to trace me out into a darker world from that perfect-day period of my first life on this earth. I cannot tell how many years they covered; probably seven or eight; maybe ten.

I am standing alone on the avenue, still a little blue-eyed herb of the fields. The horizon is purple and golden, with luminous veils of pink and green clouds stretched like a wider rainbow above the setting sun. On the grassy slopes far below, the negro cabins are grouped in a long semicircle, and connected by a path as narrow as a white seam.

All quiet down there; nobody stirring. Then suddenly a small negro boy appears, flying over this path. He wears one garment, a shirt, split far enough up each side to permit the free use of his thin black legs, which are working like pistons. His head is thrown back, the tail of his shirt flutters behind him, and behind that a long wavering line of smoke. He is carrying a chunk of wood in an old shovel, the end of it glowing. During this long day in the cotton fields the fire had gone out in his mother's cabin. He has been sent to borrow this chunk. As far back as I can remember this was a common sight on the plantation; a little black boy or girl sent out hurriedly to borrow fire with which to cook the evening meal, and these thin lines of smoke following them across the green land. Aunt Jane usually furnished the fire, because she was always at home. She had a peg leg. Her own withered leg, doubled back at the knee, stuck out at right angles behind, giving her a voluminous look, although she was a very small, thin, brown-skinned woman. When father and mother went abroad for the day she was set over the other servants in the house, and to keep me and put me to bed.

(Continued on Page 54)

The Next Moment a Cavalcade of Gentlemen Shot Past on Prancing Horses. Father Led All the Rest, as Was His Nature to Do

The Disappearing Apprentice

By FORREST CRISSEY

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

ABOUT the most conspicuously disappearing quantity in American industrial life today is the tradesman's apprentice. Every day in every way he is becoming scarcer and scarcer. As the ranks of skilled labor in this country can be recruited through two avenues only—importing journeymen from other countries and training apprentices here—and as our present immigration laws impose restrictions upon recruiting labor from other countries, the problem of the disappearing apprentice is a large part of the problem of meeting America's labor demands. Our future labor supply, as far as the trades are concerned, depends in large measure upon winning recruits to the colors of the collarless.

Young America has developed a decided prejudice against doing the world's rough work, and an equally keen infatuation for clean-handed, white-collar employment. There is nothing especially strange in this attitude when it is remembered that several generations of self-made captains of industry—not to speak of thousands of leaders in trade and the professions—have been busy explaining with becoming modesty to graduates of high schools and colleges and to magazine readers how they contrived to lift themselves from the humble blue-shirted ranks of the hand toilers into the higher and rarer altitudes inhabited by the elect wearers of white collars.

What wonder, then, that if the legitimate goal of ambition is to escape the blue shirt and soiled hands and to receive the decoration of the white collar the youth of the country should shun the blue shirt at the outset and grab at the white collar in the beginnings of their employment?

But the fact remains that someone must do the rough work. And there's a lot of it to do! Its volume has increased by leaps and bounds in the last few years. There was a time, not so long ago, when a tide of Old World toilers, innocent of white-collar aspirations, assailed our shores and asked nothing better than a chance to do America's hard, dirty work—at an American wage which looked to them like unlimited riches.

But considerations of national safety and the protection of America's morale induced Uncle Sam to screen this incoming tide rather carefully. This measure has brought the problem of the disappearing apprentice into the limelight and has forced us to consider whether we haven't rather overdone the adulation of the white collar in our educational propaganda; whether we haven't overshot the mark in failing to teach a little higher respect for the blue shirt of the hand worker, especially of the skilled craftsman.

"The Great Need of This Country Today Is a Profound and Sweeping Revival of Respect for Genuine Skilled Craftsmanship"

The Pull of the White Collar

OF COURSE the present acute shortage of apprentices is not entirely due to the influence of this kind of inspirational propaganda. Plain human nature has helped wonderfully to this end—and so has the common attitude of fathers who have worked hard at their trades, who have become familiar with the hardships and disappointments of their various crafts and have accumulated a determination that their sons shall not have to go through what they have endured.

It would be absurd to assume that any normal boy of average mental endowment would not prefer clean work to dirty work, easy work to hard work, head work to manual toil, a position in which he can wear good clothes to a job in which he must wear soiled jumpers—other things being equal. That's human nature. But other things are not equal under present-day conditions, and apparently are not likely to be for some time to come. In perhaps a majority of cases the youth who would make an excellent carpenter, bricklayer, plasterer, plumber or machinist is making a disguised failure as an office man, a salesman or a professional man—and doing so on a much smaller income than he could earn in a trade.

The pull of the white collar is illustrated by the case of a young man working in a bank in Chicago at a salary of $85 a month. His father is a plasterer, whose pay check has run about $150 a week for a year. Plastering is a dirty, gritty job, and the father didn't blame Jimmie when the son declared his preference for a genteel position. In fact, the old man rather applauded the departure. Jimmie had done enough work as his father's helper to know that he didn't wish to be a plasterer. So he went into the bank and was proudly content with his job, at $85 a month, until the present building boom in Chicago was well under way and plasterers' earnings soared to incredible altitudes. Then Jimmie began to wonder if he hadn't made a mistake. He didn't have half enough money to spend, and it cost a lot to play around with the bank set. Finally he decided that he was willing to sacrifice pride of occupation and glamour of association for cold coin in hand. He resigned his bank position and became a plasterer's helper. He was good at the job, and with stiff overtime and a fat bonus he managed to pull down, on the average, more in a week than the bank paid him in a month. But in the course of time he was back at the bank, explaining that there was something in life besides money and that he'd rather get along on a smaller pay check for a while and have clean hands, wear clean clothes at his work and have some class than feel that he could spend freely. And he was restored to his job with flowers, because the bank was hard pushed for help.

About the quickest way in which to reach a realization of how few apprentices there are in most skilled trades in this country is to attempt to get authentic information on that subject. The vagueness of the results from such an inquiry is eloquent of the indifference with which this subject has been treated by both employers and organized labor. Apparently the professional curve plotters and efficiency engineers have been inclined to regard the apprentice as a species too near the point of extinction to be worth bothering about.

The Director of the Census, Hon. W. M. Steuart, has furnished me with the only authentic figures available on the number of workers in the principal trades; but he has indicated that those covering apprentices in 1910 are largely approximates. However, they may be accepted as close to the facts. But they lose their significance when not given alongside the figures for the journeymen in the various trades.

In 1910 there were 817,120 journeyman carpenters in this country and 6069 apprentices—or 136 journeymen to each apprentice. Ten years later we had 887,379 journeymen and 4805 apprentices in this trade—or only one apprentice to each 185 journeymen. Considering the facts that the population of the country increased 15 per cent in this period and that the replacement table used by labor statisticians shows that in the carpenter's trade 23 men to each 1000 drop out of the ranks each year by death and retirement, it is clear that this craft is losing ground with a vengeance.

New Blood in the Old Crafts

BUT take a glance at the plasterer's trade for a real thrill. This craft numbered 47,682 in 1910 and dropped to 38,225 in 1920—a loss of 9457 workers. Its annual replacement requirement is given as 35 men to each 1000 in the trade. But in 1920 it had only 398 apprentices in America! If this backward progress continues for a few years more at the same pace an authentic plasterer will be able to command higher pay as a vaudeville or circus exhibit than as a craftsman.

The brick and stone masons are also in the race towards the extinction goal. In this useful trade, in which the demands are increasing at a startling rate, there was a loss of 38,138 men from 1910 to 1920, and the ratio of loss has unquestionably been increasing since then. And how about the prospect of new blood in this craft? There were only 1434 apprentices in this trade in 1920. The yearly replacement requirement—to make good losses by death and retirement and take care of increased demand caused by population increase—is put at 36 men to each 1000 journeymen. It is very clear that young America's appetite for carrying the hod has just about disappeared.

Painters, glaziers and varnishers doing building work are not in much better position as to keeping their ranks intact. In 1910 their enrollment was 273,441; in 1920 it had dropped to 248,497—a direct loss of 24,944. And the last census showed that there were only 1616 apprentices in this craft in the United States! The number of new men needed each year to offset death and retirement losses in this craft and keep pace with the population increase is 34 to each 1000 workers in the trade. Clearly the smell of fresh paint is not alluring to the nostrils of the average American youth.

With a single exception the situation in all the building trades is not much better than in those sketched. That exception is the electrician's craft. The number of workers in this craft has increased greatly. In 1910 the estimated total of electricians was 120,155; in 1920 it was 212,964. According to the census estimate there were 2661 electrician's apprentices in 1910, and there were 9562 in 1920—a big jump. The electrician's trade has a decided lure for the boys of this country. It might appear from these figures that there is not likely to be any shortage in

the ranks of the electrical workers, with the tide of new blood coming into that trade. But not so! The demand for electrical work is increasing immensely, and electrical contractors assert that the supply of electrical workers cannot overtake the demand for several years to come. This is the electrical age.

There is one profession involved in the building industry which has shown a decided gain in new blood. Apprentices to architects, designers and draftsmen in 1910 stood at 1153, and in 1920 had increased to 3777. White-collar stuff!

When we remember that each year more than a million children leave school on reaching the age of fourteen—the dead line of the average compulsory-education law—it would seem as if the approaches to the skilled trades would be crowded with youthful candidates. No! A large share of them get into blind-alley occupations. They have not the elementary education with which to qualify for an apprenticeship in a skilled trade. A boy who has not finished the sixth-grade work in public school is poor timber for apprenticeship in any skilled craft. His hope is the continuation school, in which he will get the rudiments of an elementary education along with a moderate amount of direct craft training. But we are rather short on continuation and apprentice schools in this country.

It is quite as idle for employers to attempt to lay the burden of the blame for this famine of recruits to the ranks of the skilled crafts upon the shoulders of organized labor as it is for the unions to deny that their apprentice restrictions have contributed greatly to this end. The indifference of employers and the acquisitiveness of the unions have done very effective teamwork on the job of pinching out the supply of young blood in the trades. Progressive employers freely admit this to be the fact. Some employers have been more alert than others, but as a whole they have been sleeping on their rights as to recruiting skilled labor.

As to the leaders of organized labor, there is a growing conviction among the more thoughtful of them that a decided mistake has been made from the viewpoint of labor in making apprentice restrictions too drastic. Two national leaders of two building crafts were discussing this matter recently. The one representing the craft having the smallest number of apprentices and of workers in any building trade was commenting with pride upon the amazing wages which his workers were able to command.

The Art of Attracting Recruits

THE leader of the other craft came back with virtually this rejoinder: "Yes; but all the same, you're killing the goose that lays the golden egg. A union that is made up largely of grandfathers isn't a live one, and it's heading for the graveyard. It takes pep to make anything go these days—and a trade or a union is no exception to the rule. You're starving your organization of the only thing that can keep it going—fresh vitality. Restricting competition in labor is all right up to a certain point—but you passed that point in your trade a long time ago, and so have several others. We've got to loosen up the restrictions rather generally in the skilled trades, for our own good. If we don't, a session of the local union almost anywhere is going to look like a roll call in an old men's home."

This loosening of the union attitude towards apprentice restrictions is apparent in many lines and many cities. In some lines in which wages are at unprecedented altitudes this relaxation of restrictions is said to be an expression of the attitude: "Sure, let 'em train apprentices if they want to. They can't put enough of 'em into the work to cut us down so long as we want to stay on the job." Again, some of the changed sentiment is the result of better vision on the part of progressive labor leaders. But it is certain that a notable part in this altered attitude is the result of an awakening on the part of employers.

In New York City, for example, the old union rule fixed the maximum of apprentices permitted in each of the building trades. Then came the pressure of the housing shortage and the Lockwood Committee Inquiry into the conditions of the building industry. This resulted in the appointment of an Apprentice Training Commission. As a result of all these influences the unions have altered the apprentice rules and now stipulate the minimum instead of the maximum quota of apprentices. In short, the restrictions have been removed—the unions looking for their protection to the fact that they have as many representatives on the Apprentice Training Commission as have the employers. Much the same sort of thing has taken place in the building trades in other important cities.

In the manufacturing industries the most progressive apprentice conditions seem to prevail in the metal trades. Men of vision in the National Metal Trades Association and in the National Founders' Association saw the apprentice famine coming years ago and began systematic and constructive work to offset it. They have not found the task altogether easy, but consistent hammering has brought substantial and gratifying results. The National Industrial Conference Board has made careful studies of the apprentice situation with regard to shop crafts.

J. H. Friedel, of that organization, observes: "An examination of the age-distribution figures and charts worked out from the 1920 census returns shows clearly that, relatively, there are more persons in the lower-age groups among native whites than among foreign-born whites. This drives home the important point that the training of apprentices is largely a matter of training our native American youth. Inasmuch as the tendency seems to be to curtail the number of immigrants allowed to come into the United States, we shall have to look more and more to those already in the country for our labor supply. This is only another way of saying that the training of apprentices is quite as much a patriotic problem as it is an industrial problem." It is one thing to open the doors of apprenticeship in the skilled crafts, and quite another to get the youth of America to enter them. The recruiting of apprentices has for years been a neglected art; it will have to be intensively developed before there will be anything like a rush for the approaches to the skilled crafts.

Attempting to get at the bottom of any problem involving labor without taking human nature as is into account at every step is probably the commonest error of economists. Gearing the productive machinery of this country to run smoothly would be a very simple little Sunday-morning job of tinkering—something like adjusting the insides of the family lizzie—if it were not for this stubborn and perverse element of human nature. It would seem that most professional economists must be chess-players; at least their remedies prescribed for industrial disorders would imply that they regard the workers as so many wooden men to be moved about at will and without regard to human feelings and foibles. This is why so many fine economic schemes are shocking disappointments to the able theorists who work them out in detail.

Human Nature on the Job

THE American worker is not a wooden man to be moved about the chessboard at the dictation of some superior intelligence; he is an upstanding individualist for whom and in whom the law of human nature is at work every minute. He responds to leadership—often to false leadership—but he insists upon being consulted as to his industrial placement and upon being just as humanly inconsistent as he darn pleases. Great industrial changes are perhaps quite as often dictated by the most freakish play of human nature as by economic laws which profound students have agreed upon as being virtually immutable.

A former labor leader of national reputation brought this out recently when we were discussing the vanishing apprentice.

"Most economists," he declared, "can get the firing range on nearly every factor in a labor problem excepting the human-nature element. And when you get down to brass tacks, that's the factor which settles the thing, which dictates a certain trend and diverts the line of action from what seems to be the logical course. To my notion, we'll never get the hang of the apprentice problem until we take into consideration the universal human trait that makes youth demand the company of youth, on the job and off. Then, too, there is the kindred element of natural human pride—pride of association, of environment.

"I was raised in a big steel town. When I was a boy all the things which appealed to boys in our town—from baseball to a free fight—were led by the young bucks in the steel mills. For the most part they were Irish, Scotch, Welsh and English—either direct from the old country or one generation removed. They were the life of the party on every occasion—little gods to our boyish imagination. The mills were full of that sort then—full of youth that spoke our language.

"The result was that before I was out of sixth grade I knew that there was no life for me but the life of the mills. And my three brothers followed the same star. We didn't go into the mills because anyone told us that we'd learn a useful and profitable trade there. Not any! We went in because the live ones were there—young bucks that we looked up to, who led in everything that looked worth while to us. We wanted to work alongside of them and become like them. It was the lure of association, the drawing of youth to youth and of kind to kind. In time we fought and played as our roughneck heroes had fought and played when we carried our schoolbooks under our arms and gaped our admiration at them.

"Eventually a change came over the mills. Shiploads of hunkies—as we called

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"Perhaps the Tendency of the Youth is Away From the Crafts and Towards White-Collar Positions"

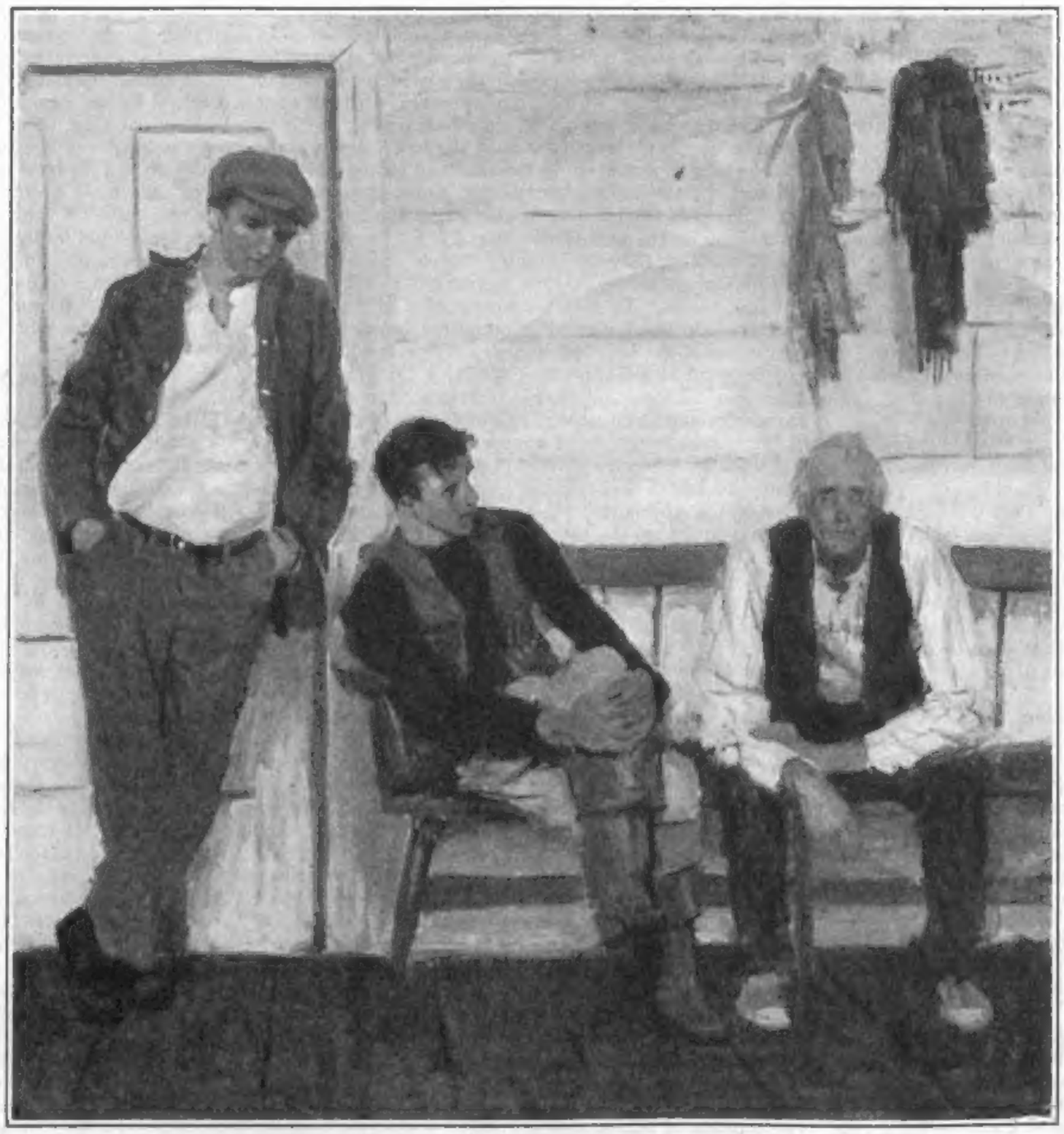
FOX BOG

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

A MILE and a half from Fraternity, and north of the old highway that runs from East Harbor through the village and on toward Augusta, lies Shallow Pond. It is an unpretentious body of water perhaps a half mile wide and thrice as long. Its waters are in no part more than a score of feet in depth; and this fact, in a region of deep lakes, is sufficient to justify the name. The pond is fed by springs and small brooks. The largest of these is Hayes Brook, which comes in from the northwestward. The deepest part of the pond is in its upper end, between the hills. To the westward the hills are lower, the ground more undulating, and the pond widens into a broad sheet of water well covered with the pads of lilies or full of pickerel grass. Almost imperceptibly the pond becomes a bog.

This bog is perhaps a mile in length and half a mile wide. Through it meanders the outlet of the pond—a winding, grassy, reed-grown stream through which a canoe can with some difficulty force its way. At times this stream loses itself, dividing in two or three parts; the sluggish current does not sufficiently guide the explorer; a man may follow one and then another of these false channels before he finds the right one. At the foot of the bog the water escapes over a ledge; and in summer the flow is little more than a trickle, inches deep. The solid rock continues for many rods downstream, and the water finds its way circuitously across this barrier.



Grant Said Mildly, "Some Day That Bog's Going to be Worth a Lot of Money"

The bog has a character all its own. With hip boots you may explore its every part; and unless ill luck betrays you into a muskrat run, you need never wet yourself. There are no treacherous sink holes. The surface of the bog is a tough carpet of closely interwoven grass roots, which yield beneath you, while the water spurts up around your boots; when you advance, the surface all about you quakes. Beneath this elastic raft of vegetation there is a foot or so of water like thick soup, full of the mold of rotted grass; but beneath this again is a firm clay bottom, reassuring and secure. Tall grasses grow across the bog, waist high or higher; here and there you will encounter clusters of cat-tail; here and there in the spring you will come upon the gay colors of the iris. Scattered clumps of bushes break the even expanse; at intervals dead stubs stand sentinel, the white and weathered ghosts of alders or swamp growth long since drowned and dead. Blackbirds nest here; the place swarms with huge frogs; ducks in the summer and the early fall adopt it as their own; and among the tall grasses you will sometimes see a rail, slipping quietly about his own affairs. Great marsh hawks skim the air above it; there is a blue heron which fishes regularly in the shallows of the brook or spears a croaking frog. Muskrats are everywhere, mink not uncommon; and now and then you will find floating in the almost stagnant water the great roots of lilies, torn up from the bottom and still bearing the marks of strong teeth where moose have fed.

On a warm summer morning mists blanket the surface of the bog; toward evening silver mist cloaks it with glory, shining beneath the moon. At evening the air is full of whistling wings as the ducks come in to feed; and as dusk falls you may sometimes see a woodcock or a jacksnipe, long bill pendent, whickering to and fro across it in swallowlike flight. In broad day, and before the frosts, the place is a sheet of bright tropic green; but when the first monitory cold comes down from the north the green grasses yellow, the lily pads turn brown and shrivel and die. It is as though a reaper passed this way with a gigantic scythe and laid all the vegetation level with the water. Usually, in the fall, the water rises, and with the coming of cold weather a paving of solid ice is cemented across the levels of the bog.

A thousand years ago, where the bog now lies, there was a deep and lovely lake; a thousand years from now the place will have become rich and fertile meadow. It is now in transition, a storehouse of richness accumulating against the future. The tall grasses gather wealth from the air and from the water, and, dying, leave their trove behind them for the plant generations yet to come. In the meantime the place is a paradise for ducks and frogs and all things that love the water; but to the eye of most men it is simply a pestilence and a waste.

To the eye of most men, but not to the eye of Oscar Grant. You may see his white farmhouse on a knoll to the northeast, half a mile away. His farm boundaries include the bog, and it has been for many years the apple of his eye.

There is a shrewd practicality in the small New England farmer. In many ways it serves him well; in others it is less kind; for as a result of this trait the people of Fraternity do not, as a rule, either dream dreams or see visions. They carry common sense to such an extreme that it becomes pessimism; wholesome thrift becomes blind avarice. To spend a dollar that another dollar may return to you seems to them the height of folly; the man who does these things seems to them a fool. They would have laughed at Oscar Grant in any case; the futility of his long strivings seemed to justify and did increase their mocking. When he came to Bissell's store in the evening for his mail, they led him to talk of the bog, and laughed behind their hands; when his enthusiasm led him to much speech their hilarity could hardly be restrained. Some years before, he had spent money and time in planting cranberries in the bog.

High water in the fall entangled these plants in a sheet of ice which the spring floods lifted, cranberries and all, and bore blithely away downstream. This colossal jest at Grant's expense they never tired of repeating. Grant himself did not mind their mirth.

"Folks laughed at old Worster, up at Winterport, when he put in his orchard seventeen years ago," he would remind them. "They said he was a fool because he planted apple trees in his pasture. But a dozen or two of those trees buy all the hay he needs now, and he cleared fourteen thousand last year besides. They don't laugh at him now, and you men won't laugh at me by and by."

They pointed out that the cases were not parallel; but he was unmoved. A mild and gentle man, he had the calm persistence of the meek. He came to endure their humor without resentment; found happiness in exploring the great bog, poured his energies into the task of making it tillable, was never so happy as when, lumbering about in hip boots among the rank grasses and knee-deep in water, he labored there. Joe, his son, worked with him, and without rebellion. Joe was mentally indolent; he was content with life so long as it offered, besides the daily tasks of the farm, some opportunity for fishing, or for gunning in the fall. He had no settled opinion about the bog; was willing to help his father carry out his projects there.

These projects had been many. For years Grant had been attempting to straighten the brook that ran through the bog and served as outlet; each year he did some work upon this enterprise, driving staves to turn the water, digging new channels, building up the banks to keep the water within bounds. The cranberry enterprise was a diversion, attempted in all the enthusiasm of a new idea. Afterward there were other diversions—when Grant planned to haul the rich muck of the bog and spread it on his rocky fields; when he attempted one fall to harvest the tall grasses for his winter's hay. But to drain the bog was always the backbone of the enterprise; work on this scheme went on, little by little, year by year.

Grant himself was a man of medium height, who looked older than his years, with a mild blue eye and hair almost white and shoulders a little stooping. Mrs. Grant, loyalty itself when others ridiculed her husband, herself often sought to turn him from his path. She hated the bog, and feared it; saw in it an incubus that drained away her husband's strength and youth. But when he insisted she yielded to him, and saw the marsh swallow up, year after year, the little extra money the farm afforded them. They had no other child than Joe. Their farm was on a road little traveled; they lived in a vast solitude where strangers seldom passed, where even neighbors seldom came; and here in this solitude the man and the bog had fought for years their arduous duel—the man calmly passionate and devoted; the great bog supinely submitting to his attentions, sucking in his dogged toil with not the slightest digestive convulsion to show that it had felt any effect from all his effort.

Mrs. Grant hated and abhorred and feared the thing; her husband served it as priests serve in the temple. The bog passively received the buffets which he gave it; it lay in the summer sun like a great sponge, with infinite absorbent qualities; it was a quagmire into which a man's life was poured, leaving no trace upon the steaming surface. It was like an anaconda, somnolently swallowing its prey.

Lee Denby first saw the bog on a day early in September. He and Hawthorne, his chief, came out from East Harbor in Hawthorne's car. Hawthorne was a big fat man with a round fat face and walrus mustaches. The car was small, and he drove it in an insistent, bullying fashion. The top was folded back out of the way; his bulk sat crushingly upon the little machine which bore him. His foot was heavy on the pedals; his fat fingers fumbled with

the throttle. The car leaped ahead, checked hiccuping, leaped wildly ahead again. Denby, crowded well to his own side of the seat and holding on in a fashion almost desperate, found his head swaying forward, jerking backward in tune with the erratic motions of the machine. Hawthorne drove implacably; he was—save that his legs were too fat and short to cross—like a round fat Buddha on a shrine. Denby was a redheaded young man, alertly lean.

The first three miles of the road out of East Harbor is bad; spring rains turn it into mire; it absorbs gravel like a sponge; small bowlders, lifted by frost, rear themselves above its surface every year.

"This place here," Hawthorne commented as they swayed and bumped and skidded on their way, "it's eaten enough gravel in the last five years to build forty roads."

Denby—he was just out of engineering school, just making a beginning at the profession of road building—nodded wisely. He was too wise to try to talk; he might, because of the eccentricities of the car, have bitten his tongue. They left the rough road behind, found better going on a well-graveled surface, and skimmed ahead as a water bug skims across a pool.

"Did this last year," Hawthorne explained. "The next stretch we're just finishing up. You'll see the whole thing in process. Learn a lot in college, but you learn more on the ground."

Denby said he expected this was true. By and by they sighted construction work ahead, and workmen stood aside to let them pass. Hawthorne stopped to exchange a word here and there; they left the crew behind.

"Here's the end of this year's job," Hawthorne said at last. They had come to a fork of the road, the most traveled way turning sharp to the southward. "Some tough grading to do here," he explained. "You'll see."

They dropped into low ground, where water lay among the alders on either side of the road, then climbed a steep grade with a bare ledge at the top and tipped down a rough declivity beyond. More low marshy ground; another, stiffer climb, with native rock showing through the surface of the road.

"All this has got to be blasted out," Hawthorne explained. "We're going to cut ten feet off the top of that first hill and six or seven off this. No use building a road on such a grade as this. It'd wash away."

"Some job," Denby commented.

"You bet your life."

They had stopped atop the second hill. Below them three or four houses marked a crossroad; the spire of the church in Fraternity village gleamed above the autumn foliage a mile or two ahead. In the valley to their right Denby saw a wide expanse of marshy ground, cloaked in vivid green, broken by the darker lines of low bushes here and there.

Hawthorne observed his glance and asked, "You do any gunning?" Denby nodded. "That's the greatest place for ducks you ever saw," Hawthorne explained, pointing to the bog. "They come in there to feed at night. 'Bout half an hour before sunset you can see them dropping in. I went down there one day last year and got three."

"Season opens next week, doesn't it?"

"Sixteenth." He returned to the matter in hand. "Worst part of this job next year is the blasting," he explained. "But it's almost as bad to get any decent gravel. Stuff around here is either too much clay or not enough. Either it won't pack at all or it turns into mud."

Denby found his eyes returning to the wide marsh in the valley below them. There was a crispness in the afternoon air; ducks would be flying. Before he turned back with his chief he saw a pair, silhouetted afar against the sky, drop into the shadows of the valley, wheeling in scrutiny before they chose their landing place. His gun was in East Harbor.

A week later he remembered the conversation with his chief. The duck season had opened; he heard guns toward evening in the bog. Three or four days later he got leave to try his luck.

"Go ahead," Hawthorne told him. "You can get away along toward three o'clock any day. This job's about done."

"Need a boat, don't I?"

Hawthorne shook his head.

"You follow that road north of the pond till you come to the Grant place. First house on the left, just opposite the end of the pond. Old Oscar Grant owns most of the bog. Better ask him before you go down there. He's got some funny notions about that bog. You can maybe walk up a duck in the open water; or get hid somewhere and they'll come in toward sunset."

Denby took the first opportunity to follow his chief's advice. The little-used road led along fairly level high ground, forty or fifty feet above the lake. Grass grew between the wheel ruts; the woods shut him in, still and cool in the hush of early fall. He heard few birds. The native songsters were gone; the migration of northern flocks of robins was not yet begun. When he had covered perhaps a mile he emerged from the woods and perceived a small white farmhouse, with a large barn, on the right of the road. A man idling in the barnyard watched him curiously as he passed by.

Some distance farther on, crossing a little brook that trickled downhill toward the pond, Denby's eye was caught by the character of the earth in the cut bank beside the road. A low rounded knoll rose there. He kicked at the loose dirt, sifted it through his fingers, spread a handful on the bridge and wetted it and pressed it down with his foot, noting the result with thoughtful interest. When he went on his eyes were absorbed. Then the Grant place came into view ahead of him; a story-and-a-half white farmhouse, cloaked on this side by old and ill-kept apple trees now heavy with badly spotted fruit. The shed and great barn ran parallel with the road; the angle between them and the house formed the barnyard. Over the tops of the trees below the house Denby could see the wide sweep of the bog, its green already turning to yellow with the hint of frost, lying tawny in the sun. His eyes rested on it for a moment, then turned toward the house. There was no one in sight; and, after a moment's hesitation, he knocked at the kitchen door. A round little woman, whose apron strings were tied so tightly they seemed likely to cut her in half, opened to him. He told his errand, asked for Mr. Grant; and she answered him in friendly fashion, told him her husband was down at the bog, and said her son often shot ducks there. She pointed out the way.

"You'll see his hat somewhere, time you get out of the woods," she assured him.

The lane she indicated led through wooded land, steadily downhill, for half a mile. He emerged upon the level of the bog. It had from this point of view the appearance of a meadow of lush grasses, dying stiffly in the sun. Here and there open water appeared, small patches and channels. The sun bathed the bog with warm waves so that the place seemed faintly and not unpleasantly to steam. Across the valley he saw the hill from whose top he and Hawthorne had looked this way a fortnight before. When he had completed his inspection of the place he looked about for Grant, and presently discovered the farmer's shoulders and head above the tall grass to the westward, near the

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"You Can Walk Across the Bog Anywhere," Grant Explained. "No Sink Holes or Anything. I'd Get Out Along the Brook and Hide"

You Must Come See Us Sometime

By DOROTHY PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

OUT here in Stony Gardens—fifty minutes, God willing, from the heart of New York's theater and shopping district, and a stone tossed from the front porch of any house in the place will take a nick out of the railroad station—we often congratulate ourselves on having discovered the whole secret of a rousing good time. It is, oddly enough, the very same principle that put Mr. Theodore P. Shonts on his feet—it all lies in getting a good crowd.

And to take the words right out of the mouth of Mr. Mellish, our si'ver-tongued real-estate agent, we are just like one big family out here. I have always been a bit of a glutton for an apt phrase myself, and when I look around our cozy little suburb, bathed in that restful quiet which comes only to those communities where half the residents do not speak to the other half, Mr. Mellish's words come tripping back to me, and it is all I can do to keep from murmuring, "How true that is!"

But then, Mr. Mellish could have been quite a literary figure, I often think, if he had cared to have anything to do with the Latin Quarter side of life. It was he who, virtually unassisted, got up the slogan that has done so much to waft Stony Gardens into the public eye—Stony Gardens, the Suburb Exquisite, with the Homes Tasty for the Purse Moderate. It has caught on so well that there has been some little talk of raising a subscription to have it spelled out either in whitewashed stones or in small cactus plants on the strip of grass down by the railroad tracks.

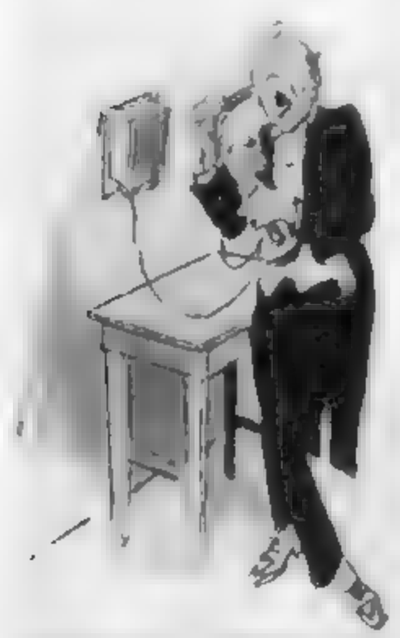
I can't help wishing that Mr. Mellish and you could have a good talk, illustrated with booklets. Then the next thing you realized you would be settled out here and trying to pay for it, and we would be affording you every chance to work yourself right into the heart of our social whirl. I don't say that it would shove you noticeably farther along in a business way; but when it comes to pure fun you could go a day's journey and still be looking around for any community that could tie us.

Just ask anybody living in any suburb around here, Is or is not Stony Gardens a couple of household words as a center of refined but whole-hearted social activities? Any hearty laughter that you may get in answer can be immediately set down to a spirit of vulgar jealousy, and will simply go to show you where we stand as the commuters' Newport.

"Unrestricted" is the very word for the gayety out here; and I don't mean by that that anything ever goes on at which your wife or your sister wouldn't be perfectly welcome either. It is just that you are not obliged to tie yourself down to any one form of home night life. Stony Gardens has them all.

A Gay Evening at the Streamers'

IF YOU like your time wild—and who of us, after all, is without a drop of Spanish blood?—you will naturally want to string right along with the Willard Streamers. I can't deny that the goings-on of the Streamer crowd have furnished many a chatty half hour to the community's more conservative element. Rumor hath it that the Streamers and their intimates lap it up like so many brook trout, and the saying goes that they just smoke one cigarette after another. There seems to be some pretty sinister implication lurking in that last one; you rather get the idea that if they smoked only three or four at a time much might be forgiven.



He Will Work Himself Virtually to a Shred Getting in Touch With Them

And I wouldn't really say that the Streamer set isn't a bit roguish. It is hard enough work building up a reputation for that sort of thing these days without having it swept away by a few thoughtless words of mine. But they are just a lot of grown-up kiddies at heart. There is no more real harm in them than in a cageful of assorted jaguars.

In fact, if you were to ask me, I should probably blurt it right out that it is my idea that something very like the green-eyed monster is back of all the talk, for the Streamers are pretty high up in the world. It is as good as common gossip that Willard Streamer, only provided that he was sober enough to retain a grip on the pen, could autograph a check for ten thousand dollars tomorrow, and there would still be no necessity for Mrs. S. to do her own upstairs work. And you know how catty the laboring classes get once a man makes the ten-thousand-dollar grade.

Mr. Wilberforce Is Causing Screams of Gayety by Dressing Up in a Gold Turban

To give you some idea of the scale upon which the Streamers do things, I have only to tell you that Mr. Streamer has all his stuff delivered by the case. This marks him as the acknowledged speed king of Stony Gardens, where all the rest of those who use it roll their own. No study of chemistry or fancy cooking is required; a child could do it after he had once watched daddy. You simply take a batch of unused water and pour into it several fragrant liquids that any druggist will be glad to let you have for a nominal sum. Then you let it age for ten minutes or so, till the clouds roll by, and there you are. All you have to bear in mind is not to dawdle the time away sipping it daintily, for it is apt to eat holes in the glass.

But the Streamers never trifle with any fresh-every-hour beverages. Theirs is the genuine old stuff, mellowed in the case on the way out from the city, and not a headache in an eyecupful.

It is a pretty compliment to the Streamers' hospitality that no guest of theirs ever brings along a flask. It would be carrying gilded lilies to Newcastle.

There is but little initial stiffness about any gathering at the Streamer house. Of course, there are the expected thin moments while the men among the earlier arrivals stand around asking how the market closed, anyway, and the women explain to one another how much younger they look when they are a little stouter. But long before anyone succumbs to the strain, Mr. Streamer, who could have made a big name for himself as a mind reader, releases the following *bon mot:* "Well, how about a little drink?"

This has the effect on the gentlemen present of a cold shower followed by a brisk rub-down with a rough towel, while the ladies smile politely, as if somebody had just told one of the ones about the traveling man who came to the farmhouse and they were trying to be broad-minded about it.

While mine host is absent in the pantry, lining up the ammunition, various proud wives may be overheard cooing in their breadwinners' ears such soft nothings as "Now, Fred, remember what you promised"; or "All right, Art; but you know how you felt after the last one." From then it is but the work of a moment till the room is filled with the music of splashing ice, which Willard Streamer would rather hear than Chaliapin.

The time to drop in on one of these wild parties—and it is only fair to the contestants to say that the word "wild" is used here in the sense in which it is connected with buttercups, daisies and the fringed gentian—is about twenty minutes before Sweet Adeline is sung. Then the revelers will be getting really right.

It may strike you as a bit unusual at first that everybody is talking as if everybody else were just within earshot; but that is just one of their little ways, along around the middle of a playful evening. You will doubtless feel pretty slow compared with the wits present, and there will be jokes going the rounds that you will be unable to accord much in the line of bursts of spontaneous laughter, even after the thirtieth or fortieth repetition. But there is no need of your getting too low in your mind over the shabby way you stack up against the rest of the party. You can buoy yourself up by remembering that alcohol is famous all over the world for sharpening the intellect and giving a zip to the conversation.

"Lookit!" He Will Announce, Practically Without Ceasing. "Get This One—This Is Good. Imitation of Bert Williams"

They Admit They're Good

YOU will find that Mr. Wilberforce, of whom it has often been remarked that you would never guess, to meet him, what a perfect caution he is when he gets started, is causing screams of gayety by dressing up in a gold turban belonging to one of the ladies and applying a large court-plaster beauty patch to the tip of his nose. It is not necessary for him to help the act along with any sort of patter. It is good for two solid hours of cheers and laughter as is.

Mr. Buxby, Mr. Wilberforce's only rival for the title of the Ed Wynn of Stony Gardens, will be setting up a competitive attraction. He will be standing in the middle of the floor, his head thrust forward, his shoulders hunched, his arms hanging loose, one foot raised as if about to plunge him into a mazurka.

"Lookit!" he will announce, practically without ceasing. "Get this one—this is good. Imitation of Bert Williams."

Over in a corner a male quartet, composed of three tenors and a bond salesman, will be rendering some of the dear old songs by their own request, after much preliminary humming so as to come to some decision on a popular key. Their heads will be clustered fondly together, and each face will wear the expression of one who has just received terrible news from home. Sporadic waving of half-full glasses will help the time along.

The song lyrics will be found worthy of your closest attention. The chorus of Rosy O'Grady, for instance, as rendered by the Stony Gardens Alcoholic Four, goes:

Sweet Rosy O'Grady,
Sweet Rosy O'Gray,

Sweet Rosy O'Grady,
Sweet Rosy O'Gray.
Sweet Rosy O'Grady,
Swee-eet Rosy O'Gree,
For I love sweet Rosy O'Grady—hold it, boys
And Rosy O'Grady loves me.

Tipperary is another of the numbers that they have made popular.

I don't know how many people have said that for days after one of the Streamers' parties the stirring words of the song kept running through their heads:

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go,
It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long, long way to go ——

As it would be a pretty tough thing if the audience missed any of the lyrics, the boys oblige with each selection anywhere from two hundred to two hundred and six times.

The quartet is at its best, many think, when it gets around to the lion-hearted college songs—all about dying for dear old Rutgers, or fighting with a vim that is dead sure to win for old Nassau, or breaking through the Crimson line, their strength to defy. As distinguished alumni of the Stony Gardens Boys' High, they are able to throw their whole hearts into the thing.

The song birds stick to their work under a heavy handicap. All during the recital, numerous disciples of Terpsichore will be feeding the phonograph with jazz selections of which a full orchestra makes no secret, and devoting themselves to the approximately light fantastic toe. Few dances last the duration of a record; the feminine participants are willing to call it a day when their partners begin introducing intricate open steps, or trying out that whimsical figure in which the lady must pirouette beneath the gentleman's gracefully upraised hand. The braver of the deserted ones keep a stiff upper lip and go on with the dance as a solo.

But the Streamers' gatherings are not all froth and frivol. A couple of steady glances will be ample to convince you that the affairs have their deeper side too.

The End of a Perfect Evening

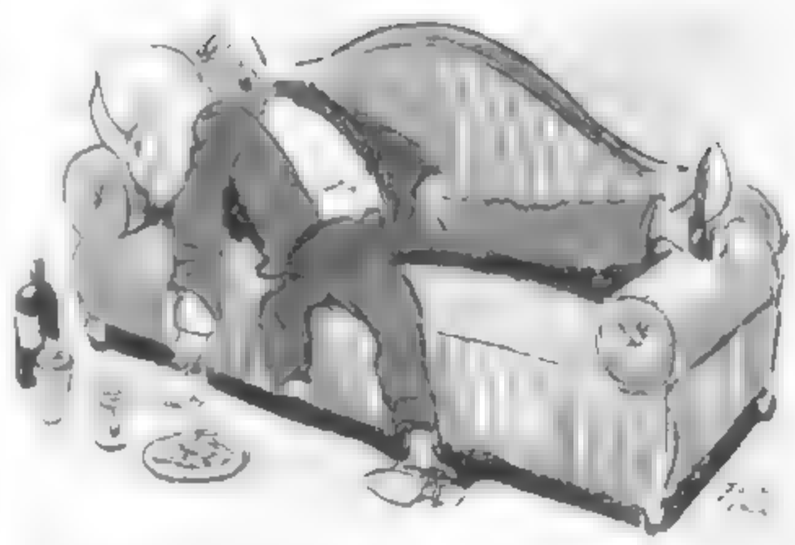
MR. BLOOMER will be confiding to Mrs. Bathley that he never really wanted to take over the agency for the Little Mastiff Hose Supporter; he did it, as any real man would, for the sake of the wife and kiddies; but his heart is not in his work. You can see that he wishes Mrs. Bloomer all the luck in the world, but he reports that if he were free tomorrow he would break right into the moving-picture-scenario game. He will even relate to Mrs. Bathley, just to show how he trusts her, the detailed plot of a smashing story he is going to surprise Cecil De Mille with one of these days.

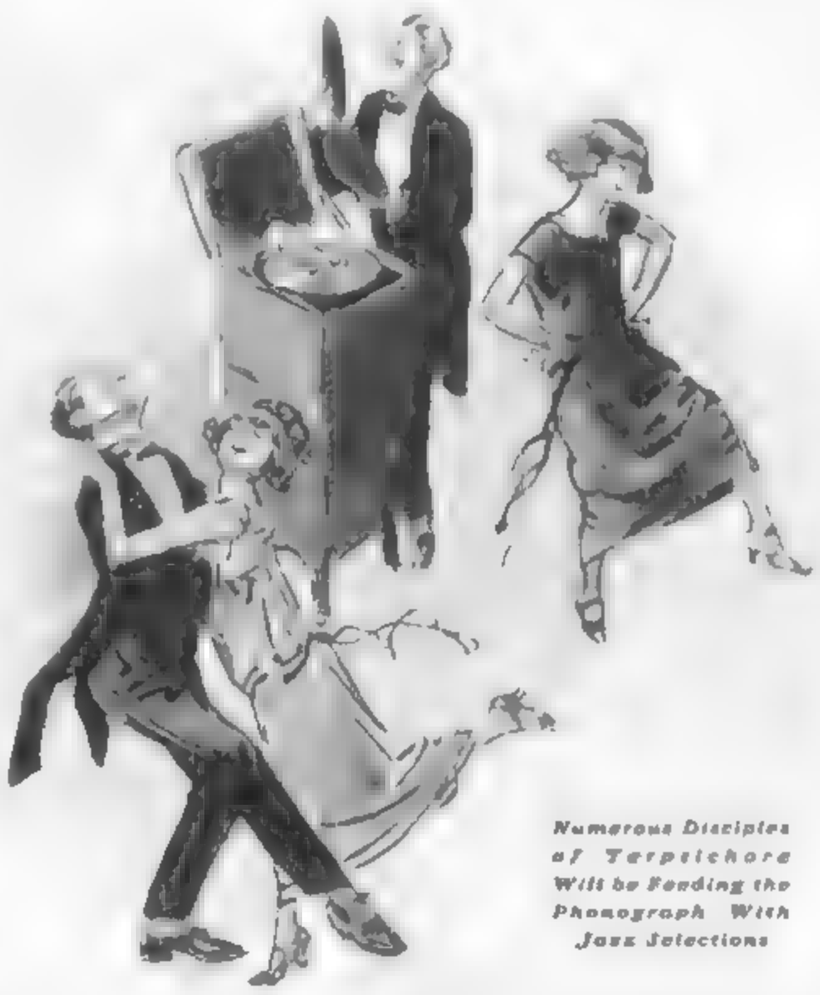
In return for his confidences, Mrs. Bathley, who once spent the Easter holidays with a school friend in Baltimore, and so slips right back into the Southern accent if she doesn't watch herself like a hawk, will tell him about all the men who attempted to end it all when she married Ed Bathley.

International affairs will be put in their place by Mr. Woody and Mr. McAnkle, who are pretty bitter against this man Baruch for not coming to them with his little problems, when there they are, all ready to be regular big brothers to him. As the evening waxes ripe, both patriots will disappear, to go home and pack their bags in case they should be called on before morning to join up for the war with Japan.

It will be along around this time that Mr. Donnie will suffer a mean attack of the auld-lang-syne blues. He will get musing on all the old crowd, now scattered far and wide over the country, and he will have hard work to keep from choking up when he thinks of the dear ones so far away. So he will go to the Streamers' telephone and work himself virtually to a shred getting in touch with them, via long distance, and urging them to drop everything and come join the party. To those he cannot reach through the courtesy of the toll-line operator he will send heartening telegrams, explaining what a nice time he is having, and expressing his desire that they could be with him.

It is shortly after Mr. Donnie has done all he can for old sake's sake that the alabaster lamp will get broken; Mr. Peel will take a series of strong likings to fellow guests and will draw them aside and beg them to accept a partnership in his business; Mrs. Larkin will overhear her nearest and dearest urging Mrs. Hench to call him up sometime when she is in town and let him show her around the plant, and then they can have a bite of lunch together; Mr. Beagle will be found up in the lavender guest room



Mr. Beagle Will be Found Up in the Lavender Guest Room

Numerous Disciples of Terpsichore Will be Feeding the Phonograph With Jazz Selections

sleeping like a little, tired child; Mr. Mitchie will want to know who said he didn't get overseas.

Any or all of these occurrences will automatically bring the evening's exercises to a fitting conclusion.

When the Streamer set meets again for another wow of a night, there is many a gale of laughter over reminiscences of the last big sporting event. Doting wives tell amusing stories of how Joe insisted upon backing the car all the way home, or how nothing would do but Fred must take off his shoes and go bathing in the sanitary drinking fountain in Raspberry Park, or how Wally sat on the front steps and just wept his heart out because the moon had gone down. People ask one another if they will ever forget to their dying day how funny Ernie was, and the noes have it. The gentlemen proudly relate grisly tales, each more graphic than the last, of their exact sensations on the ensuing morning; there seems to be some idea among them that there is to be a Pulitzer prize awarded for the heaviest hang-over of the season of 1923–24, so anxious are they to get their claims before the public. It is unanimously voted that it certainly was some party. As Mr. Wilberforce, in that dry way of his, sums it up: "Oh, boy!"

If you are not one of the wine-women-and-song boys, but are hot after an evening of the intellect, you will fall right on your feet among Mrs. Blease and her friends. Mrs. Blease's house is the local headquarters for the higher life.

Stony Gardens is justly proud of its gifted daughter, Roberta Mary Wilkington Blease. It is under that name that Mrs. Blease parts with her writings. You may have seen some of her little things about woodsy fragrances and purling rills and fairies cock-eyed with sparkling dew; many of them have been published in the Stony Gardens Home News, directly under the column on Doings and Chitchat of Prominent Local Elks.

And it isn't as if her reputation were merely local. She has had I don't know how many attractively printed notices from the editors of nationally famous magazines, telling her that their reason for returning her manuscripts had nothing whatever to do with any lack of literary merit—in fact, they as good as implied it was at the contrary, as our French cousins would say. It just goes to show you how she stands with them.

If you can ply Mrs. Blease with cinnamon toast and get her in a confidential mood, she will frequently let fall pretty spicy bits of literary gossip. I shouldn't like this to go any farther, but she has told me, as soon as the little ones have been sent out to play, that this thing of getting into the magazines is nothing in the world but a matter of pull. From what she has hinted, I gather that it is very like all these stories you hear of the way movie stars are made. Naturally, it makes you respect Stony Gardens' gifted daughter all the more for the stand she has taken in refusing to weaken.

A Patroness of the Arts

OF COURSE, Mrs. Blease knows all sorts of interesting people—birds of a feather attract like. She has generously given Stony Gardens a chance to take a good look at many of the celebrities of her acquaintance. In her parlor—her studio, as she calls it for short—she has entertained, among others, a poetess who composes some of the best-selling greeting cards for Mothers' Day; a young man who does interpretative dances while a girl friend reads aloud from the Song of Solomon; another young man who designs fans for one of the big department stores; and an actress, now at liberty, whom several critics said would bear watching after her delivery, in a society play, of the line, "But, my dear Lady Agatha, I thought his grace never took cream." I have been just as close to them as I am to you at this minute.

Mrs. Blease's affairs are attended mainly by what someone has laughingly called the fairer sex. It is remarkable how many Stony Gardens husbands are detained in town by a rush of unexpected business when the authoress is, in a certain sense of the word, entertaining. I haven't a thing against husbands as a class—some of my best friends are husbands—but I have often noticed that when it comes to mingling with the cognoscenti they have a tendency to crack under the strain.

Before you crash in upon Mrs. Blease's set, you may have to loosen up some of those ideas of yours a trifle. It will be just as well for you to be prepared to find them a pretty bohemian lot; you will have to remember how these artists are and make allowances for them. Don't, for instance, get into any discussion with them about marriage, if you are not all set for a stiff shock. For their views on marriage are advanced, to put it mildly enough to make family reading. Some of them have even thrown convention to the winds, and have been married in ordinary business clothes.

It is but seldom that the ladies among these celebrities are mistaken for Follies girls. They have what you might call interesting faces, and they have managed to get well away from the humdrum in their dress. It seems almost as if each one had a roomy old trunk up in the attic in which she had more fun rummaging around of a rainy afternoon. The general effect is that they are all ready for a rollicking game of charades.

It has been something of a blow to us that many of Mrs. Blease's lions will not do their stuff out of office hours. We are all only too glad to lend our names to any list of patrons of the arts, but we can't help admitting that when some of these artists and writers get out in society they shape up just as dumb as you or I. They eat with their forks, and they will readily meet you halfway in any discussion about the weather; but they give you little or nothing that you couldn't get right in your own home.

Mrs. Blease, who is the heart and soul of generosity, always puts a crack in the ice by giving a reading from her own works, to get them into the spirit of the thing. But even after that they won't so much as oblige by dashing off a verse or making a charcoal sketch of Theodore Roosevelt, just to give us a sample of what they've got.

(Continued on Page 38

"For I Love Sweet Rosy O'Grady"—Hold It, Boys—
"And Rosy O'Grady Loves Me"

FOR THE BENEFIT OF INDIA

The Two-Wheeled System of Transportation—Anywhere in India. Above—The New Victoria Memorial, Calcutta, the Corner Stone of Which Was Laid by King George V When He Visited India as Prince of Wales 17 Years Ago

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

NO ENGLISHMAN could be expected to acknowledge, or even to believe perhaps, that in their struggle to retain control in India today his countrymen are influenced by any but the highest motives; but it is to Englishmen, nevertheless, that we are indebted for the strongest and most convincing exposition of the case against England as that case has developed through succeeding periods since Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1600, granted the first charter to the institution designated then as "the Governor and Company of Merchants of London, trading into the East Indies." The British complain nowadays that they are indiscriminately accused and suspected on every possible occasion, and that nobody has a good word to say for them any more no matter what they do. Almost any Englishman can be quite amusing on this subject, but underlying his humorous attitude there is always a well-defined resentment. My own belief is that such criticism as they are called upon to endure is probably the inevitable result of a too self-evident success in the realm of the merely material, and I might add that it is more or less the kind of thing to which Americans have become so thoroughly hardened that it no longer affects us; at least not too tremendously.

However, there is one good thing to be said for the British, and that is that from among them there frequently arises a spokesman who in keen analysis of British character and ruthless criticism of British procedures knows no hesitation; though it must be said for most of these admirable citizens that they soften their denunciations of undeniable wrongs on the part of their brethren with a quite sufficient amount of palliative modification. One man, and a minister of the Gospel at that, says, "There is not a body of men in the world which, in too independent and powerful a position, would not be unscrupulous and immoral." From which point, and preceding it, he goes on to prove that the British in India have always been unscrupulous, and are today just a little bit more so than they ever were before.

The Tumble-Down Empire of the Moguls

THE charge against the British as rulers of India is a long one, and contains a good many counts in the argument of which there can hardly be two sides. The Indians seldom go for their grievances away back to the early days of what is known as the John Company—the Honorable East India Company of unparalleled history—because they recognize the inevitability of their subjugation by some foreign power during that period, and profess to be thankful that so long as they had to become a subject race they fell under a no less beneficent control than the British have exercised. And it is necessary to remember that Great Britain was only one of several foreign contestants for supremacy in the rich but tattered and tumble-down old empire of the Moguls. The English traders of whom an Indian poet says

History never told
Of monarch-merchants, heroes wandering far,
A stranger tale of traffic or of war!

not only rescued India from the vicious tyranny of the corrupt remnants of Mogul sovereignty but had to defend themselves and their position against numerous strong and often enough successful attacks from the French. Throughout the period of war between France and England in Europe, during the latter half of the eighteenth century and the early years of the nineteenth, there was war in India between the French and British trading companies, with one or the other of which was always in confederation some more or less powerful Indian potentate, ordinarily bartering his domain and the lives of his people in favor of the foreigner for promises of protection or revenge against some neighboring potentate.

In reading about the India of the latter half of the eighteenth century one sees the tremendous subcontinent as a land practically minus the blessing known in modern times as lines of communication, and at the same time as a land torn from one end to the other continuously by wars and upheavals innumerable. There were river highways and canals, to be sure, and a few great arteries of traffic such as would be necessary for cart and camel caravans and for the movement of armies that are always referred to as consisting of so many thousands of men and so many hundreds of elephants; but it is easy to realize that movement of any kind was exceedingly slow and difficult.

The capital at Delhi, while central enough in the vast dominion nominally under the autocratic sovereignty of the Moguls in its entirety, was so far removed in point of time from centers of provincial administration to the east and south that it was very easy for the subas, rajahs, nawabs and other representatives of government in these centers to repudiate the yoke of imperial authority and to establish themselves as independent rulers. This they did in considerable numbers while the decadent emperors were engaged in fighting the Sikhs in the Punjab, in resisting one Afghan invasion after another, and in meeting the repeated onslaughts of the Marathas from the south. But the seceding and seditious princes knew nothing of peace among themselves or of security one from another, and so it happened that while the power of the emperors gradually diminished, their once great empire fell into a chaos of warring principalities, out of which order was brought only by the eventual though slowly progressive assumption on the part of the British merchants of governmental control.

This is an exceedingly sketchy outline of extraordinarily complex and momentous events; but so far, so good. It cannot be said for the British that they interfered at any point in the interest solely of peace, or that they undertook any kind of warlike demonstration or activity for the benefit of anybody but themselves. But one really would like to be able to say that wherever they became the dominant power the people had occasion to offer praise and thanksgiving to their gods. This cannot be said either.

An Eighteenth-Century Criticism

ROBERT ORME, a servant of the East India Company at Madras, writing in 1753, tells us that "the contumacy of vice-regents resisting their sovereign and battling amongst themselves is continually productive of such scenes of bloodshed, and of such deplorable devastations, as no other nation in the universe is subject to. If the subjects of a despotic power are everywhere miserable, the miseries of the people of Indostan are multiplied by the incapacity of that power to control the vast extent of its dominion."

After which he goes on to say: "Imitation has conveyed the unhappy system of oppression which prevails in the government of Indostan throughout all the ranks of the people, from the highest even to the lowest subject of the empire. Every head of a village calls his habitation a Durbar and plunders of their meal and roots the wretches of his precinct; from him the Zemindar extorts the small

pittance of silver, which his penurious tyranny has scraped together; the Faujdar seizes upon the greatest share of the Zemindar's collections, and then secures the favor of his Nawab by voluntary contributions, which leave him not possessed of the half of his rapines and exactions; the Nawab fixes his rapacious eye on every portion of wealth which appears in his province and never fails to carry off part of it; by large deductions from these acquisitions, he purchases security from his superiors or maintains it against them at the expense of a war. Subject to such oppression, property in Indostan is seldom seen to descend to the third generation."

This was written about twenty years before Warren Hastings arrived in Calcutta as governor of Bengal and began to lay about him in all directions with the plain but—during his lifetime—unacknowledged purpose of abolishing corruption in British practices and of establishing a stable and honest government under which the people, from the highest even to the lowest subject of the empire, might enjoy some sense of security in their peaceful pursuits and an assurance of civil justice in their disagreements.

It was written while Colonel Clive—afterward Lord Clive—was rendering "great and meritorious service to his country" and winning enduring fame for himself by his prosecution of the war with the French in the south of India, and just three years previous to the event with which the world in general is probably more familiar than with any other in India's history.

The Ultimatum of Siraj-ud-Daula

THE nawab of Bengal, Siraj-ud-Daula, became ambitious to drive out the British traders who had usurped so large a proportion of his power and who were taking out of the country such vast sums of money; so he assumed a haughty and high-handed attitude toward them and sent them finally what amounted to an ultimatum in the form of a demand that they deliver to him a certain refugee they were harboring, and stop building fortifications in Calcutta. They refused, of course, to accede to either of these demands, whereupon the nawab descended upon them with an army consisting—according to the account of a British survivor—of 30,000 mounted troops, 35,000 foot soldiers and 400 elephants of war. A majority of the British community, including the president of the company, fled to the ships in the river and made off to a point of safety without regard to the fate of those they were leaving behind. These, 146 in all, surrendered and were packed together in a small room in the local jail, from which only twenty-three of them came out alive the next morning. This was the Black Hole of Calcutta, in imagining the horror of which every schoolboy and schoolgirl in the civilized world from that day to this has been thrilled

Clive, who was at Madras, after having temporarily discouraged French ambitions in the south, sailed at once for Calcutta with the British squadron and recaptured the town. Whereupon the French, for a consideration, moved to the assistance of the warlike nawab and compelled Clive to embark upon the campaign which ended in the historic Battle of Plassey, in the course of which, with 900 Englishmen, 2000 native troops and eight pieces of artillery, he put to rout the nawab and his host of more than 50,000. The British then deposed Siraj-ud-Daula, and, in exchange for a cash payment of £2,340,000, plus a grant to the company of the great tract of land round Calcutta now known as the District of the Twenty-four Pergunnahs, they placed on the throne at Murshidabad, Mir Jafir, the candidate for the nawabship of their own choice, thereby consolidating their position of commercial advantage, but at the same time loading themselves with an inescapable responsibility, which, however, they managed for the time being very handily to escape.

Nobody wanted empire in India. The old Court of Directors of the Honorable East India Company in London held up its hands in holy horror of the acts of its servants in India, and of historic events for which it disclaimed all responsibility, while the British Parliament was constantly engaged in debates pro and con a policy which was involving England in undreamed-of obligations and incidentally befouling the fair fame of the British nation with reproach.

If it had been empire in the true sense the story might have developed differently and on lines much more creditable to the aggressive power. But it was not. It amounted to imperial authority vested in a body of mere traders who at every point refused to acknowledge responsibility, and exercised their authority only for the purpose of taking advantage of the unparalleled opportunity presented to acquire tremendous wealth by the simple process of picking the wide-open pockets of a fabulously rich empire plunged in the delirium of rapid disintegration and civil strife.

It seems that from the very beginning the servants of the East India Company "found the task of civil administration in India more difficult than the task of defeating ill-disciplined Indian armies in the field." This was because they were not interested either in civil administration or in the welfare of the numerous and unhappy people whose interests they should have felt obliged to protect. They engaged and trained sepoys, or native mercenaries, to enhance the strength of their own inadequate forces, and undertook military operations for the sole purpose of overcoming obstacles in the path of their commercial enterprise; but with every military step they took they were committed just so much further to a sacred obligation which nobody at the time was willing to acknowledge or properly to discharge.

Lord Clive left civil administration in the great province of Bengal, which he had succeeded in subjugating, altogether in the hands of the subjugated authorities. To quote Mr. Romesh C. Dutt, one of the friendliest of England's critics: Under the system instituted by Lord Clive "the administration of law and justice, as well as the collection of revenue, was still left in the hands of the nawab of Bengal and the two deputy nawabs of Patna and Murshidabad; and the revenue, when collected, was supposed to be made over to the company. In the meantime the company's servants were busy with the company's trade, and also with making colossal private fortunes, with which they hoped to retire to England as fast as possible."

The Evils of Divided Responsibility

"THUS, the supreme power, which was responsible for the well-being and protection of the people, did not concern itself with the administration of the country; while the nawab and the deputy nawabs and their subordinates, who were intrusted with the entire administration, did not feel that responsibility for the good of the people which the supreme power alone can feel. They were collecting revenue for the company and were not scrupulous as to the means employed; and the company, so long as it obtained the revenue, believed itself free from the responsibilities of administration. Thus, under a dual system of government neither party felt responsible for good administration, and the people were grievously oppressed."

The historian quoted resents all this and the fact that "the new rulers paid no attention to the concerns of the people of Hindustan, and suffered them to be mercilessly plundered, oppressed and tormented by officers of their own appointing." But he likes less the remedy applied and goes on immediately to say:

Warren Hastings totally upset the system of Lord Clive. He arrested the deputy Nawabs and brought them down to Calcutta. A judicial inquiry was made into their conduct and administration, and their authority was abolished forever. He removed the central revenue offices from Murshidabad and Patna to Calcutta and placed them under the supervision of English officials under the name of the Board of Revenue. He abolished the judicial powers of local landlords, or Zemindars, and appointed an English officer under the misleading name of Collector for the purposes of administration. The Collector was responsible for the collection of revenues; he was the civil Judge; and he was also the Criminal Court of his district. A code of regulations was drawn up for the guidance of Collectors, and two Sadar Courts of Appeal were established at Calcutta.

(Continued on Page 133)

The Clock Tower at Delhi, Showing Also the City's Modern Municipal Buildings and the Statue of Queen Victoria. Above—A Typical Fakir With His Snakes and His Baskets of Tricks

THE BIRTH OF A NOTION

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

As a Courter He Proved Himself No Mean Artist. Cravanette Drank in His Words Thirstily

HE WAS a stranger and they took him in—speedily and efficiently. Whereupon, finding himself in the throes of an untimely and exceedingly embarrassing financial drought, Rutherford Pratt made the discovery that his Amazonian landlady was not so very hard to look upon, provided the look came from the tummy and not from the heart.

Cravanette was a statuesque lady of the impressionistic school. The impression she created was of a female mountain. She was famous in Birmingham's Darktown for the inequability of her temper, her protracted maidenhood and her financial stability. Too, she was reputed to be a culinary artist of parts, which perhaps accounted for the popularity of her boarding house. Certainly there was little else about the lady to inspire any young man with enthusiasm for a continued sojourn under her roof.

Rutherford's interest in her keened at the dictates of policy. He owed her one week's board and hoped to increase his indebtedness. This insolvency had arisen through no fault of Rutherford's, unless it be claimed that he erred in giving ear to the blandishments of one Albino Ward, a ponderous colored gentleman who conducted a catering establishment.

The intimacy between Rutherford and Albino had started suddenly, bloomed swiftly and ended disastrously—for the diminutive stranger. The one hundred and seventy-five dollars invested by Rutherford in Albino's sweet-sounding business venture passed permanently from his keeping, and his later awakening to the fact that Albino had become richer by precisely that amount subtracted nothing from his misery.

The night following the occasion of the trimming at the hands of his erstwhile friend found Rutherford engaged in the pastime of planning to keep the wolf from his own private door. His initial thought was of flight, but that idea was rejected instantly as both inadvisable and impracticable; the former because he fancied that Cravanette Timkins would be a relentless pursuer and the latter because he did not possess a dime with which to finance his fleeing.

By the same token, it was out of the question for him to think of paying the week's board then owing. An exodus promised to be met with hefty opposition. One course, and one course only, remained—Miss Timkins must be placated.

Mournfully but not half-heartedly, Rutherford went about the job of converting Cravanette to the belief that he was a very desirable piece of matrimonial timber, and not entirely unobtainable. His success amazed and almost delighted him. Blessed as she was with the goods of the world, Cravanette had always yearned to possess a man for her very own, and this was virtually the first time in her rather disgruntled career that opportunity for the realization of that ambition had presented itself.

If Mr. Pratt's courtship did nothing else, it did forestall any demands from Miss Timkins for her board money. Rutherford even grew sufficiently at ease to speak jestingly of his fleecing by Albino.

"That cullud man don't care whose money he takes," suggested Mr. Pratt. "He 'propriated a hund'ed an' seventy-five dollars offen me."

"No!"

"Yes; easy. Reckon I kind of was a sucker."

"Ain't it the truth!"

"'Tain't nothin' else." Rutherford lighted a well-worn cheroot upon which he puffed placidly for a moment or two. "Funny how things will wuk out that-a-way, ain't it, Cravanette? Albino done me out of all my money an' I won't have no mo' until I gits some."

"You says it."

"I does. An' also I says that a feller which gits that much money one time—an' you seen it with yo' own sweet eyes—he can git some mo' where that come fum."

"Why not fum where it went to?"

"Fum Albino Ward?"

She nodded determinedly.

"Yas-suh, fum him. I woul'n't 'low no persnickety cullud man like him to do me out of no money."

Rutherford's eyes narrowed.

"What would you do?" he asked slowly.

"Shuh! I'd go bust him one."

"M'm! Reckon that woul'n't hahdly be dignifried fo' a man of my position, specially with him bein' two times as big as me."

"You ain't scared of him, is you?"

"No-o; not scared ezac'ly. But my policy is never to trouble trouble even when it tries to trouble me."

Another long silence, and then, with assumed joviality: "An' don't you worry none about yo' board bill, Cravanette, honey. It's good as gold."

She sighed.

"I sho'ly hopes so, Rutherford. I has known gemmun which would beat a lady out of her money ifn they got a good enough start."

Mr. Pratt made a gesture indicative of his contempt for such persons.

"Not I; not I a-tall. Besides, wha's a li'l' board bill between I an' you?"

Cravanette did not answer that question; nor did Rutherford. As a matter of fact, the board bill was a great deal between them—it was everything. Cravanette welcomed the indebtedness because it insured the continued residence of Rutherford at her home; Rutherford was elated over the fact that she had indicated clearly her willingness to declare a moratorium.

He did not, however, dare to permit his ardency to relax. As a courter he proved himself no mean artist. Cravanette drank in his words thirstily, hypnotizing herself into believing a moiety of them; and so, eventually, they became engaged. The circumstances under which this occurred left Rutherford considerably bewildered and not a little frightened. He had not intended to commit himself definitely, and he wondered later whether he had actually done so.

But whether he had or not, the fact remained that he now stood before the world formally and officially branded as the fiancé of Birmingham's most militant colored lady. In that situation he found food for rejoicing and for apprehension.

The congratulations of Rutherford's few Birmingham friends appeared to be tinged with derision. Most bitter of all was his conversation with Mr. Albino Ward, the progenitor of all his unhappiness. Mr. Ward bulked over him, and there was a sneer upon the large gentleman's countenance.

"I heah that Miss Cravanette Timkins has decided to take unto herse'f a husband."

"Says which?"

"I understan' that you is gwine make ma'iage with Miss Timkins."

"Huh! You don't understan' nothin', 'cause you ain't got no brains to understan' nothin' with."

"Anyway, I has brains enough not to git ma'ied."

"How you know I ain't too?"

"Boy, I knows it. When a feller gits engaged to Cravanette Timkins he has fixed things fo' himse'f either to atten' a weddin' or a fumral."

Albino was grinning, and Rutherford grew peeved.

"'Sides, Mistuh Ward, I don't see how you got any right to come aroun' laughin' at me. If you han't of took my hund'ed an' seventy-five dollars I woul'n't be engaged to that 'ooman."

Albino waved an airy hand.

"Anyway, I done her a favor."

He moved on. Rutherford stared after the hulking figure. There was fire in his eye and murder in his heart. And at that moment he was accosted by a dapper little fellow in pearl gray who paused beside him and regarded him critically through a haze of cigarette smoke.

"Mawnin', Brother Pratt."

"Mawnin', Brother Slappey."

Florian cocked his head on one side.

"You suttinly ain't much to look at, Rutherford," he vouchsafed at length; "but you is mo' man than I ever thought Cravanette would git."

There was genuine friendliness in Florian's voice, and Rutherford warmed to it instantly.

"Yeh, an' Ise more man than I ever thought a woman like Cravanette Timkins would git me."

Mr. Slappey cast his gaze down the street in time to see the giant frame of Albino Ward disappearing into Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor.

"Albino been pesterin' you?"

"Tha's the one thing he ain't been doin' nothin' else but."

"He's an awful unnecessary cullud man. 'Sides, he ain't got no call kiddin' nobody 'bout Cravanette. He most had to ma'y her one time."

"You ain't sayin' so!"

"Yes, I is. He give her some britches of promise to git out of it, but it's my 'pinion that she has remained kind of regretful. Without meanin' to git pussonal at all, an' also without takin' back none of the rotten things I said 'bout Mistuh Ward—you know as well as me that no 'ooman would ma'y you if she could git a feller like him. Would they, now?"

"Don't hahdly reckon so," agreed Rutherford with perfect candor.

"How come you to git engaged to Cravanette, anyway?"

"I didn't"—lugubriously. "She become engaged to me."

"How did it happen?"

"Didn't happen. Just was."

"Whyn't you raise a kick?"

"Cain't. I owes her money fo' back board."

Florian nodded slowly. He felt a kinship to the dilapidated little fellow who was living by his wits instead of his pocketbook.

"Don't you go worryin', Rutherford. You ain't ma'ied to Cravanette yet, an' there ain't nothin' so bad it cain't git wuss. While there's life there's hope."

"Huh! Tha's the way you look at things. The way I regards it is that while you is alive you knows good an' well you has got to die some day."

"Well, there is wuss things than death."

"Yeh! An' I is engaged to one of 'em."

That was the beginning of what rapidly developed into a sincere friendship between Florian Slappey, the sartorial emperor of Birmingham's Darktown, and Rutherford Pratt. Rutherford frankly worshiped Florian's insouciance, while Florian basked in the calcium of Mr. Pratt's open idolatry. In return, Florian lent willing ear and gave glib advice to his friend. He was a clearing house for all Rutherford's troubles, and he held out a ray of hope in his repeated assurances that he would fix things all right for his unfortunate friend.

"There ain't no man needs to ma'y no 'ooman if he ain't got a mind to," he asserted. "I has been th'oo that two times my own se'f an' I knows whereof I 'spostulates."

"How you gotten loose fum them wimmin?"

"Just tol' 'em to git on 'bout their business an' leave me be. Tha's all."

"Shuh! I see right away that Cravanette wan't one of the wimmin you was engaged to."

Meanwhile Rutherford was heroically employing every particle of his no mean fund of histrionic talent in the effort to appear enthusiastic over the engagement to Miss Timkins. At that he was not entirely successful. Cravanette was not overly critical, but she appeared to see an absence of something which fiancés are popularly supposed to possess.

"You really ain't so awful much man, is you, Rutherford?"

"No-o; not so terrible much."

"You ain't hahdly half Albino's size."

"N'r neither half as mean."

There was a pause, and then Cravanette spoke: "Did Albino take yo' money, or what?"

"He did an' he didn't. I loant it to him to inwest an' he tol' me the inwestment went bad. Anyway, he never give me nothin' but a receipt."

Cravanette became thoughtful.

"H'm! Then he still owes it to you?"

"Yeh; but that ain't gittin' me no cash."

Two days later Miss Timkins again touched upon the subject.

"I seen Lawyer Evans Chew today," she said, "an' he says fo' you to come down to his office t'morrow an' execute a 'signment of that hund'ed an' seventy-five dollars to me."

"To you?" Rutherford brightened visibly. "Then you gives me the cash diff'ence 'tween that an' how much board I owes you?"

"Nothin' like that. I applies it on yo' account."

"But my account ain't near half that much."

"Sure it ain't—so far. But you is aimin' to live with me a pretty long time after we is ma'ied, ain't you?"

There was no answering that argument, and so the next day Rutherford visited the offices of Lawyer Evans Chew in the Penny Prudential Bank Building and duly and formally executed to Cravanette Timkins an assignment of Albino's indebtedness to himself. As he signed he looked up pitifully into the attorney's kindly countenance.

"That paper says I done this fo' one dollar an' other vallible consideration," he said plaintively. "Where that dollar is at?"

Lawyer Chew stared sternly. "That will apply on yo' account," he proffered. Rutherford shook his head.

"Golly! What good is an account, anyway, if things don't never do nothin' but apply on it?"

He reflected unhappily upon his status as a financier. Life appeared drab and cheerless, and he found little solace in the thought that the immediate present was fairly well taken care of.

Birmingham had treated Rutherford rather unkindly; the worstest cut of all being his announced betrothal to the efficient Cravanette. Now that he had more or less settled accounts with her, he struggled manfully to extricate himself from the marital predicament; but his efforts met with considerably less than no success at all. Somehow Cravanette did not seem to catch the drift of his conversation, or, if she did, she succeeded admirably in ignoring it.

"When I gits engaged," she vouchsafed, "I aims to git ma'ied, so the sooner you makes up yo' mind to same, the better off you is."

Reflecting later upon the expression that Cravanette wore in making that pronouncement, Rutherford found himself quaking in his well-worn boots. Something informed him that he had better reconcile himself to a future as Cravanette's worser half. He carried his troubles to Mr. Florian Slappey and that elegant young gentleman beamed comfortingly.

"Albino," She Queried Icily, "How Much This Weddin' Supper Cost You?"

"Shuh! Rutherford, what you does is to make mountains out of moles. They ain't no use of you worryin' 'bout ma'ying Cravanette. I ain't."

"Yeh; n'r neither you ain't ma'ying her."

"I'll tell the cock-eyed world I ain't. An' they ain't no need of you doin' same does you not crave to."

"Is you sure you knows Cravanette real well, Brother Slappey?"

"Suttinly. She's the one woman I don't know no other better than."

"You ain't talkin' that way. She strikes me as bein' terrible positive. How can I refrain fum ma'yin' her?"

Florian checked the methods on his finger tips.

"Fust off, you can break yo' engagement."

"An' she can break my neck."

"Or you can elope away fum her."

"Ain't got no money."

"Or you can co't another gal an' make her jealous."

"No other gal woul'n't flirt with me; an' even was she to do so, there woul'n't be nothin' left fo' her to flirt with when Cravanette finished 'spressin' her 'pinion."

"Or you can ——"

"I cain't do nothin'," mourned Rutherford hopelessly. "An' I'd be a failure at that. I s'pose I might as well make up my mind to ma'y that gal, though I'd much rather be extincted than do it."

Florian brightened.

"I is a wonderful fixer," he announced.

"You is a which?"

"A fixer."

"What does you fix?"

"Other folks' troubles."

"Brother Slappey ——" Rutherford choked in an excess of emotion. "You mean ——"

"Uh-huh. I mean just ezac'ly that. Does you aim not to make ma'iage with Cravanette Timkins, I can fix same."

"An' not git me kilt?"

"Yeh."

Trembling hands seized the lapels of Florian's pearl-gray coat.

"Does you accomplish that, Brother Slappey, I loves yo' fo'evermo'. But"—and his face fell—"'tain't possible."

"Huh! There ain't nothin' ain't possible. You just leave things to me, Rutherford, an' when I has finished you is gwine find out that you ain't ma'ied at all."

Rutherford was hopeful—and doubtful.

"Ev'y time you opens yo' mouf, Brother Slappey, happiness comes out. But words ain't much against a gal like Cravanette."

Nor did the events of the days immediately succeeding serve to inspire within the breast of Rutherford Pratt any vast confidence in Florian's ability to help. If Florian was working at all, he was certainly doing so under cover.

Inspired obviously by the belief that a husband in the hand is worth two in the future, Cravanette proceeded ominously with preparations for the wedding. It being her one and only fling at matrimony, she was grimly determined that there should be no lack of brilliance to the occasion. Accompanied by the reluctant Rutherford, she visited the catering establishment of Mr. Albino Ward. That grim-visaged personage greeted them effusively.

"Mawnin', turkledoves; mawnin'. What c'n I do you fo' this mawnin'?"

Cravanette stared severely.

"You should ought to be 'shamed of yo'se'f, Mistuh Ward. On'y fo' you runnin' out on me, it would be you I was ma'yin' 'stead of this po' li'l' shrimp heah."

"Uh-huh," interjected Rutherford hopefully. "An' Cravanette is an awful good 'ooman, Albino."

"I ain't interested in no wifes," shrugged Mr. Ward. "Besides, Rutherford, you needs her mo' than I. You requires somebody to sort of look after yo' money—if any."

Rutherford squirmed, but said nothing.

"What we come to see you about this mawnin', Mistuh Ward," pursued Cravanette, "is to discover what would you charge to cater our weddin'?"

Albino was frankly amazed.

"Me?"

"Uh-huh; you."

"You want me to fix the weddin' supper?"

"Complete."

"Hot dam! You suttinly is a broad-minded 'ooman, Cravanette, gittin' yo' ex-fiansay to fix the eatments fo' yo' ma'iage."

"Well," she responded, "I soht of believes in tradin' at home."

The exultant Albino did a little quick figuring on an envelope.

"Reckon I could furnish them banquet fo' one hund'ed an' fifty dollars."

"With chicken?"

"Yep; an' ice cream."

"Good!" Cravanette turned to the obscure

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"Sufferin' Tripe!" Howled Mr. Ward. "Does You Mean to Tell Me That Any 'ooman is Gwine Ma'y Somebody Which Looks Like You?"

Queen Bomba of the Honey-Pots

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

IN THE hot, honey-scented, murmurous dark of the bees' nest, deep hidden in the bank beneath the wild-rose thicket, the burly young queen, Bomba of the Bumblebees, was seized with a sudden inexplicable restlessness. When she had emerged, two days before, from her cocoon cell, weak on her legs, bedraggled, and dazed by the busy, crowding stir of the nest, she had been tenderly fed with thin honey by the great queen-mother herself, and cleaned and caressed by two or three of her sturdy little bustling worker-sisters. But as soon as she was strong enough to look after herself, and had found her way to the well-supplied communal honey-pot, she was amiably ignored, as everyone in the nest was working at high pressure. She had dutifully fallen to with the rest, and found her time well occupied in feeding the ever-hungry larvæ in their cells. But now this task no longer contented her. For the moment she did not know what she wanted. She went blundering here and there over the combs, shouldering the little workers aside and paying no heed whatever to the tiny, insatiable mouths in the brood cells. Then suddenly her desires took definite shapes. It was change she wanted, and space, and a free wing and the unknown air. With a deep buzz of decision, she rushed to the big waxen honey-pot beside the entrance of the nest, sucked up enough of the thin honey to fill her crop with comfort, then hurriedly crawled along the narrow tunnel which led to the outer world. In her quest for the great adventure she was oblivious to the stream of workers which she passed on the way.

At This Moment a Hungry Shrike Swooped Down and Made a Dash at the Unsuspecting Bomba

At the exit, half hidden by a tuft of grass, she stopped short, as the first full glare of daylight struck her in the face. For the moment she was half minded to turn back into the familiar dark. But her sturdy spirit forbade any such ignominy. She crept out into the warm grass. Warm scents and soft airs encouraged her. She spread her wings and stretched them; and at last, lured by the dazzle of sunshine beyond the shadow of the bank, she sprang into the air and went winging off, with a deep droning hum of elation, into the mysterious spaces of green and sheen and bloom.

As she took wing, she was accosted by three or four ardent young males of her race—square-built, burly, black-and-orange beaus, hardly half her size, but full of energy and enterprise. At this moment, however, their eager wooing left her cold. She was set on exploring the new and wonderful world which had just been revealed to her. Impatiently eluding her wooers, she boomed away over the sun-steeped meadow, and pounced down upon a patch of purple clover. Here she reveled for an hour or two among the honeyed blossoms, plunging her long tongue to the very bottom of the deep and narrow tubes where the nectar lay concealed, and disturbing a host of tiny foraging flies. From the meadow she flew over a tall green hedge, and swung down into the many-colored tangle of an old-fashioned garden, where all the flowers of the season were holding a riot of bloom. Over this profusion of riches she went quite wild for a time, sampling nectar of a dozen flavors and pollen of many varied hues, squeezing her broad, black-and-yellow head and shoulders into the foxgloves and the snapdragons, rollicking about in the wide, radiant bowls of the hollyhock blossoms, rifling the pale-blue campanulas, diving bodily into the Canterbury bells, and giving voice to shrill squeaking buzzes of excitement and impatience whenever she felt her quarters too restricted. Once a tall being, all in white, came moving slowly down the garden walk, pausing at times to examine or to sniff at a glowing blossom. Bomba circled around the stranger's head several times in amiable curiosity; and then, attracted by a vivid gleam of scarlet, droned off to the other side of the garden to investigate a row of tall poles draped to their tops with flowering runner beans.

Late in the afternoon, when the shadows were lengthening across the garden and a strange chill, such as she had never dreamed of in the home nest, began to make the air seem less friendly, Bomba flew off to an ancient brick wall which faced westward and was still bathed in sunshine. This wall was clothed with rambler roses, pink, white and deep crimson. The mass of bloom was humming with life—with flies of innumerable kinds, with green and bronze beetles, honeybees, slim, dapper wasps, and workers, drones, and big queens of Bomba's own species. She ignored them all alike, happy in her carefree independence. But when the chill in the air grew fresher she forsook the revels, slipped in under the veil of blossom and leaves, and crept drowsily into a crevice in the sun-warmed bricks. Here she slept away the starlit night, and never emerged next day till the sun was high in the blue and the last of the dew was vanishing from the garden world.

As she crawled out upon a crimson rose and stood basking in the sun, her broad velvet bands of black and gold richly aglow, she was aware of a curiously attractive perfume which was not of the flower. It was somehow more living and vital, and of more personal significance to herself. It excited her strangely. Presently she became aware that it emanated from an attractive drone of her species which was hovering close above her, humming persuasively. Of more compliant mood today than when first she left the nest, she rose into the air to meet this scented wooer; and the two soared away slowly together, on their mating flight, over the gay-hued patterns of the garden.

Her lover, however, and her interest in lovers, being very soon forgotten, Bomba passed the remainder of the summer in careless vagrancy. This was the one time of holiday that her life, predestined to toil, would ever afford. For the present she had nothing to do but feast through the hours of sun and doze away the hours of dark or storm in the shelter of her cranny in the brick wall; and all the time, though she knew it not, she was laying up strength and substance to last her through her long winter's sleep beneath the snow.

As the honey-bearing blossoms passed away with the passing summer, Bomba began to realize that a sinister change was approaching, and the instinct inherited from a million generations of ancestors warned her that her cranny in the brick wall would soon be an insufficient shelter. Long and earnest search at last yielded her a site that seemed suitable for her winter's retreat. On a dry knoll of sandy loam stood a spreading beech tree, and in the light soil beneath one of its roots she proceeded to dig her burrow. She did not, as might have been expected, choose the sunny side of the tree, but rather, in her prevision, the shadowed north, in order that the early deceiving warmth of the following spring might not awaken her too soon and lure her forth to her doom.

Not being a very expert digger, as compared with some of her remote cousins, she spent several arduous days in tunneling a narrow tube about four inches in depth. The end of this tunnel she enlarged to a circular chamber wherein she could curl up comfortably. Here, for the next week or two, she spent the chill nights and the wet or lowering days, only coming forth when the noon sun tempted her. But when the few remaining late flowers were all rifled of their honey, and the dancing flies were all gone, and the bedraggled garden looked sorrowful and neglected, and even at high noon the air had a menacing nip in its caress, she felt an irresistible drowsiness creeping over her. Half asleep already, she crawled into her dry, warm burrow, and forthwith sank into a slumber too deep for dreams.

The days grew shorter, the nights longer and darker; frosts slew the final valiant blossoms; and at last the snow came, silently, and buried meadow, grove and garden far from sight—almost, it would seem, from memory. Wild storms swept over the white, enshrouded earth and savage cold scourged the unsheltered fields; but Bomba, in her snug chamber beneath the beech roots, slept untroubled through it all, carrying secure in her fertilized ovaries the heritage of the future of her race.

Not only was the snow all gone but spring was firmly established in the land before the growing warmth awakened Bomba, and she crept forth from her chamber to renew her acquaintance with the sun. Crocus and narcissus and polyanthus starred the brown garden beds; orange-gold dandelions made gay the young grass of the meadows; the willows along the meadow brook were all a cloud of creamy lemon catkins; and the gray old sugar maple which overhung the garden wall had burst into a film of aërial rose.

It was, above all, the creamy fragrant willow blooms which attracted Bomba for the moment. She would revel among them in the noonday glow, her heavy, booming note rising above the soft hum of the myriad lesser bees and small wasps and many-tinted flies which held riot in the scented pollen. But she was still drowsy; and every day, after gorging herself luxuriously, she would hurry back to her deep chamber under the beech roots and sleep till the sun was once more nearing his height. But when spring forgot its caprices and melted into summer she was seized with a new and imperious impulse—the impulse to found a colony and assume the sovereignty which she was born for. Her narrow cell grew distasteful to her, and she fell to searching the open, grassy slopes and bushy hillocks for more spacious quarters. After a long quest she found, in a steep and tangled fence corner, just what she wanted. It was a forsaken burrow of the little striped ground squirrel.

The burrow was roomy and dry, and the entrance to it was by a narrow tunnel about two feet long. The only fault Bomba could find with it was that it had a back door—another tunnel to afford its former occupants a means of exit in case of undesirable visitors. Bomba had no need of a back door, which meant drafts; so in cleaning up the nest she packed the litter into this entrance and pretty well stopped it up, intending to make it quite draft-proof later on, when she should find time to plaster it with leaf-bud gum and wax.

Meanwhile, in spite of her ceaseless activity, she was secreting thin morsels of wax from the scales of her underbody—a coarse, dark, yellowish wax, very unlike the delicate white secretion of the hive bees. This wax she presently scraped off and collected, kneaded it together, chewed it and tempered it with her saliva. Then, close beside the inner doorway of the nest, she began to build what looked like a large, round, shallow cell, with extremely thin but amazingly tough walls. It was not an ordinary cell, however, but a honey-pot, a temporary

thing for holding day-by-day supplies; for Bomba knew that her business among the blossoms was liable to be interrupted at any moment by storm or rain, and she must have a store of food indoors in order not to be delayed in her urgent task of home-building. Into this honey-pot she disgorged what was left of honey in her crop and then bustled forth, impatient to begin her foraging for the new nest.

But for all her impatience, Bomba's first care, on emerging from the darkness of her tunnel, was to locate herself. She had had trouble enough to find the new home site. She was not going to let herself lose it. With her head toward the almost invisible entrance, she rose on the wing and hovered slowly about, in ever widening circles, for several minutes. Not until she had every landmark noted did she swing away on her great business of gathering supplies.

Unlike her far-off cousin, the hive bee, which is so specialized, so automatic in all her actions that she seems unable ever to think of more than one thing at a time, Bomba could think of everything at once and seize upon opportunity as it came up. She was no purist in method. When the hive bee goes out to gather pollen, she quite ignores honey, she even ignores every kind of pollen except the one which she has started to collect; and when she has her mind set on honey, the most alluring display of pollen leaves her utterly uninterested. Bomba, on the other hand, was out for all she could get. If one blossom offered her honey, she accepted it eagerly, sucking it up and storing it in her honey sac. If the next flower had been already rifled of its nectar, but was rich in pollen, she would seize upon that with equal zest and stuff it into the capacious pollen baskets on her thighs. Nor did she care what particular brand of pollen it might be. Red, orange, yellow or creamy buff—it was all the same to her; so that her thighs were soon decorated with vivid, streaky protuberances of the precious spoil.

As soon as she felt herself freighted, within and without, to her full capacity, she flew straight back to the nest, circled about the entrance to make sure of it, and then hurried in to unload. Her honey she disgorged into the honey-pot by the door; the pollen she stripped from her thighs and deposited on a smooth spot in the center of the nest, treating it, as she did so, with a minute proportion of something of the nature of formic acid from her own glands to keep it sweet. Then she hastened forth again; and this toil engrossed her till nearly sunset, for she was intent on getting in as big a store as possible before dark.

But the fall of dusk, the coming out of the evening star—a sudden gleam of silver in the pure green-violet sky—meant no relaxation to the impatient Bomba. The poet sings to Hesperus as:

Star that bringest home the bee
And set'st the weary laborer free ——

But it brought not Bomba home to rest by any means. Of rest and sleep she had had enough already; and, to the work on which she was now feverishly bent, darkness was no hindrance. In the depth of the nest it was always dark; but all her senses were so subtly acute that this mattered not at all.

And now, kneading up a stiff paste of pollen moistened with honey, she proceeded to build a low, circular platform, or pedestal, of the mixture in the center of the floor. On this savory foundation she modeled a spacious cell of wax. In the bottom of this cell she laid her first eggs—a baker's dozen of them—and then, sealing the top with a thin waxen film, she began to brood them, solicitously as a mother thrush. For four days she stuck to her task, only leaving it for brief intervals to snatch a mouthful of honey; and then the eggs hatched out into a bunch of hungry grubs, which fell straightway to satisfying their hunger by devouring the pollen-paste floor on which they squirmed.

Now Bomba's duties grew more exacting. She had to rush the work of gathering honey and pollen, for the little grubs in the cell grew swiftly and their appetites with them. She opened the waxen covering of the cell and pumped in continual rations of the nourishing paste. And between whiles she continued to brood the little family, that the warmth of her great velvety body might hasten their development. Soon they grew so big that the cell was crowded and they all had to stand up on their tails in order to find room; and in this position Bomba had to feed them individually, thrusting the food into each little greedy mouth in turn. In about seven days, however, they had reached full growth, and then their appetites all ceased simultaneously. Each spun itself a tough, perpendicular, silken-papery yellow-brown cocoon, independent but firmly attached to those of its neighbors, shut itself up in it and went to sleep to await the great final change.

The group of cocoons, all stiffly erect and knitted together, now needing no longer their waxen envelope, Bomba stripped it off and used the precious wax to build other and smaller cells encircling the base of the cocoon bundle. In each of these, as she completed it, at intervals of two and three days, she laid five or six more eggs and sealed them up to hatch. She also had to collect more and more honey, more and more pollen, and to build higher the walls of the great honey-pot beside the door as the nectared store increased. When not at any of these tasks, she spent her time, not less arduously, in brooding the cocoons, stretching her furry black-and-yellow body to warm them all, like a setting hen that has been given a bigger clutch than she can properly cover.

Within the nest, these days were just one round of uneventful toil; but outside, upon her foraging expeditions among the flowers of field and garden, Bomba's life was not without its risks and its adventures. On account of her great size and strength, and the power of her long—though not very venomous—sting, she had fewer foes to dread than most of her lesser cousins; but having the sole responsibility of the home, for the present, on her shoulders, she was bound to be careful, though by nature unsuspicious. The biggest and fiercest of northern spiders were of no concern to her, for none would venture within range of that darting flame, her sting, and she could wreck their toughest webs without an effort. But some of the bigger insect-eating birds were a peril against which she had to be vigilant. And some of the hunting mice and shrews that infested the meadow were very dangerous, because they knew how to pounce upon her and seize her by the broad back in such a way that her sting could not reach them. For the most part, however, the insect hunters left her alone, respecting her almost as much as they did that most vicious and venomous fighter, the great black hornet.

On one of these mornings, while Bomba's first brood were yet in their cocoons and Bomba was out on one of her hurried foragings, a prowling shrew mouse stumbled upon the entrance of the nest. He was hungry, and the smell that came from the burrow was appetizing. He knew enough about the wild bee, however, to dampen any tendency to rashness. He stood motionless and listened intently. Keen as were his ears, he could not detect a sound from within. There was no rustle of wings, no bustle of busy feet over the combs, no warning hum. He judged, rightly enough, that the colony was just being started, and that its queen and foundress was out gathering supplies. He decided to slip in, snatch a few mouthfuls of rich and satisfying brood comb and get away before the owner's return.

But he had miscalculated. Just as his tawny hindquarters were disappearing into the burrow, Bomba returned.

Swooping downward like a flash of flame, she sank her long sting deep into the tender flesh between the marauder's thighs. The terrible weapon seared like fire. With a squeal of anguish the shrew doubled back convulsively, then sprang at his assailant. But Bomba was already out of reach, circling over him with a deep, angry hum, and obviously ready to strike again.

The shrew was courageous, but his courage failed him now. The pain of his wound was intolerable. He darted away in a panic, to hide himself under the grass and lick his wound till the anguish should be eased. And Bomba, never vindictive, was satisfied with her victory. She crept into the burrow in anxious haste to assure herself her treasure had not been tampered with.

On the eleventh day from the commencement of their chrysalis sleep the perfect workers began to break the tops of their cocoons and crawl forth, very frail, damp and disheveled. Bomba guided them all, by ones and twos, to the great honey-pot, where they slaked their hunger; then gathered them back to her cocoon couch to be warmed by her body and helped with their first much-needed toilets. For the next day or so she mothered them tenderly in the intervals of her other duties; and the duty of keeping the honey-pot supplied, needless to say, was a heavy one. But by the end of that time the youngsters had reached their full strength, and all her care was rewarded. She had now a dozen sturdy, sprightly, glossy young workers, less than half her size, but keen and diligent, to share with her the swiftly multiplying labors of the nest. The youngsters eagerly buzzed forth to collect honey and pollen, and fell to mixing beebread, feeding the new batch of larvæ, constructing fresh brood cells and replenishing the big communal honey-pot, with the instinctive skill which was their heritage of a million generations. They also reenforced the tops of their old cocoons with wax and turned these into storage cells, that no precious space or labor should be wasted.

The colony being now fairly established, it grew with amazing speed. Every two or three days a new batch of eggs hatched out into hungry larvæ, a new detachment of velvety, black-and-yellow little workers emerged from their cocoons to swell the happy industry of their nest. To them all Bomba was both queen and mother. Her rule was absolute, unquestioned; but for all her royalty, she, unlike the sequestered queen of the hive bees, took full share in all the tasks of the community, besides performing her own peculiar duty of laying eggs. Now, however, she began to leave more of the dangerous outdoor work, the gathering of supplies, to her subjects, and spent more of her time in the home work of the nest. But she could not forget the lure of the sunshine, of the riot of bloom which now clothed garden and meadow with color. Once or twice a day she would go booming forth to levy toll of her favorite flowers.

One day, when she had her head buried deep in the fragrant calyx of a honeysuckle, the Lady of the Garden stood close by and watched her at her work. Presently the lady put forth a slender finger and

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Bomba Was Already Out of Reach, Circling Over Him With a Deep, Angry Hum, and Obviously Ready to Strike

HER MASTER'S VOICE

By Dorothy DeJagers

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

YOUNG Mr. Horace Weadon, golf bag over shoulder, opened the gate of his suburban bungalow with a smile compounded of many elements. First, there was the pride of a husband who knows the dearest little woman in the world is waiting; the satisfaction of a golfer who has gone around in eighty-seven, and with the poorest possible sticks. Then, the joy of a famished male who is rapidly approaching a banquet; for, of course, Duckie would have something special on her birthday. Possibly fried chicken and strawberry shortcake inundated in whipped cream. The thought of this latter—it was Mr. Weadon's favorite form of calories—contributed possibly the major exultation of his mood, and justifiably so. For, rising at six that morning, the fear of waking Duckie had precluded any toast-and-coffee activities in the kitchen, and the little lunch stand out at the community links had been closed. And after eighteen holes on an empty stomach one's thoughts are apt to take on a materialistic flavor

Yet as, entering the hall, his fingers closed about the little jewel box in his pocket, his hunger was submerged beneath a glow of uxoriousness, for herein reposed a symbol of the indulgence of American husbands and the immemorial powers of any man in love. For it had been a fortnight previously that Duckie had casually mentioned a hat just like Sally's, her New York cousin. The latter knew a place on Broadway where it could be duplicated for twenty dollars—though the original model had cost forty-five—and, besides, it was the sort of thing that goes well with either blue serge or pink chiffon. A really remarkable hat. At this time, however, all the marginal bank notes of the Weadon income had been transferred for awnings; so the young husband had been forced into a noncommittal, regretful silence. Naturally, when a week later he unexpectedly made forty-two dollars in commissions, his first thought had been of the hat. Rushing to the bank at once, he had gotten the shiniest twenty-dollar gold piece obtainable, and its tawny gleam in the white-satin background of the jeweler's box turned Duckie's approaching birthday into a kind of golden anniversary. With the remainder of the commission he had figured on buying a new set of sticks. Certainly he needed them. The bag he now stood in the hall tree held specimens which had brought a blush of shame to many a caddie's freckled cheek. Moreover, Mr. Weadon knew that if his form had triumphed over such a set of garden tools, it required merely some handmade clubs with shorter shafts and more of a layback to put him in the Vardon class.

And yet the provisioning of his hand around that gooseneck putter titillated him not half so much as the thought of Duckie's beaming face under that remarkable hat. Again he smiled as he fingered the box. Upon rising that morning he had taken it from his dresser, meaning to tuck it into the dear girl's house slipper; but in his rush he'd forgotten, and perhaps it was just as well. He'd wait until they'd seated themselves at the table; and then slip it under her napkin. There would follow then a low cry of delight; two soft, buckling arms around his neck; excessive gratitude conveyed by nursery derivatives and the touch system. After which Mr. Weadon would retire behind his Sunday paper, implying a handsome disdain of appreciation for such a trifling remembrance. Yet there would be a richer flavor to the chicken and a rarer tang to the strawberries because of it.

"If I Were You, Hor'ce, the Next Time I Went to the Barbah Shop I'd Have My Mustache Shaved Off"

By this time he had reached the door looking into the sunny cretonned living room; and one glance dissolved his smile into a scowl. In the middle of the floor Jasmine, an ebon, amplitudinous person, was swaying gelatinously in response to a syncopated melody from the phonograph.

Now, Jasmine was a floral incongruity that had been slipped to Mr. Weadon among the orange blossoms. An ancient retainer of the Leyland family in Virginia, she had watched over Lelia—Duckie—from a nainsooked infancy into a ginghamed girlhood, Mrs. Leyland having died at the birth of the child; and later, when her charge assumed a wedding veil, it was tacitly understood that this guardianship should be continued. So, immediately after the honeymoon, Jasmine had been transplanted to the Weadon home.

Certainly she was a perfect solution to the servant problem, one of those fire-less cooks who function as butler, laundress, *femme de chambre*, charwoman, parlor maid and janitress, all on the salary of an errand boy. It was in the capacity of guide, mentor and friend that she was continually outraging Mr. Weadon's sense of the fitness of things, to say nothing of his personal dignity.

He was, you see, that slight, boyish type whose appearance always lags several birthdays behind the age represented on his insurance policy. Although twenty-four, never was he able to pass a No Minors Allowed sign without a painful blush; and for years he had been trying to persuade the librarian that he was old enough to read Casanova's Memoirs. Not that he really gave a darn about that unexpurgated stuff; but at least it was a demonstration that he had grown out of the Horatio Alger shelves. The same spirit made him wear to the office his wedding ring and a senatorial dignity, hoping to outlive the humiliation of being referred to as the infant. And finally, in desperation, he had grown a mustache. But this, too, proved ineffectual. It was a timid, reluctant thing which, according to the office manager, looked like a strip of moth-eaten plush; and certainly it failed to exact from Jasmine the deference due to mustachioed maturity. She treated its guardian just as she always had, with the tolerant indulgence more fitted for a beardless youth than the obsequious deference due the master of the house. As for the effects of the wedding ring—well, there were many times when Jasmine's manner suggested a teething ring, and naturally, under such treatment, Mr. Weadon inwardly writhed. Now as his eye glared her into immobility, he jerked out a crushing: "Jasmine! Stop that noise at once!"

She ambled to the small phonograph on a taboret and turned it off, then gave her employer not a look of cowed confusion, but a maddening gummy smile. Mr. Weadon's fists clenched. Then his glazed eye falling on the mahogany gate-legged table, guiltless of any preparations whatever for chicken or strawberry shortcake, he thundered: "Do you mean to tell me that dinner isn't ready yet?"

"It's done been et."

Mr. Weadon sagged against a chair, losing the heat of an outraged employer in the chill of a famished man. Recovering himself, however, as Jasmine moved towards the door, he lipped thinly, "Jasmine, get my bag of golf sticks in the hall, and the next time the Salvation Army man comes to get the papers, give them to him."

"But, honey," the creature protested, "dat ole gentleman's so stove up with the rheumatix he couldn't play craps, let alone goff ——"

"That will do, Jasmine."

It was the tone always used towards the servant classes in the English drama. Mr. Weadon had long hoped that an application of this technic might reduce Jasmine to her proper status.

But instead of a soft-footed exit she questioned, "If you-all aims ——"

"Then use them for kindling wood," Mr. Weadon burst out of his drawing-room manner. "Put 'em in the garbage can! Get rid of 'em!" Then, when this failed to get action: "I'm going to get a new set tomorrow."

Finally she moved to the door and when, a few moments later, she returned with the bag, the other had recaptured his up-stage manner.

"Where is your mistress?" he inquired, but before Jasmine could again smash through the dramatic traditions Lelia appeared.

"Oh, Duckie!" Mr. Weadon waited until the menial had disappeared, and then advanced for the customary kiss; but something in his wife's manner halted him as she murmured, "Oh, you finally got home, Hor'ce?"

Her voice was delicious, not that pronounced Southern accent which prophesies mention sooner or later of the number of slaves owned before the war; but still warmly

suggestive of the best Confederate associations. Yet now there was a faint chill in it, and at the significant rendering of the last word Mr. Weadon backed away guiltily. You see, in private he was usually called "Darlin'"; in public this changed to "Hor-ace," the syllables equally stressed; and when this public address grew into a monosyllabic crispness with unignorable equine reminiscences—well, it boded ill for a happy family life

By this time Mrs. Weadon had seated herself in a cretonned chair whose rather improbable roses just matched the shade of her fichued challis frock. She was a girlishly lovely thing, with a little round chin, an unimaginably small foot and—lashes! Somehow, the importance of these latter is best served by an exclamation point rather than by a qualifying adjective. Down South, in that region of reckless similes, these had stood as a standard of measurement. The little Todd boy may be quoted, who in defense of a prohibited fishing trip wailed, "But gee, I almost caught a fish aboot as long as—as—Lelia Leyland's eye winkers!" Then there are other analogies on record; but this will serve to indicate their length. As to the thickness—well, she had much more than any one woman has a right to, considering how most of us have to worry along with hardly enough to start a sty.

Suddenly the eyes lifted to the crestfallen figure across, and the little round chin shot forward with an acid "We waited dinnah fo' you till two, Hor'ce, and then when you didn't come at half past, I had Jasmine cleah the table."

Mr. Weadon jumped from his chair. "Two o'clock! What time is it now?"

"Ten minutes of three." She picked up a magazine from the table

"Oh, dearest! I'm so sorry! I had no idea it was so late; forgot my watch this morning. Then coming back I found a little barber shop open and stopped in for a shave."

His humility and contrition were excessive enough to cover practically any connubial atrocity, but Lelia, absorbed in her magazine, seemed unaware of any propitiatory intent.

It was fully a minute before she looked up to remark casually, "If I were you, Hor'ce, the next time I went to the barbah shop I'd have my mustache shaved off. Not that I object to a mustache, a regular one like Brothah Fred's, but somehaou yours looks so—so"—she paused for an adequate term; and then triumphantly ended—"unconvincing."

Mr. Weadon crimsoned. He was terribly, horribly hurt. Despite the fact that the camel's-hair effect on his upper lip had not come up to his fullest expectations, he had grown to love it. And was it his fault that Nature had failed to respond to massage, tonics and twelve brush strokes night and morning? Such a remark ——

"If you haven't had anything to eat"—the interruption diverted his thoughts into fields of glory—"you'll find in the ice box"—here an anticipatory smile from Mr. Weadon—"a cold chop and some rice pudding"

Weakly he dropped to his chair. A cold chop! He visualized it, islanded in grease, and an imaginative observer would have said that even his mustache drooped. And as for rice pudding, he could hardly restrain a shudder at the thought. If there was anything he loathed in any form, it was rice. Since a child he had considered the originator of its postnuptial uses as something of a master mind, and always hoping that a rapid increase in the marriage rate might so equalize the ratio between supply and demand as to exclude it altogether from the menu. Rice pudding! Bah! But gad, he was simply ravenous! Maybe —— Suddenly he looked over and found Lelia's eyes upon him. In them there was a mocking gleam which instantly stiffened him.

"No, thanks." He rejected the offer with a magnificent lie. "I'm not hungry." Then, rising, he walked over to the window, whistling carelessly, conveying all the stoicism of the little boy in Roman history wasn't it?—who gave the wolf pasturage upon his vitals. For several moments the Spartan mood was sustained, but suddenly he weakened. "I sort of thought, this being your birthday"—timidly—"you'd have something special; maybe chicken or strawberry shortcake. I ——"

"So!" Lelia threw down the magazine with a clack that made him jump. "You really remembahed my anniversary, then, did you? But that didn't prevent you from going off and playing golf all morning, did it?"

She rose to face him with refrigerating scorn; but her husband's face cleared in an indulgent smile. So that was the cause of the recent chill! His smile widened in appreciation of the eternal feminine expertness in making a mountain out of a molehill.

"But, Duckie ——" he began.

But Duckie's eyes narrowed under matted lashes in an ominous gleam.

"And all my birthday meant to you was something special for dinnah!"

"I Mean, My Dear Lelia, the Night I Proposed to You, Just After You Had Sung Jus' Aweary in' for You"

Under her scorching glare Mr. Weadon wilted. "Now, you know that isn't so" in a small voice. "I—er you ——"

"Oh, you No'thern men!"—with a sardonic laugh "Aboot all you think aboot is youah stomachs."

This imputation received a protesting gulp. But instead of rushing vocally to the defense of his party, Mr. Weadon pursued his policy of peace at any price by bringing out the jeweler's box. Lelia had reseated herself with her back to him. Hesitantly he went over and was just bending over the back of her chair when Jasmine shuffled in with a stack of plates. With an expressive groan the young husband straightened. Of course the black devil would choose just this psychological moment to put the china away. With a scowl he crossed to a chair by the desk, and as Jasmine, rising from the bottom of the buffet, knocked off half a dozen tin disks in a clattering noise, he added "Clumsy fool!" to the already lengthy list of associations for Jasmine. No doubt a deferential "I am sorry, madam," delivered in the Henry Arthur Jones manner, would have had some mollifying effect; but instead the lumpish creature gave an unconcerned chuckle and: "Lawd! Mis' Leha, seems lak I get awkwarder and awkwarder every day. It's jes' lak yo' pappy used to say: 'Jasmine, you ought-a been called Devastatin' Frances 'stead of insultin' the name of one of the Southland's fa'est flouahs.'"

Here Lelia's burst of merriment curled her husband's lip derisively. As a specimen of humor, the remark seemed to him singularly—er—jejune. That's what it was—jejune! And such a response to it certainly indicated an atrophying risible muscle. Why, by George, she hadn't laughed half so heartily when he'd sprung that one about what the Pullman porter said to the hardware salesman, and that had been really rich! Why ——

"Well, luckily, you didn't devastate nothing this time." Mrs. Weadon still smiled indulgently. "They're just some blank phonograph reco'ds. You put them on the machine and then they reproduce what you say just too perfectly."

"Waal, I declah! What you-all aimin' to do with 'em, Mis' Lelia?"

"Why, I got them so I could talk my weekly lettah to daddy instead of writing it. Oh" rapturously—"won't he be thrilled when he heahs my voice coming out of that little tin thing?" Across on the desk stood a framed picture of the gentleman in question, and now the richly lashed eyes studied it pensively. "Jasmine, haouw the darlin' must wish sometimes that we weah all back theah togethah!"

The accompanying sigh plainly implied that father had nothing on daughter in the reunion desire. No longer could Mr. Weadon stand it. Blindly he rushed to the hall. What rotten taste! Such intimacy with a servant, a negroid one at that Usually the use of the term "negroid" transposed his feelings into an impersonal anthropologic deprecation, but now, goaded by renewed pangs of hunger, he viewed the whole episode as a personal insult. The slam of the kitchen door propelled him into his wife's presence.

"Lelia"—with chill dignity "when I came in today Jasmine was running the phonograph again. Really, the liberties she takes around this house ——"

The smallest adult foot in the world began tapping out messages that halted him. "If you are small and childish enough, Hor'ce, to begrudge Jasmine a little pleasure, well ——"

Here she paused. Either an adequate comment on such a petty nature eluded her or was

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MY CRYSTAL BALL

By Elisabeth Marbury

Elsie de Wolfe—at the Right—and Miss Marbury, Lifelong Friends

AFTER my return from abroad, in 1885, I became actively interested in the theater. The Lyceum was the playhouse to which all fashionable New York flocked. Daniel Frohman, formerly associated with the Madison Square Theater, had decided to be at the head of his own company and in independent management. His many years of subsequent success justified this self-confidence. He produced one good play after another, and it was wholly due to his encouragement that I became identified with plays and playwrights. I first met Daniel Frohman in connection with a benefit performance I had arranged and was directing for a popular charity. This entertainment was so successful financially that we cleared nearly five thousand dollars from it. It was this result which influenced Mr. Frohman to believe that I possessed business qualities which might be developed. I listened eagerly to his advice, and not only listened but had sense enough to follow it. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett had placed her play Little Lord Fauntleroy with Henry French, who was to produce it in the Broadway Theater. I heard indirectly that Mrs. Burnett knew little about the stage, so it occurred to me that I might perhaps act as her business representative. A mutual friend gave me a letter of introduction to her, which I promptly presented.

I must have made a favorable impression, because Mrs. Burnett invited me then and there to attend a rehearsal. For a fortnight I never left her side. I was sincere in my enthusiasm for the play and in my admiration of its author. Little Lord Fauntleroy was produced and made an instantaneous hit. There was a prospect of other companies being immediately organized, to cover the country, as in those days piracy was facilitated by our very lax laws. However, by this time Mrs. Burnett felt enough confidence in my intelligence and energy to give me the position I had craved.

She lived in Washington with her husband, who was a well-known physician, and her two sons, Lionel and Vivian. Every week I spent Saturday and Sunday in her charming home, and rarely allowed anything to interfere with my making my report to her with regularity. I remember on one occasion, while suffering from an attack of tonsillitis, and with a temperature of one hundred and one, that I still kept to my schedule.

For several years I was in the closest relations with Mrs. Burnett, making all her play contracts, collecting her royalties, and looking after her dramatic interests generally. I knew every line of Fauntleroy. All the children who were considered for the leading part were first approved by me. I then realized that children are natural-born actors and that it is a rare youngster that cannot easily memorize lines and master stage business. How many Little Lord Fauntleroys there were, beginning with Elsie Leslie and Wallie Eddinger! The latter had, even as a tiny boy, unusual personality. He was excellent in the part, although nothing could have been more unlike his own character than was that of the hero of the play.

Staging Little Lord Fauntleroy

MRS. BURNETT always adored children, and still does. She wanted to know each boy and girl who were her interpreters, so insisted that Wallie Eddinger, as he was then called, should be brought to see her at the Clarendon Hotel. Elsie Leslie had often been with her, as she had already been featured in Editha's Burglar, with E. H. Sothern.

I had been thrown in contact with Wallie and knew that he was a hundred per cent real boy. There was nothing sentimental or angelic about him. He was a child of Nature, used language which was at times more forcible than polite, and invariably spoke in a vernacular which was his very own. Thus I had some little misgivings as to the effect of his visit, especially when he always seemed so very gentle upon the stage. I discovered that the prospect of this interview bored him considerably. It seemed to him a waste of his playtime. However, we reached Mrs. Burnett's door, knocked and were instantly admitted.

At once he was surrounded with every toy that could possibly delight his heart and with an added generous supply of cake and candy.

Wallie said very little at first, but looked fixedly at his benefactress, then suddenly exclaimed, "Who are you, anyway?"

"Why, I am the author of the play in which you are acting," said Mrs. Burnett.

Wallie, not at all convinced, insisted, "Say, you didn't write it all alone, did you?"

"Certainly, my little man," replied Mrs. Burnett. "I wrote the story first, and then I wrote the play, and I mean to write ever so many more stories for dear little children like you."

Apparently unaffected by her kind interest in him, Wallie still remained skeptical, for finally, after a moment's pause, he said, "Gee! You may be all right, only I didn't think you looked as though you could do it."

Mrs. Burnett was enchanted with his ingenuous frankness, and I believe in consequence that she has always had a very large place in her heart for Wallace Eddinger. She has watched his career with more than a passing interest, so that when he carried the public by storm as the roistering bully, Captain Applejack, I doubt whether anyone was more pleased with his success than the dear little lady who had created his first part.

Personally, I shall always feel very grateful to Mrs. Burnett for the opportunity she gave me. Through my association with her interests I learned the practical side of the theater. I began to understand the relative positions of playwrights and producers. The experience was invaluable to me, and laid the foundation of my subsequent business career.

Mrs. Burnett and I worked out many a problem together, so that at the end of our agreement, when I could no longer render her any further service professionally, our friendship grew and became cemented during the years which followed. Who knows but that some day we may again become associated in a play!

My last business connection with Little Lord Fauntleroy revolved around a company which sailed to produce it in Australia. I was offered a twenty-five per cent interest in this tour for the sum of three thousand dollars, money I had saved through hard work. Like all who have anything to do with the theater, the spirit of speculation entered into my veins. Sooner or later, this happens inevitably. The manager of the company had leased the rights of production for this territory. He was a persuasive individual. I handed over my three thousand dollars to him without hesitation. It looked as though Little Lord Fauntleroy could not fail.

The play made good in Australia, as it had done elsewhere. Each week showed a healthy profit on paper, but never a cent of my investment or a cent of the earnings did I ever see. In any other business this fellow would very likely have been arrested, but such procedure is not considered etiquette in the theatrical world. All we say, as a rule, is that a man has had hard luck. Not only did I never receive any money from Australia but my manager friend further persuaded me to sail for France, at his expense, to produce the play there.

A Blessing Much Disguised

THROUGHOUT my life I have always found that events which seemed at the time disastrous ultimately developed into positive blessings. In fact, I have never known of one instance when this has not proved to be the case. Had my first theatrical venture been a success, I doubtless would have become a manager, rather than an author's representative; and I am satisfied that I could never have stood the physical strain of such an uncertain and nerve-racking occupation. The perils of Wall Street are nothing as compared to the pitfalls of Upper Broadway.

In this connection let me state that one of the peculiarities of this business is that when a manager makes six productions, four of which are successes and two of which are failures, the two failures more than consume the profits of the four successes. Profits are negligible when compared with losses.

However, believing in the proposition which the manager of our Fauntleroy company had made to me, I sailed for France in March, 1890, taking with me three hundred dollars, practically all that was left, after paying my steamship fare, above my investment to which I have already referred. We had a most tempestuous voyage, cold and dreary. When we landed at Havre, it was in the midst of a French imitation of an American blizzard.

I went to the Hôtel Frascati, then only a summer resort. In winter it was dismal. The fire in my room, for which I paid extra, consisted of a few wretched fagots burning in a very small fireplace. I felt depressed and lonely. Suddenly a cable was brought to me. I opened it, hoping for good news, instead of which it informed me that our manager had left town, taking all the money that was in the treasury.

There I was, stranded three thousand miles away from home and friends, all my savings lost, and with the paltry sum of three hundred dollars as my sole asset.

I kept warm that night by pacing up and down the floor, wondering whether I had better use my meager cash to pay for a return ticket to New York or whether I had better push on to Paris, in an effort to build up a business, for I reasoned that the same brain which was able to earn my first three thousand dollars might still prove its earning power by serving other authors as it had served Mrs. Burnett.

To return to America was to confess that my career so far had ended in lamentable failure. To go back to my family to be supported was an admission of weakness. My pride was involved.

The next morning the weather had changed. The sun was shining brightly. The temperature had gone up some twenty degrees. The glistening sand was beneath my window, the blue sea was calm and beautiful. I felt inspired. My optimism had returned. I abandoned all idea of going back; Paris and life were ahead of me. I knew with everything in me that I should succeed. No other course was possible. Our surest capital lies in ourselves. To husband one's own resources from within prevents a run on the bank

from without. Ideas may be stolen. They can never be taxed. I backed myself to win, which is the keynote of success in any undertaking. Exhilarated by these reflections, I paid my bill at the hotel, proceeded to the railway station, bought a second-class ticket and took the eight o'clock express to Paris. I felt with Monte Cristo that the world and all its treasures were mine.

I must now retrogress somewhat, in order to introduce certain friendships and interests which have played such conspicuous parts in my life.

Amateur theatricals were then very much in vogue. We had fewer theaters and no movies. Diversions were rarer. Dancing was confined to private evening entertainments. Cabarets were unknown. Jazz was undiscovered.

The first country club had come into existence, owing to the vision and enterprise of Pierre Lorillard. Tuxedo Park was projected, and in due time it became an actuality.

I was visiting some friends there, when I met with an unfortunate accident. I sprained my ankle while dancing. The pain was for the moment intense, but suddenly there was a buzz of excitement, when a slim and graceful young girl passed through the ballroom. I asked her name and was informed that she was Elsie de Wolfe, a newcomer from abroad, who had considerable talent as an amateur actress and who was there to take part in the club entertainment. I remember that my remark was far from flattering, as I was not in the least impressed by her appearance. Her foreign type and her French distinction elicited no admiration so far as I was concerned. She was exotic, but in looking back I must confess that I was then rather crude. I have always attributed my critical attitude on this occasion to the severe pain I was suffering in my injured ankle.

It was soon after my visit to Tuxedo, and through my interest in the amateur stage, that I met Elsie de Wolfe. My friends, the Hewitts, asked us to luncheon. Caroline Duer, who had written some quite lovely sonnets, was also present. She had given me copies of them. After lunch I took Elsie de Wolfe aside, showed her these verses and asked her to read them aloud, which she did, with a very pleasurable appreciation of their quality.

The Prelude to a Lasting Friendship

I FOUND her so extremely intelligent that she quite altered the first unfavorable impression which she had made upon me that night at Tuxedo. Thereafter we met frequently, so that before many months had elapsed a friendship between us was established, which from that time until the present has remained unbroken and inviolate. This was in the year 1884.

Miss de Wolfe's father was a physician, born in Halifax, Nova Scotia. Her mother was Scotch, although her family had removed to Canada when she was comparatively young. At sixteen years of age Elsie had been sent to visit her Scotch relations, who held distinguished positions in Aberdeen, belonging as they did to the well-known family of Charteris, which had furnished a long line of deans and professors to the pulpits and universities of Scotland.

The austerity and simplicity of this environment were unsympathetic to a girl of her temperament, for from her baby days she had been petted and indulged in her artistic sense and in her love of beauty, both of which qualities, by the way, were her dominant expression, even at a very early age.

Throughout her life her chief articulation has invariably been through some form of art. Her color sense was her first sense. Never could she spend fifteen minutes amid new surroundings without longing to move the furniture, to rearrange the ornaments and to pull about the draperies, thus visualizing all the while what she might do if only she were given a free hand in the room.

She knew intuitively where a few flowers would produce the best effect, and where the angle of a chair would improve the general appearance. She felt furniture and decoration through every fiber of her being, and waved a magic wand while creating a lovely interior. This clearly indicates the beginning of the career which has since made Elsie de Wolfe famous.

Victorien Sardou, Who Gave Miss Marbury Fifteen Minutes of His Time as Prelude to Her Success With Parisian Playwrights

When she adopted the stage temporarily as a profession, it was a road leading to her final fulfillment. She never in reality deviated from her natural bent. Her talents, wherever they might find expression, were always focusing towards the objective. Slowly but surely she was coming into her own. She traveled, she studied, she acquired knowledge. Her flair in detecting the real from the imitation was extraordinary. Her sense of proportion was unerring. She might make a mistake in many things, but she was physically incapable of making a mistake in the matter of taste.

For this reason, and without any apparent effort, she was always perfectly dressed. A simple cotton frock upon Elsie de Wolfe became a poem, and a shawl thrown across her shoulders an inspiration. Probably her proverbial generosity to other women has protected her from much jealousy as far as clothes are concerned, for no matter how novel or unusual may be a model in her possession, I have never known her to refuse lending it to a friend who desired to copy it.

The misconception which obtains in the mind of the amateur actor or actress regarding the professional is often very amusing. I remember once hearing a young woman who aspired to become a real actress say, "Just wait until I am on the stage. No more ginger ale and ham sandwiches for me at night; only champagne and pâté de foie gras." In after years, when I would be supping with some of the greatest stars, I used to wish my little friend were with us, to drink beer and to eat bacon and fried eggs.

A Saving Sense of Humor

SPEAKING of stars, Elsie de Wolfe enjoyed this proud distinction amidst the amateurs for several seasons. I was duly impressed by her importance, so that on one occasion, when I heard her mother reproaching her in no gentle terms for some line of conduct, I remonstrated, saying, "Oh, remember, dear Mrs. de Wolfe, that the star must be handled carefully."

"She is no star to me," answered Mrs. de Wolfe. This remark gave Elsie and myself a hearty laugh, for we both had a keen sense of humor, which has never deserted us in all the years of our intimacy. Many a domestic storm has thereby been averted. Perhaps if husbands and wives exerted it occasionally, there might be fewer divorces. When two people can laugh together there is less room for tears, and when they can see a joke at the same moment catastrophe is often prevented. A sense of humor is probably the one saving grace in the world. It can save nations as well as individuals.

With the exception of an occasional visit, I knew little of the so-called fashionable resorts. Therefore when it was proposed that Elsie and I should rent a house together in Lenox, Massachusetts, for the season, I gladly agreed to the suggestion.

We found just what we wanted, a little cottage, not too impractical or uncomfortable. There was a certain picnic atmosphere about it all which, being young, we really enjoyed. We had hosts of friends in Lenox who welcomed us cordially, so that the weeks of relaxation flew by. The experiment was so successful that it was not very long before we decided we would cast in our lots together, for keeps, as the children say. We had both determined not to become lotus-eaters, but to be bread earners, hence independent. We could see our families daily, and we could, through freedom of action and protection from unproductive demands upon our time, better qualify to be of practical assistance to those who might ultimately depend upon us if ever the rainy day came; and it did come with a vengeance. When Miss de Wolfe's father died he left nothing. He had lived from year to year upon his earnings as a physician, without setting anything aside.

When my father died we found that he had speculated so disadvantageously that there was little to fall back upon. But long before these cyclones struck, both Miss de Wolfe and I were hard at work. From that time on, business and pleasure had to go hand in hand. It was this which determined my friend to adopt the stage professionally. She had had so much training as an amateur that she made the common mistake of believing that this would equip her for the broader field.

Like many others, she soon discovered this error. Personally, I am convinced that experience in amateur theatricals is a detriment rather than an advantage to anyone aspiring to the stage. Most that has been learned has to be unlearned. The very self-confidence which this experience engenders produces oftentimes an undesirable result. The praise of injudicious friends frequently fosters bad mannerisms. Glaring faults are glossed over and indications of talent are generally exaggerated. A young man or woman—with

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The Marbury-de Wolfe Residence in 17th Street, New York, Originally the Home of Washington Irving

PIGS AND POLITICS

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"I've Noticed," Said Jerry, "That Very Young Men are More Afraid of Looking Silly Than They are of Machine Guns. I Won't Make You Look Foolish"

JERRY McKELLAR, whose first name appeared on her city's books of vital statistics as Geraldine, regarded Marshall Tree speculatively. Marshall was not regarding Jerry at all, though he might well have given her his undivided attention, for she was well worth looking at. On the contrary, he looked any place but at her, and his face was as long as a thirty-day sentence in jail and about as cheerful. In short, Marshall was perhaps the most dejected-looking young man it had ever been Jerry's misfortune to entertain for an evening.

"Marsh," she said presently, "I've been giving you a stealthy once-over, and here are my conclusions: You're not so handsome as Valentino, nor so intellectual as Ralph Waldo Emerson, nor so powerful as Jack Dempsey. But why let it eat into your soul? A girl can look at you without fainting; you can read, write and almost think; and you can lick nearly everybody in Corinth. Therefore all is not lost."

She waited for a reply, but none was forthcoming and she wrinkled her adorable nose disgustedly. "What's the matter?" she demanded. "Somebody borrow your jackknife and lose it?"

Marshall sighed. It was a regular sigh, weighted with disappointment and discouragement, and exceedingly well done. Jerry reflected that, even in his low state of mind, he was an unusually handsome and virile young gentleman.

"Oh," he said dolefully, "what's the use?"

"I'll fall for it," she said; and then, assuming the posture of an end man: "Well, Brother Bones, what is the use?"

"You know as well as I do," he said, "that Jenks couldn't be elected dog catcher, to say nothing about being reelected prosecuting attorney."

"Nevertheless," said Jerry, "the manufacture of breakfast foods will still continue to be a lucrative industry, and fish will swim, and noses will freckle in the sun."

"And my Career," said Marshall, giving the word a capital letter, "is ruined before it gets a start. You know I've not done so rottenly as assistant prosecutor. My record's been pretty good. But I'm out! I'm done!"

"Think of it!" said Jerry. "A life wrecked, a career ruined—at twenty-five! And you're so healthy, probably you'll live to be ninety. Sixty-five weary, useless years stretch ahead of you, Marsh; joyless, dreadful years of an abolished ambition. And all because you couldn't be reappointed to a political job at twenty-five. Well, it's hard—bitter hard."

"Look here, Jerry, you've got about as much sympathy as a porcelain platter."

"Bad simile. Now if you'd said I had no more sympathy than a lady elocutionist who has learned six pieces by heart ——"

"I know what I'm fitted for," said Marshall. "It's public life, service to the community. That's my career. I—I could amount to something. I could accomplish things."

"But," said Jerry, "a little fat man by the name of Alderman Tomlet won't let you."

"Exactly," said Marshall. "A fine commentary on our people and institutions when a fat, ignorant, shifty political boss can make or break any man in public life."

"There's this to say for him," Jerry said: "When he wants a thing he doesn't sit with his head on his hands and moan because somebody says he can't have it. He goes out and bites somebody and comes trotting back with the bone in his mouth."

"It's easy to talk. Women can sit at home comfortably, made comfortable by the labor of some man, and without any understanding of how the world is run—they can sit and tell somebody to go get it. Listen, Jerry, this thing is practical politics. It's an old game and a tough game."

"We women in Cornith have meddled with it some," said Jerry contentedly.

"Oh, your Woman's Party! I'll admit your Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt has a certain adroitness. But her success has been mostly luck. She hasn't really played the game. Things have fallen into her lap. As I've told you so often, Jerry, this sort of thing is out of a woman's depth. She doesn't belong. Women," he said, "are wonderful—when they stick to the things they are made for. But it's idiotic to think they can tackle a man's game and get away with it."

"Why?"

"Because their intelligence is of a different sort. Men have evolved farther and faster than women. They have taken a different road of development. They are more civilized. Women, as I have told you, are primitive. They are motivated by emotion and not by intelligence. The safety of the race demands that they be primitive. They must guard and rear children and keep the home. Those things have not put the demand upon them that life has put upon men, and therefore they are, and always must be, centuries behind man in mental development."

"You really think that, Marsh?"

"It is a scientific fact," he said largely. "Women are not mentally creative. What woman ever invented anything—even in her own sphere? It has taken man to do that. You women would still be spinning and weaving if some man hadn't invented the machinery for making cloth. Did a woman invent the sewing machine? No; though the need for it was always before her eyes, close to her. Did a woman invent any of the household appliances of today? Not one!"

"Um—and I'll tell you something else woman didn't invent," said Jerry.

"What is that?"

"Marriage," she said succinctly.

"True," said Marshall, "and that proves my point. If man had not invented marriage to safeguard the home and the family, where would woman have been?"

"Probably," said Jerry, "about a thousand years ahead of this point in evolution you say the men have reached. Marriage has been a post driven in the ground for us to be tied to while you men have wandered at will."

"Marriage," said Marshall, adventuring into metaphor, "is a paper weight to keep you women from blowing all over the place helter-skelter."

"And yet you fall in love with us."

"That has nothing to do with intelligence."

"Having seen a number of men in love, I can well believe it."

"We want to protect you and care for you."

"Because we couldn't possibly look out for ourselves without you?"

"Exactly," said Marshall.

"That's what you think of me—what you've just orated about women in general?"

"Yes"

"And still you keep pestering me to marry you?"

"I love you," said Marshall simply.

"Well, young man, just turn your ear this way and listen while mother mentions a few words by name. I've been thinking you over for quite some time. I've allowed

you around underfoot and I've thought quite some considerable lot about you. . . . You know too much, and most of it isn't so. Outside of that, and being sure you've found all the solutions, you'll do. You'd make a Class-A husband if you didn't slice out of bounds so much. But as you stand, you won't pass the censors."

"Jerry"—he looked at her, startled—"you aren't saying you'll not marry me, are you?"

"No," said Jerry, "I'm saying I will—when you come around to me on your dimpled little knees and eat all the words you've left lying around here about women; when you come in here humble and sheepish, and tell me right out of the bottom of your heart that you didn't know what you were talking about, and that women can play a man's game and give him a trimming; and finally, that of all the women in the world I am the pick and prize. That's that. On the little knees, remember, with a hunk of humble pie in each hand."

"Look here, Jerry, don't be absurd."

"I'm not. I'm mentioning an ultimatum. You have it, and the subject is changed back to politics—and your career. What are you going to do about it?"

"What can I do? Jenks can't get the nomination. Tomlet will control the convention. We're licked before we start."

"How does Tomlet control the convention?"

"Because he's the political boss of this county," Marshall said patiently.

"How did he get to be it?"

"By playing politics."

"Um—is he the first political boss? Did he invent it?"

"No; of course not, my dear. A man by the name of Rogers was boss before Tomlet."

"I see; to be sure. And why isn't Rogers boss now?"

"Because," said Marshall, "Tomlet licked him and threw him out."

"Then," said Jerry, "that seems to prove it can be done."

"What can be done?"

"Licking a boss. If a man named Tomlet can chew up a boss named Rogers, what is the shortest distance between two points? Or, here's fifth-grade arithmetic: If A walks up hill at the rate of five miles an hour and catches B, furnish a picture of the man who can walk up the same hill and catch A."

"I told you you wouldn't understand," said Marshall.

"What is it I miss?"

"That Tomlet has a ten-year-old organization. He owns it and nobody can make a dent in it."

"Um—you admit no man can skid it off the road, do you? Will you put that in writing?"

"I sure will."

"Hence," said Jerry with a schoolmistress air, "if a woman can do what no man can we will have proved our proposition, will we not?"

"Please," said Marshall, "talk reasonably. This is a mighty serious thing for me. It isn't pleasant to sit and see one's career wrecked at the very outset."

"There, little stranger," said Jerry, "you seem to have put your pink index finger on the very spot."

"What spot?"

"That you sit and see your career ruined. I don't think much of sitting as insurance for careers."

"But when a fellow is utterly helpless, what else is there to do?"

"At any rate," said Jerry, "you could jump up and down and cuss."

II

ALDERMAN TOMLET, political dictator of the city of Corinth, and of the county which surrounded it, was discussing the situation with Dink Gadgett. Dink was an important personage, for it was he who performed those various necessary acts which the alderman could not do with his own hands for fear of pitch clinging to his fingers. Dink was fond of pitch. He was the sort of person who will spend a week devising a crooked method of doing a perfectly honest thing. He whispered out of the corner of his mouth and never put anything into writing, and he counted that day a dead loss during whose long hours he had not double-crossed some one. The alderman trusted Dink, and was justified in his trust by reason of certain little facts in Dink's life which would have aroused the interest of a grand jury. These the alderman kept in his safe-deposit box.

"Dink," said Mr. Tomlet largely, "this here is an off year. Every once in so long the pious element busts loose and this is one of them times. The reason I been runnin' politics here as long as I have is because, when sich a time come, I ducked me into the cellar and laid low till the wind quit blowin'."

"Yeh," said Mr. Gadgett.

"The idee bein'," went on the alderman, "that when the pious up and runs an election wunst, they think the world's saved, see? And nobody needs to monkey with a saved world. They figger it's goin' to stay saved, so they go back to sellin' dry goods and corner lots; and the fust you know, along comes another election and us fellers oozes up out of the cellar—and there we be."

"They're goin' to elect Police Commissioner Wells mayor."

"Dead sure. But we git rid of him in two years by makin' him governor, see? And besides him, they'll elect the whole city ticket. No need to do no hopin' about it. Nope. We got to con-centrate. County ticket for us. Can't have the pious nosin' around with a county prosecutor and judges and sich-like."

"You said a roomful there, boss."

Mr. Gadgett Made a Noise in His Throat. He Was Afraid of Documents in an Envelope

"So we jest let nature take its course with the mayor and the rest of the city ticket, but we slide easy into the county convention and nominate a line of reg'lar boys that'll keep the county safe for politicians till this wind blows over. You can't prosecute anybody unless you got a prosecutor to do the prosecutin'."

There being no reply to make to this manifest wisdom, Dink made none.

"Conse-quent-ly," said the alderman, "I been thinkin' we better nominate Handy Lewis for prosecutor. You pass out the word."

This conversation gives a faithful idea of the situation which confronted Jerry McKellar. She held an intention, and when Jerry made up her mind to cause a certain event to become history, that event had to happen or get damaged in the tussle. Her purpose this time was to compel Marshall Tree to pack his bumptiousness in a very small parcel and bring it to her with humility; it was to force him, figuratively, to approach her on his knees and admit she was a better man than he. In short, her desire was to prick his bubble that she might fashion an acceptable husband out of the resultant spray.

At the next meeting of the executive committee of the Woman's Party of Corinth, Jerry allowed an idea to run out—disguised as a pronouncement of Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt.

"Our president," she said, signifying the ample lady who occupied that position, "believes the time is ripe to organize the county."

Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt peered big-eyed at Jerry for a moment, trying to remember when she had said such a thing and making a note to ask Jerry just what the county was.

"There are twenty-five thousand people in town," Jerry went on, "and in the townships outside the city there are nearly thirty thousand. Therefore," she ended, "Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt points out that in county elections the townships hold the balance of power."

"True," said Mrs. Burtis. "Very true!"

"However," said Jerry, "with this election coming on, we must pussyfoot. We'll shoot our organization at Alderman Tomlet before he knows it's loaded."

Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt blinked.

"But why Alderman Tomlet?" she asked. "He seems such a nice, pleasant gentleman."

Everybody laughed, crediting Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt with side-splitting irony. She looked surprised, then smiled agreeably. So long as folks were enjoying themselves she was content.

"Therefore," Jerry said, "we will divide the county, appoint organizing committees to get to work."

As for Jerry, she made it her business to drive about the county, making new acquaintances, which, with her beauty and adaptability and natural interest in everything which makes up a part of life, was not difficult. She found that Alderman Tomlet was strong in the townships. There he had many friends and was regarded as a man of considerable stature; which was natural, for the alderman

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What Next for Country Bankers?

By Charles Moreau Harger

ONE of Mark Hanna's favorite maxims was "Everything in politics either hurts or helps." It is much the same in country banking—or any other kind of banking, for that matter—only the hurts seem to come in a heap, with smashing force, while the helps are scattered piecemeal over a long pathway.

Though along the rather uneven trail of the past three years there have been many helps toward overcoming the preceding hurts, the country banker yet has problems to solve as he did in 1920. After the sudden deflation in price levels eminent financiers held conferences, parleys and secret sessions, and announced that three crop seasons would pass before there could again be normal conditions. The third wheat harvest has just been gathered, and yet many anxious bankers are sitting after closing hours, fingering the papers in their note cases and trying to determine how some of them can be collected—and what is their best course with them. The closing of banks here and there during the past months is evidence that the hurts continue to exist. Yet the unpaid notes are fewer—some have been paid, some partly liquidated, some consigned to the limbo of debts gone but not forgotten. Possibly these last may be resurrected, but, if so, it will mean a most unexpected apparition.

"I can't understand all this talk about country banks being overloaned and not able to collect," remarked a merchant the other day. "A banker ought to know when to make loans and when to refuse—he has it all in his own hands. He ought to have known that he was going too far. Why didn't he stop in time? Then we should have been saved all this trouble; interior states would not be spotted with failed banks and rural sections would not be worrying about financial difficulties."

Sure enough, why didn't he? Probably more than one has had this idea, holding that bankers were responsible for their own problems. Why did they not act more judiciously? The simplest of all reasons accounts for their remissness—the country banker is not a seventh son of a seventh son, a soothsayer or a seer.

Harvest Time is Banking Time for the Farmer. A High-Yielding Oat Field in Michigan

Silk-Shirt Financing

YET, curiously, in most communities he is looked upon as a master mind of finance, familiar with the trend of affairs and with mysterious foreknowledge that enables him to wax fat off the public. Indeed, he is lucky if to this there be not added a feeling that he is a tool of the money trust, the favorite bogy of the debtor and an emissary of Wall Street, determined on destruction of all within his power.

This exaltation of the country banker has made it more difficult for him to meet fully the expectations of his public. As a matter of fact, he has often graduated into banking from some other business or profession. He was perhaps a successful school principal who saw a chance to induce others to put money into a bank and allow him to manage it; or he had been a merchant and sought to secure what seemed an easier position; possibly he or his family had received an inheritance and it was logical to make it the basis of bank capital; and sometimes the second or third bank of town grew out of a feud resulting in a group affiliated in politics or business deciding that whether or not the community need warranted, it would have its own bank.

Instead of being trained in finance, with broad education in the trend of world affairs and the science of economics, the head of the bank in any of these instances, covering a large number of small bank incorporations, is actually an everyday business man. Being an everyday business man, he is subject to all the influences, complexes and limitations of judgment behind the counter he had possessed in front of it.

"The big trouble with the bankers has been that they were too optimistic," declared a Middle West financier who has had a strenuous time holding his institution level. "We gave too much credit and we did it because we were just like the buyers of silk shirts—we thought it was the duty of the times. By the way, I went to a clothing store the other day and asked for a fancy silk shirt. The store had none in stock.

"'We quit carrying them,' said the clerk. 'Nobody buys them any more.'

"That little country store used to have a window piled full of the dazzlingest patterns at ten to twelve dollars each, and there was a good deal of silk-shirt finance going on in the country banks; but not now—if the banker is on the job. The lesson was just as hard for us to learn as was that of the silk-shirt buyers.

"The other morning I heard a self-made financier who was leaning against the railing give his views of the business situation, and it was typical of a lot of loose thinking and loose talking of today," he went on. "'What is the matter with the farm country is that there ain't enough coöperation between the banker and producer,' he was explaining. 'Now Congress has done something for us, and we can get all the credit we want without going to the bank for it. These rural banks will take care of us.' All his hearers nodded approval, though how one of them could get more than fifty dollars' credit is beyond me. And not one seemed to know that all the credit obtained from the so-called rural-credit banks must come by means of notes indorsed and guaranteed by his local bank—unless an agricultural or livestock association is formed, provided it has the little matter of $250,000 capital.

"That sort of suggestion hurts the bank in its effort to help the community. Just how we failed to coöperate I do not know—unless we were too generous in loaning money. Just how anybody is going to borrow himself out of debt is a mystery, yet it seems to be popular to figure out ways of getting more credit whether or not it is needed. Getting down to brass tacks, the only thing any government institution has done or can do is to extend longer credit to the agricultural borrower, and that is helpful. But thousands of banks have given all the credit sound banking warranted, and have not discounted any paper; others have carried their customers through their city correspondent banks. Our real weakness was that in our effort to accommodate, and because we knew no more what was coming than did our customers, we went beyond the conservative limit a bank should always observe.

"Another thing: Probably nine-tenths of the men managing country banks have begun business since 1900. They had—except for the currency flurry of 1907—clear sailing and steady advancement for more than a decade. They had no understanding of the possibilities of a war era and its aftermath, nor of the effect of a deflated price level in farm products, such as those who passed through the '90's experienced. But they know now and are better equipped than before to meet any conditions that may arise."

Evidence that the banker is human is seen in the various alleged panaceas he has adopted, hoping for a solution of all difficulties that attend caring for the people's money. Probably none had more popularity a decade ago than the guaranty of deposits.

Trouble

"IF WE can assure every depositor that he will not lose should the bank fail," it was argued, "we shall insure soundness in our institutions." The much-feared run that has taken down more than one substantial concern because of unreasoning suspicion on the part of depositors would thereby be eliminated and banks in difficulties would have opportunity to recoup and reorganize without being hampered by their customers' alarm. A dozen states adopted the idea of a guaranty of deposits, following various forms, but generally on the same basis assessments on banks entering the arrangement to provide a fund to pay losses of failed concerns.

For nearly a decade after the inception of the plan it worked to perfection. Few banks failed and their losses made only slight diminution in the guaranty fund. Deposits in state banks—national banks are not eligible to the system—grew, and much publicity was given their absolute safety for depositors. But when the test came, as deposits shrank in 1921 and after, though there was doubtless advantage in preventing runs on solvent banks, failures came as in the ordinary course of such events. Perhaps, in instances, the very growth of deposits hastened trouble, bankers lacking natural caution because of the volume of funds on hand having made too liberal loans which later proved uncollectible. The Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas—states in the farm country—suffered most. Oklahoma, which twelve years ago went the limit, compelling every state bank to enter the plan, piled up its special assessments until it had paid some $4,000,000 in losses and had $6,000,000 more in unsettled claims, with only the doubtful assets of over half a hundred failed banks with which to meet the obligations. A few months ago it repealed its guaranty law and went back to the principle of every bank standing on its own

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THE ACCOUNTINGS OF A REAL-ESTATE MAN—By Felix Isman

The Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady

A Section of Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia, Showing Some of the Old-Time Residences That are Stubbornly Resisting the Inroads of Business

SOME years ago a famous jeweler moved from Union Square to a magnificent new store on Fifth Avenue above Thirty-fourth Street. His name was so much a household word throughout the country, and stood so distinctly for exclusiveness, that he took the bold step of doing business at the new location without a signboard of any kind.

A little later, several exclusive dry-goods shops of the sort that cater to the Colonel's Lady moved to the same neighborhood, and one of them followed this interesting policy of hanging out no shingle. It had the reputation of being at that time—and probably was—the only store in the country where a woman could buy a hundred-dollar pair of lace stockings. Exclusive furriers followed, and presently this section of Fifth Avenue, roughly from Thirty-fourth to Forty-second Street, became the new de luxe shopping district of the city.

Those merchants felt that the high realty values and high rents around them must forever keep away popular-price stores with their bargain counters and sales, and that the Colonel's Lady could step from her carriage or motor without being elbowed by Judy O'Grady.

But this fashionable shopping center had hardly been established when a merchant famous for his chain of five-and-ten-cent stores opened one of them right in the sacred precincts! A five-and-ten-cent store on Fifth Avenue, the Rue de la Paix of America!

The late Frank W. Woolworth, a mercantile genius, had a very definite pride in his career and in himself as the architect of a great enterprise that he built up from very humble beginnings. He erected the Woolworth Building as a monument to his business and himself, and a similar motive was behind his invasion of Fifth Avenue. He believed that a Woolworth store in the finest shopping district of this country would have publicity value for all his shops.

But I doubt very much if he believed, when he planned this step, that a five-and-ten-cent store on Fifth Avenue would pay. There was an advantage apart from the profit on merchandise he could sell there. One of his stores in such a prominent location, in the limelight, nationalized the whole chain. He was willing to pay for that advantage, and though the loss might be heavy, it would be negligible spread over his entire business.

Popular Price Invasions

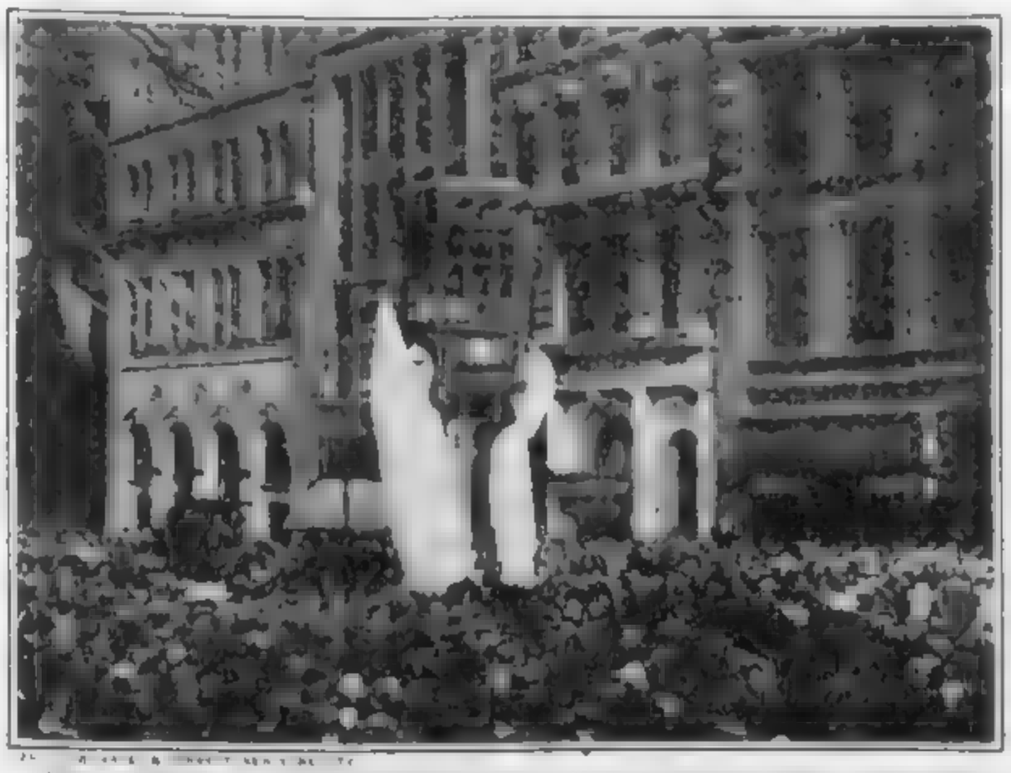
BUT that store has paid from the beginning! This seems astonishing to most people, for they always think of two things—the little five-and-ten-cent sales and the enormous rent they assume must be paid.

I have no official figures of the five-and-ten-cent store business on Fifth Avenue, but am free to make my own estimates as a real-estate man.

In the first place, such a store does not really deal in nickels and dimes, because the average customer generally purchases several articles, and average sales must run near fifty cents. The store is thronged nine or ten hours a day. If 10,000 customers a day purchase fifty cents' worth each—and that's only a thousand an hour in a store with basement and 30,000 square feet of floor space—its gross intake is $5000 a day, or a yearly business of $1,500,000. No department store that I know does a business of that magnitude on its first floor and basement. Applied to the turnover of the famous Bon Marché in Paris, it would be a gross of $200,000,000 a year! If the rent be $100,000 a year—and that is an outside estimate—the ratio of rent to gross sales is under 7 per cent. Chain stores in much less prominent locations are profitable at rents of 10 per cent and upwards, provided only that the necessary crowds of people pass to create sales.

Other popular-price invasions followed—most notably a dairy restaurant and an automat restaurant of the nickel-in-the-slot type that enables customers to serve themselves, get food instantly, and not be bothered paying the check or tipping.

Was Fifth Avenue ruined? It was not ruined, certainly, from the standpoint of real-estate values, for property there today between Thirty-fourth and Forty-second streets is worth more money than ever before. In fact, it scarcely has a price, because other merchants have been compelled to pay for representation on this national thoroughfare.



Where Buildings and Real-Estate Values Both Come Sky-High. 42d Street and Fifth Avenue, New York, During the Unveiling of a New Traffic Tower

Mass vs. Class

AND it certainly hasn't been ruined for the pioneer merchants who cater to the Colonel's Lady. Judy O'Grady hasn't elbowed her off the Avenue, nor lowered its tone. If anything, Judy O'Grady has made the Avenue more interesting to the Colonel's Lady, who still shops there for her real-pearl necklace. The only perceptible difference I can detect is that, where once the famous jeweler who first led the migration uptown would have scorned the idea of carrying dependable imitation-pearl necklaces in stock, now he sells them, good ones, many of them, and also sells the real article to Judy O'Grady.

Less than five years ago you could dine at a dozen famous places along Fifth Avenue where the epicure and dilettante indulged their educated palates. Today there is just one place of that kind left. The others are all gone.

And there is a real-estate reason. The mass-versus-class movement has turned the fashionable restaurant of yesterday into the dairy lunch and automat of today. The fashionable restaurant was not commercially sound. It offered too many articles on its menu, many of which spoiled, and the price on the rest had to be increased so that even the discerning few would not pay it. Economical efficiency is being applied to every walk of life. It sweeps into the highways and more particularly into the byways, so when food prices increased—labor increased, rents increased, appliances increased, and the exclusive, fashionable restaurant becomes almost a thing of the past.

Even in New York, nine persons in ten still think of Fifth Avenue traditionally, as the place where one sees the most stylishly dressed women and perfectly groomed gentlemen, and where unless you are strictly *de rigueur* you will be told to leave the Avenue. Such was Fifth Avenue just a few years ago. But the fight of mass and class has been fought there, and the exclusive merchants have condescended to bargain sales, and to carry popular-priced articles of 100 per cent public appeal.

As I said, the pioneer jeweler will sell you a string of imitation pearls. True, he may not put it in one of his own boxes, nor give his

(Continued on Page 41)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and Uruguay, $2.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

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Other Foreign Countries in the Postal Union: Subscriptions, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 1, 1923

Impounding Wheat

ON NUMEROUS occasions in these columns mention has been made of disparities of price levels of different classes of goods. The declines in prices of animals and grains serve to make further comment pertinent. For this purpose we may use the price indices given in the June number of the Survey of Current Business issued by the Department of Commerce. These indices are erected on the base of 1913 prices. The prices of wheat, corn, oats, rye, barley, hogs and cattle are but little above the 1913 level, or even down to it. The prices of important articles the farmer buys -sugar, yarn, cloth, boots, coal, iron, lumber, brick and cement—are twice as high as in 1913. Either the farmer must raise twice as much—which is not possible on short notice—or he must buy half as much—which is clearly a hardship. The prices of cotton, wool and tobacco are twice as high as in 1913. The producers of these articles are in much better position to buy needed goods at present prices. But such disparities among different classes of agricultural products cannot persist without injury to the upper Mississippi Valley.

What is to be done? On the basis of present estimates it is possible that the first of September may see in the country wheat—from carry-over, harvested and in process of harvesting—to the amount of 1,000,000,000 bushels. Our usual consumption would not be more than 650,000,000 bushels. If flour is cheap more may be consumed. But an exportable surplus of goodly proportions remains. The forecast wheat crop of Europe, the large crop in India, the prospects in Canada, with assumed normal crops in Australia and Argentina next winter, suggest little prospect for a remunerative demand for our exportable surplus. What is to be done with it?

The conservative agricultural organizations reject proposals for governmental control or price fixation as impracticable, misleading and fundamentally injurious. One of the leading farm organizations makes the proposal that some 200,000,000 bushels of this wheat be withdrawn from the market, impounded. The grain is of good quality and if properly stored would not deteriorate. If such an amount of wheat were held back that very fact would tend to reduction of wheat acreage, so that next year the impounded carry-over would be added to a small crop, and the glut thus relieved. Obviously such a proposal must include a program of reduction of acreage, since it would be idiotic to impound 200,000,000 bushels of wheat and then raise another crop of 800,000,000 or 900,000,000 bushels.

There will be misgivings uttered against any program to hold wheat back from the market. Many consumers seem to think that a glut of foodstuffs is their normal right, an insurance against famine. But from the standpoint of general commodity practice little can be urged against the proposal. In the spring of 1921 the Iowa-Nebraska Canners Association had unsold a stock of some 1,956,000 cases of canned corn. Were these thrown on the market? They were nursed along, gradually liquidated, and in June of this year the stock had been reduced to some 133,000 cases.

So it is in most lines of commodities. Restriction of production, control of stocks, avoidance of gluts are the objectives. In agriculture only do we have the tradition of producing all we can and disposing of it all by forced sale within the year—in order to do it all over again. With this system the farmer naturally has as little control over the prices of what he sells as he has over the prices of what he buys. Glaring disparities of price levels are inevitable. Agriculture is a business and must be run on business principles. If it is not a business, but a social function, then it should be supported by society. Since we regard it as a business, we must accord to the farmer the recourse to business methods that is characteristic of other lines of production. The farmer needs neither government control nor charity; he needs business.

The Young Prince in Business

THERE may still be found in the records of Harvard University the illuminating case of that student of architecture who one day received a note inviting him to call at the office of the dean and explain, if possible, why he had absented himself from nine consecutive lectures in an important course.

The young man's explanation was a novel one. He declared with admirable candor that his social engagements across the Charles were so numerous that he found it quite impracticable to attend lectures given late in the afternoon. He had made many fashionable and influential acquaintances on the river side of Beacon Street; and after mature reflection he had reached the conclusion that he was better employed handing about lettuce sandwiches and orange pekoe in the drawing-rooms of Boston matrons who would presently be building villas at Beverly or Manchester for summer occupancy, or Back Bay apartment houses for investment purposes, than he would be in the class room listening to somewhat tedious observations on the history of Gothic ornament. Besides, bishops were liable to drop in for a cup of tea almost any day; and everyone knows that clever architects make a point of being on pleasant terms with the clergy. Of course, deans will be deans, and such situations must be handled with becoming gravity; but as this dean was a practical man, the reprimand he meted out was of the most perfunctory description, and then and there the incident was closed.

Broadly speaking, a man's record in college is a fairly trustworthy index of what he will do and of what he will amount to in after life. Intellectual vigor and sustained capacity for hard work, demonstrated while a student is entering his twenties, are endowments that are likely to endure and to make themselves felt in later years, either in business or in the learned professions. And yet experience also shows that men of rather moderate attainments, whose academic rank in college was nothing to brag about and whose future did not seem particularly promising, often overtake or outrun their more highly gifted classmates.

Some of these dark horses are the plodders; men with no illusions as to the narrow scope of their own limitations; men who are determined to win through sheer doggedness; strugglers to whom failures are not setbacks, but clear calls to begin all over and try again. Then there are those of blither spirit who get ahead because they have such engaging personalities, such winning, gay and agreeable manners that every stranger they meet desires to become their ally and helper. Men of this stamp are not to be confused with their base and clumsy imitators who scheme and fawn and truckle in the hope of personal gain. The young prince—for such is the title conferred by common consent upon men of the higher type—makes friends not by anything tangible he does for those about him, or says to them, but because he is the sort of person he is, because he partakes of the quality of that street urchin to whom Robert Louis Stevenson tossed a shilling, just for sparing him such a friendly grin out of his boundless wealth of high spirits and good humor.

There are few large law offices, architectural or engineering firms or investment brokerage businesses that cannot make room for another junior cast in this happy mold. Such lads are natural originators of business, for all their regiments of friends are potential or active workers for the firm by which the young prince is employed. Such men may be, and often are, much more highly paid than another and better-equipped junior who does the actual work on the cases or commissions or investment problems thus brought into the office. The entire scheme of things may be vicious and unjust in the extreme; but the fact remains that the services of young men with unusual talents for the law, architecture, engineering, finance and other professions may be secured for salaries that are pitifully small in comparison with what their training cost them in money, industry and self-denial. They may come out on top after some piece of unwonted luck has given them an opportunity to demonstrate their genius; yet for many years the competition of rivals who have smaller abilities, but are pleasant to have about and who have more friends and well-wishers, may keep them down.

The attributes of the young prince, unaccompanied by some solider traits of mind or character, rarely sweep him to the top of his profession. Young princes almost inevitably exhibit the defects of their qualities. Some are killed off by a little adversity; others by more prosperity than they can bear. Not infrequently they set up for themselves and succeed as business bringers who farm out the real brain work among underpaid employes. They may even build up large and lucrative practices and cut dashing figures in public estimation; yet the reputation they bear among fellow practitioners of their own profession—the only reputation that counts for much—is no higher than it deserves to be. If only the young princes could be plodders or geniuses as well, and the plodders and geniuses could be young princes, the world would be their oyster; and, as some improver of Shakspere has suggested, every month would have an R in it.

Roads, Taxes and the Future

NOW that the automobile has been brought within the means of almost everyone, and the farmer has one as an essential part of his equipment, it is no longer necessary to "sell" the good-roads idea. Perhaps, even, we are going a little to the other extreme.

America is continent-wide and roads crisscross it like the countless lines on the human palm. In his latest report, Thomas H. MacDonald, chief of the Bureau of Good Roads, estimates that there are twenty-eight hundred thousand miles of roads in the United States, of which twenty-five hundred thousand are still unimproved. Our task is therefore one of such magnitude that, no matter how enthusiastically we approach it, we cannot expect to do more than scratch its surface in many years. The completion of any great undertaking may be hindered by a too reckless expenditure of energy at the start. Slow and steady, with a careful apportioning of strength to last the whole route, is the only plan that yields results.

So long as road building is even partially in politics our program will be handicapped. By squeezing the politician out we could enlarge the scope of the work without adding to the burden of taxation. We want more good roads, of course, but fewer politicians to handle the road money; more miles to the dollar, not more mills from the taxpayer. We are digging down pretty deeply as it is. Better some bad roads and solvency than too many good ones and bankruptcy. There can be no gainsaying, of course, that the improvement of highways is one of the most important of national tasks. A good road is a permanent asset to every community along it.

INCOME-TAX DIVIDENDS

By WILL PAYNE

IN THE last two years the United States has done something that never was done before. To learn the trick of doing it is to add untold billions to national wealth. Whether or not we have finally learned the trick, having done it once ought to make a second attempt decidedly easier, for we now know indubitably that it can be done. The people of the United States did it, but the assistance received from the Federal Government was an important and tangible factor. In that respect we got handsome dividends, in good gold dollars, on our tax receipts.

It is difficult to take exact measurements of an industrial smash. The wreckage and casualties are strewn all over the country. But judging by such measurements as we have, the smash that began three years ago this fall was the most violent and extensive ever known. To find one that will bear comparison with it you must turn back to 1893, and the country was four years recovering from that head-on collision—a dismal period, with cold and smokeless stacks sticking up above empty factories like grotesque tombstones of dead industry, and weather-beaten signs "No Help Wanted" tacked to locked gates, and Coxey's army of the unemployed tramping the country.

The Want-Ad Chasers

MONTH after month of that sort of thing gave people a depressing notion that unemployment was a normal condition. I was engaged in the newspaper business in Chicago at the time, and shall never be able to get rid of the daily picture of the sidewalk at the mouth of Newsboys' Alley, where a crowd of men and girls, herded by a patient policeman, gathered to wait for the noon edition of the Daily News, which published the most Help Wanted advertisements.

Often when it was time for the paper to appear the flagging on both sides of the alley would be packed, the front rows with craning necks. A squad of urchins, with armfuls of damp papers, comes out of the press room and scuttles down the alley. In spite of the policeman the crowd breaks into the alley to meet the boys, thrusting out its pennies, snatching at the papers, then scattering to every nearby spot where a newspaper can be unfolded and read.

The front pages, containing mere news, are impatiently flung away. And, shades of Greeley! the editorial page, containing the most illuminating interpretation of current events, is shed into the gutter without a glance. Sometimes, in the pangs of wounded vanity, I am tempted to say, "Sir—or madam—you are making a great mistake. Take that page home and improve your mind with it this evening." But it gets no more attention than the bit of paper in which a famished man's sandwich is wrapped.

All pages are tossed away until those are reached which contain the want ads. There the columns headed Help Wanted—all too few—are eagerly scanned. Those readers who see the glimmer of a chance for themselves hurry away to apply for the job—but others are hurrying too. There are a good many young women and girls in the crowd—one here who by coming early has secured a preferred place next the alley. She is biting a corner of her lip in nervous tension as she waits for the little ragamuffins to appear in the alley. Finding a strange young man looking at her, she flushes and turns away her face with some shame for having been seen in that wild scramble for any sort of job.

That indelible picture, repeated months on end, is only a little bit of what industrial depression means in terms of actual life. Economists write of it in fine scientific detachment, and construct very ingenious logarithmic charts to illustrate it. But there is no use in our talking about it at all unless we have in mind what a wholly abominable thing it is in terms of actual human life. Humanly it means want and degradation.

Starting the Wheels With Wheat

THE depression that followed the smash of 1893 lasted with greater or less intensity for about four years. Then we had a big wheat crop and by an unusual combination of circumstances the countries that chiefly competed with us in the wheat export trade had very poor crops. Our wheat position was so strong that Joseph Leiter immortalized and nearly ruined himself trying to bull the crop. Wheat exports rose to $215,000,000 from only $91,000,000 in 1896, which was about the bottom of the depression. That powerful bracer started the wheels going all along the line.

The next great smash back of 1893 happened in 1873, and its depressing results continued for several years. Students of the subject generally agree that the huge wheat exports of 1879 played a decisive rôle in getting us definitely set up on our feet and insuring the resumption of specie payments. Therefore, to judge by the past, it would take several years to recover fully from such a smash as that of 1920-21, and the decisive upturn in affairs would come from some notable expansion of exports. But in 1921 the outlook for a decided expansion of exports was of the gloomiest, and if we were to judge by '73 and '93 we

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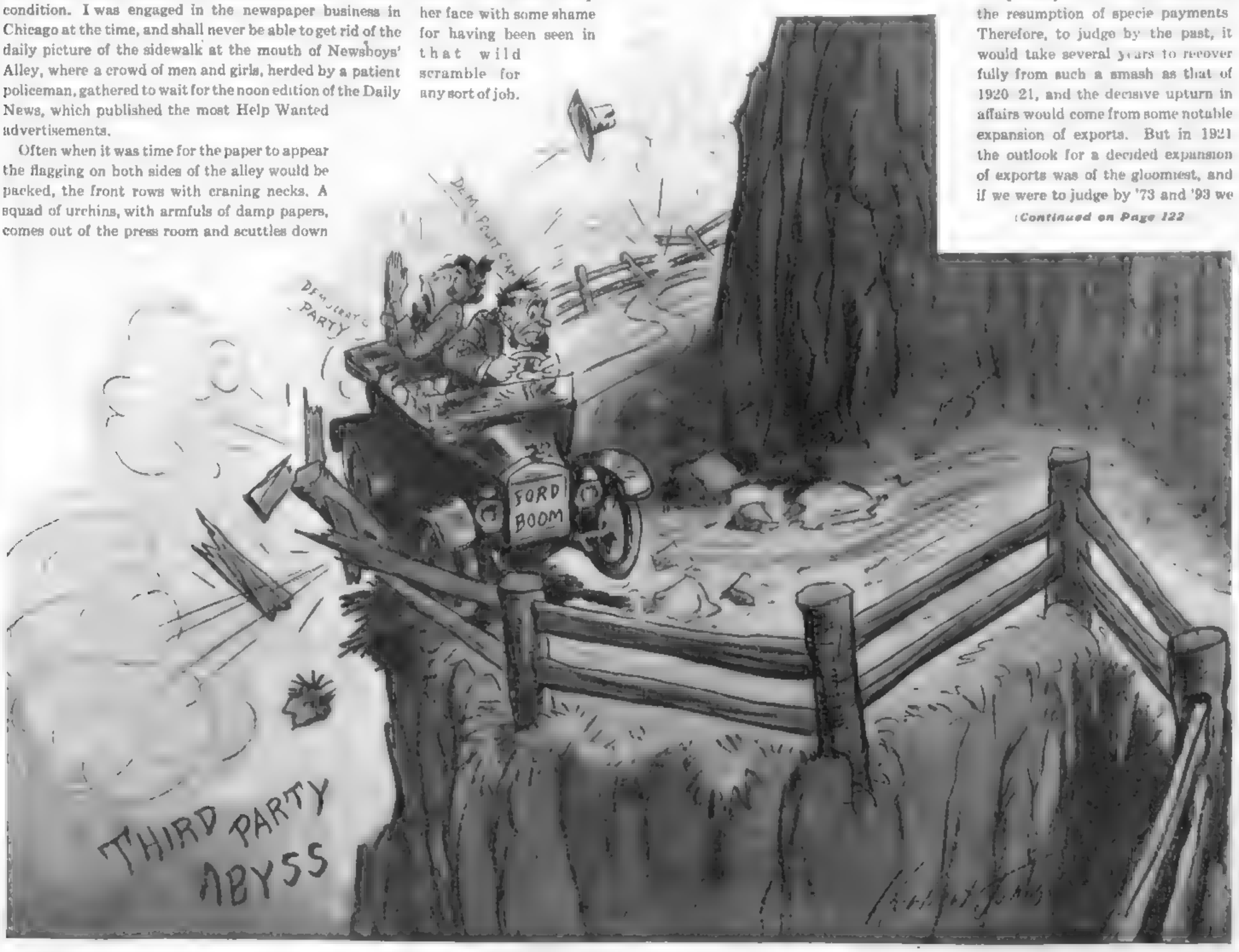


Now How Do You Stop the Darn Thing?

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Everything's Nothing But —

OF COURSE we still talk about money,
And baseball and tennis and such.
We flirt with philosophy.
Einstein, theosophy,
Though they don't bother us much.
The bee only thinks about honey,
The under dog dreams of above;
But out of our sanity
All of humanity
Thinks about nothing but love!
The proof is our novels, our movies and plays;
We're filled with it, thrilled with it all of our days!

"Who did she marry?"
"I think it was Harry."
"I'll meet you at seven tomorrow."
"How does she stand him?"
"Of course she will land him."
"—— and I'll get the ring, for I'll borrow ——"
Gossip, proposal, a "Yes" or a "No" —
That's where our thought and our eloquence go;
One thing commands all our pull and our shove
Everything's nothing but love!

The great international doctor,
The wealthy retailer of chalk,
Young Percy van Astor, or
His union plasterer
what is the theme of their talk?
The emeritus cocktail decorter,
The breeder of pigeon and dove,
Yes, all femininity
And masculinity
Think about nothing but love!
The proof: just look inward, and then you will spy
You're filled with it, thrilled with it, even as I!

"Gee, she's a pippin!"
"I think he is rippin'."
"Then Geraldine told him, she told him – "
"Oh, I'll take Mabel."
"Why, dearest, I'm able —— "
"You've got to be clever, to hold him."
Chatter, proposal, a "No" or a "Yes"
Both of them mean just the same thing, I guess;
One thing is all things below or above –
Everything's nothing but love.

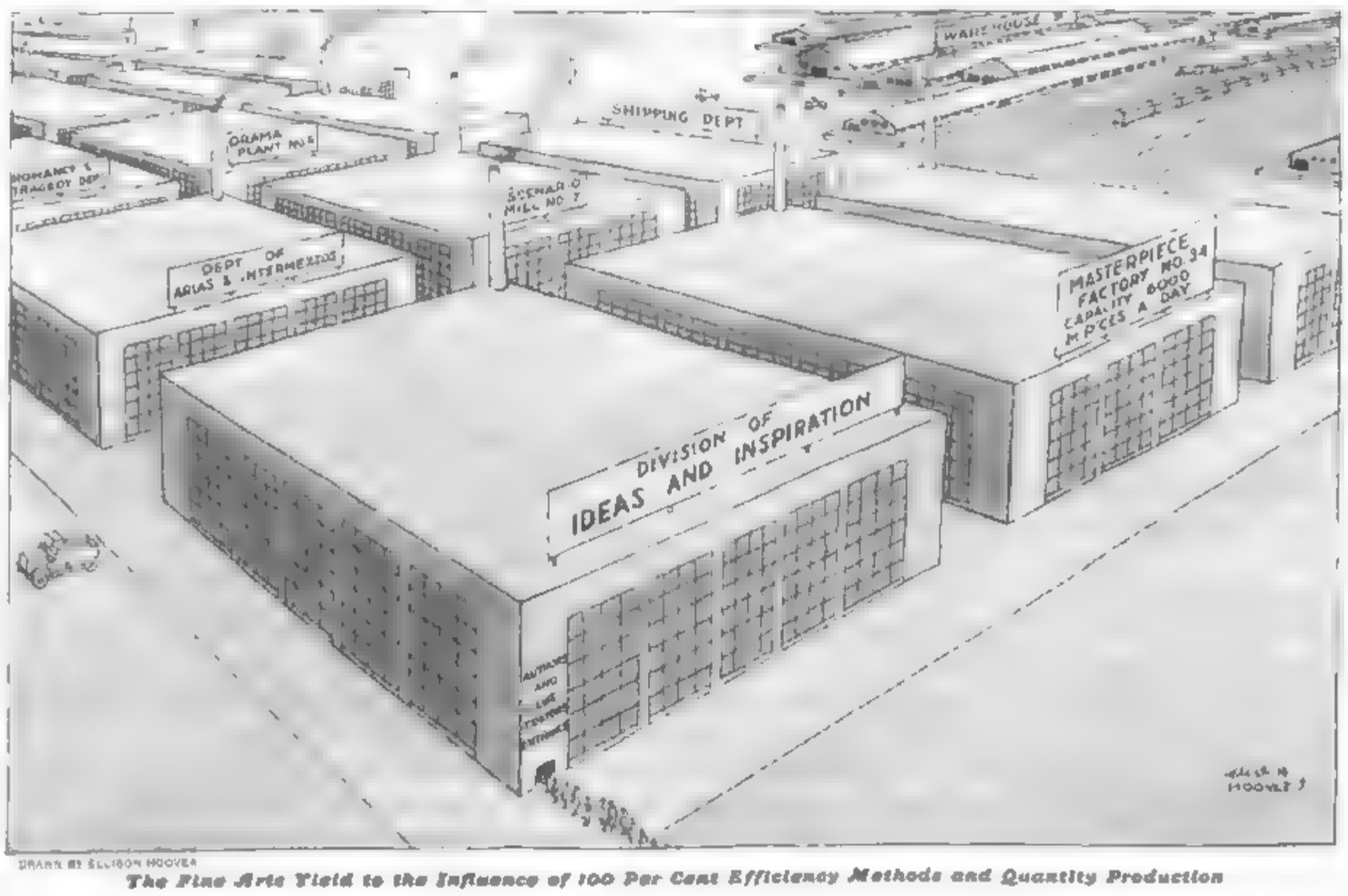
—Clement Wood.

Unreal Real Estate

THE real-estate operators of New York are weeping over the fact that the artistic denizens of Greenwich Village are rapidly deserting that temperamental locality for Hoboken, Brooklyn, and other great open spaces where anyone can take his or her individuality out for a romp unhindered, and the subconscious is used instead of the Subway.

This naturally leaves the former haunts of the intelligentzia uninhabited, at the same time offering exceptional opportunities for the fall quota of newcomers to New York to secure living and, in some cases, eating accommodations for the winter season.

Having once paid rent myself, I know what a struggle real-estate men have to get money, and to help them out of this sudden slump in their market I have made a survey of some of the best bargains the Village now has for embryonic tea-room proprietresses, art students and unappreciated actors.


SHIPPING DEPT
DRAMA PLANT NO 6
SCENARIO MILL NO 7
DEPT OF ARIAS & INTERMEZZOS
DIVISION OF IDEAS AND INSPIRATION
MASTERPIECE FACTORY NO 34 CAPACITY 6000 PIECES A DAY
DRAWN BY ELLISON HOOVER
The Fine Arts Yield to the Influence of 100 Per Cent Efficiency Methods and Quantity Production

Here is the result; apply to any agent, no trouble to show goods, send cash—neither money order nor check—with order:

1. THE ATTABOY ATTIC. A delightfully notorious spot, actually over a real stable, with horses, and so forth. Stairs leading up to it are in good condition at present, but can easily be made unsafe. Not a piece of modern plumbing in the place. A real buy.

2. THE SARDINE CAN. Cozy 4 by 5 room, nice cold northern exposure, 2 candle-power bracket on wall. Running water will be turned off if desired. Just the place for a radical clergyman to start a publicity campaign. No reasonable offer refused.

3. THE RATS' RENDEZVOUS. Here is something really chic. Large cellar, newly painted black throughout. No windows, and practically no ventilation. One door, with peephole and sliding panel. Anybody wishing a place to start a tea-and-dinner-dance emporium cannot afford to overlook this one. Rats and mice included in purchase price.

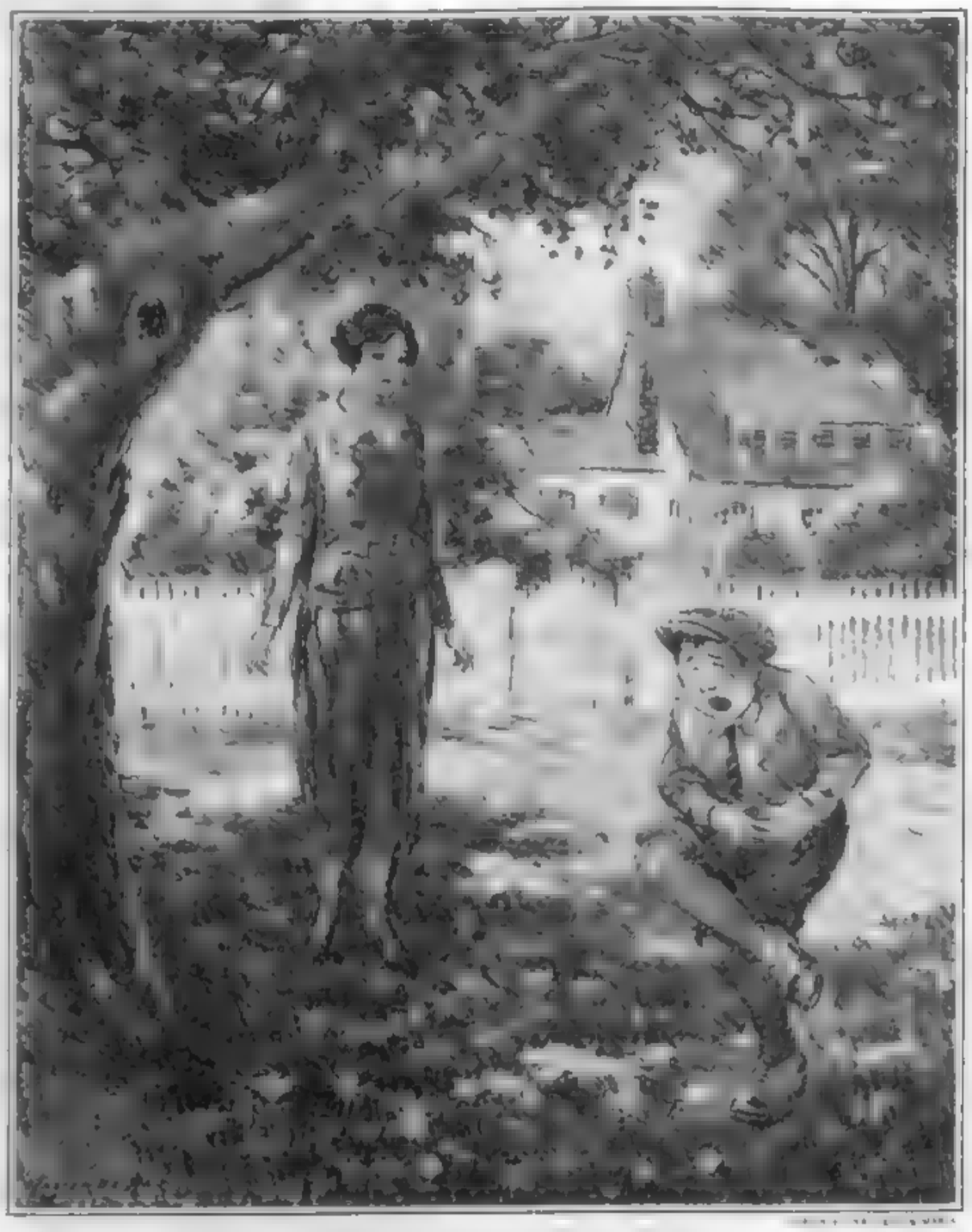
4. THE STUPID STUDIO. Two rooms and tea wagon. Has already figured in three police raids. Large studio room has never been swept and the skylight alone offers the best collection of cobwebs south of Washington Square. Tenant can have use of six oil paintings in futurist style for hanging on walls as examples of own work. Speak quick.

5. THE GOING DOWN. Elevator apartment, built from reconditioned freight elevator. As glue instead of nails was used in construction, it will probably fall apart within a year. No modern improvements. What more do you want?

6. THE GOLDFISH BOWL. Abandoned conservatory, most of glass broken. No privacy at all. Running water from 27 leaks. Hot in summer, cold in winter. Yours for the asking.

7. THE TINDER TORCH. Famous old wooden house, no fire escapes. Splendid fire trap. Make great practice ground for fire bug. Bring your own matches. Will exchange for new practical dollar bill, or what have you?

—A. C. M. Azoy, Jr.


"There, Now, You've Been Eating Green Apples, and Mother'll Have to Punish You"

Russo-Spanish Stew

DON SERGIUS Fernandez Segarovitch
Pedro Horovitch Samovarovitch
All night played his Spanish guitarovitch,
And his music went something like this:
Plunkety plunk plunk, plunkety plunk plunk, plunkety plunk plunk plunk!

He courted Teresa Vidalovitch,
A sweet galovitch—what a palovitch!
And thought this fair dame he'd corralovitch
As he strummed his soft music like this:
Plinkety plink plink, plinkety plink plink, plinkety plink plink plink!

Her husband, a brave matadorovitch,
Soon got sorevitch—paced the floorovitch!
He grabbed hold of his sweet señoravitch,
And the music went something like this:
Spankety spank spank, spankety spank spank, spankety spank spank spank!

Max Liebf.

Noises

OH, FER th' dandy ole sleepy summer days when nothin' disturbed th' peace an' serenity o' th' community but an occasional grind organ! Oh, fer th' joy o' livin' agin through that restful period leadin' up t' th' first automobile, when we could think fer an' hour at a stretch an' cross th' street with impunity—when even Hi Henry's minstrel band wuz music t' th' ears, an' th' fire bell thrilled us! Nothin's done quietly an' peacefully any more. We kin remember when a town

(Continued on Page 70)

Great

—and such wonderful Tomato Sauce!

"No wonder Campbell's Beans are famous," you'll say. These rich, substantial beans with their tasty tomato sauce are a tempting dish your appetite is always eager to enjoy!

Slow-cooked
Digestible

12 cents a can

Except in
Rocky Mountain States
and in Canada

OH, DOCTOR!

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Close by This Corner a Vacant-Eyed Man, Apparently Lost in Reverie, Flushed the Roadway With Clear, Sparkling Water From a Thick Hose

XXIV

FOUR days later Rufus Billop, against the advice of his physician and the peppery protests of his nurse, basked in the afternoon sun that flooded the court. He had counted the days. His garniture of swathings was but slightly diminished and the scalp cuts still showed the stiches that held their edges together, but he must be out for a first view of the restored Luxton.

Miss Hicks left him there after a few professional touches. She left him in a determined manner, with a look of bitter resolution her charge was not let to see. She went sturdily through the house, out the front door, and stationed herself in an ambush convenient to the intersection of the garage driveway with the public road.

A rustic bench had been tastefully placed at this spot, a sprightly fancy of the landscape gardener's, who had probably not expected people to sit in it. It was meant to look well against its background of perennial greens, and Miss Hicks was undoubtedly the first person who had ever reduced it to mere furniture. She sat there firmly, however, and applied herself to the book she had brought. Her resolute poise advertised that she would remain there forever if need be.

When she had read for the better part of an hour, the mild hum of an approaching car distracted her. She looked up, saw the refurbished Luxton swing out for a turn into the driveway, and hailed it with an imperative gesture. The car halted and Miss Hicks spoke to the driver in chill, measured tones.

"You turn right around with that thing and take it back to the shop—somewhere, anywhere. Do you understand?"

"No, ma'am," said Claude Titus in equally chill tones.

"Mr. Billop isn't in any state to see that car. It will excite him, and I have trouble enough already. Keep it out of his sight until I say he ca see it, or ——"

"But listen, lady! I'm working for Mr. Billop, and he says ——"

"Boy, you won't be working for anyone at all if you don't do what I say. Get that clear. He's not to see his old car for several days yet. He's still on edge, don't you understand, from the shock he got."

"But what am I goin' to tell him?" Claude Titus had met his superior; he now merely pleaded. "What'll I say? I told him four days, and she's out in four; and I ought to make good after the way I been standin' over them garage rats night and day to speed up the job. Think of me, lady!"

Miss Hicks studied Claude coldly; she studied his face and he stopped chewing gum; she lowered her eyes to his sweater and he nervously edged his coat together; she glanced down at his feet and Claude tried to hide his tan shoes with the box toes, though he had thought especially well of them before this chilling inspection. Miss Hicks glanced up again at his face.

"Tell him some good lie," she coolly directed. "What do I know about your old garage business? Tell him something broke down. You know your trade; I don't."

"I got it, lady! The scratch! All right, if you say so. But if he ever finds it out ——"

"Don't be silly!" said Miss Hicks, and left Claude.

He examined her closely now, as he had tried to do when she faced him. Even going from him, she radiated command. He did not dream of disputing her orders.

Miss Hicks was reading to her charge when Claude came an hour later with explanations and apologies to the impatient owner of the Luxton. The scratch had proved to be pretty deep. Claude had taken it on himself to order it took care of. He didn't know how much time they'd need, but when they had it done he'd telephone.

"When you telephone, ask for me," said Miss Hicks kindly. "I'll be glad to take the message, and I do hope it's soon," she added, with cold, hard eyes on Claude.

"Yes, ma'am," he said, and slunk again from her presence.

The car's owner drew a long breath.

"Whew! It's almost a relief! I'd got so worked up about seeing her again!" He relaxed in evident satisfaction.

"Yes?" said Miss Hicks.

"Anyway, I could hardly have gone out today, with everyone making so much fuss."

"No?" said Miss Hicks, and resumed her reading. She had at last, in a case of books that appeared as "library" on the Clinch inventory of furnishings, found one that, thus far, suited her. It had not been easy to find. Her charge had at first demanded a rereading of the adventures of Edgar Wyatt, especially the portions that told how to ride through a fence and how to be struck by a fast train.

Miss Hicks, it appeared, had mislaid the magazine and search failed to reveal it. They compromised on a novel in which the hero was an aviator who rescued a tall, willowy blonde from the depths of an African forest, whither she was lured by the scoundrel she believed to be a gentleman. The listener interrupted this reading frequently by disclosing parts of his own plan to take up aviation. He did not say that he meant to perform stunts; merely that he meant to learn flying at a perfectly reliable aviation field he had often passed in the Luxton. Miss Hicks presently alleged at the thrilling middle of that daring rescue by airplane that she found the book stupid and begged to be allowed to choose something else.

She had found another novel that looked promising, only to discover that the hero, on a search for pirate gold, donned a diver's suit and descended into twenty fathoms of sea water. The listener became interested for the first time and wondered how it felt to go down like that. Then he wondered, more pointedly, if there weren't divers along the coast, close by. Of course it would be safe, having all the air you wanted pumped down to you.

Miss Hicks mislaid this book unaccountably, and another had to be found when the next reading was to occur. She looked cursorily through the book she now selected and deemed it safe—a placid tale of English country life, where unadventurous people had tea on the terrace and later dressed for dinner, the heroine with the help of a maid named Hawkins. But in a very early chapter a son of the house limped into the fine old oak-paneled drawing-room of the East Wing and told the heroine, Lady Babs, that he had crocked himself with his motorcycle.

This book was, for reasons plausible enough, also abandoned. It was not mislaid with the other two about the aviator and the deep-sea diver, which were on the dressing table of Miss Hicks, and which no earthly power would prevent her from finishing in privacy. It was merely restored to the Clinch villa library. Miss Hicks had been genuinely bored by its excessive tea drinking, and its heroine.

Then she found one that was, apparently, ideal. Again a book about English country life, but with pleasant everyday people in it who were content to live without inviting death too cordially; and it had no Lady Babs heroine with a lithe, boyish figure. Miss Hicks hated girls with a lithe, boyish figure, like the girl that came with young Hornblower. She considered this no figure at all—skinny, flat-chested thing!

The name of the new book was Cranford; and read on with deepening satisfaction. It was actually back in a time when there were not so many ways of being killed; and, of the few in existence, none seemed to have become popularized. It wasn't a story to keep her up nights, because little happened—the faintest imaginable happenings—but she read on because for some reason it delighted her charge. Not since the beginning of it had he fretted or planned new exploits with airplanes or diving suits or motorcycles. The book seemed almost to make him sane. She wished it had been thicker.

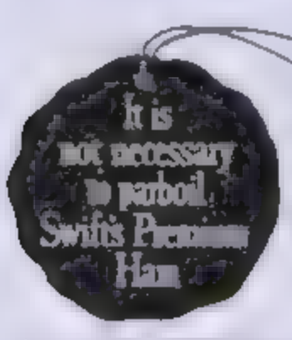
As the gentle tide of Cranford activities laved him, he was tasting a new savor in life; that refluent, strangely persisting life, born of the god Motion's high desires. He had given Motion its way with him, and the forever invisible, intangible, impersonal deity—impersonal except through mechanisms like his own—showed its pleasure in all his rejoicing fibers. Motion was also, of course, having

(Continued on Page 32)

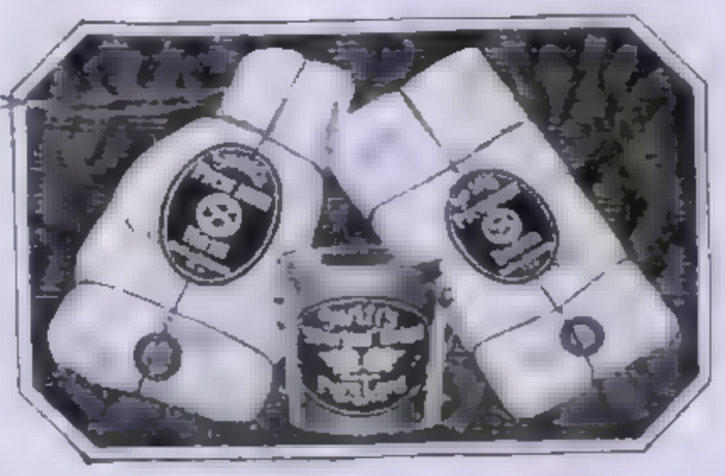
This, then, is real economy

In purchasing Premium Bacon in the piece one adds an economy to the satisfaction of having in generous quantity that which is acknowledged to be the very best.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon



Look for the blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice



Premium Bacon with Broiled Tomatoes

Slice tomatoes in half and place in a shallow pan; cover with strips of Premium Bacon and broil ten minutes

Swift & Company
U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 30)

a good time with Miss Hicks, though she was not self-conscious about its presence. She hadn't read the books, didn't know that science was cunning up to the limits of matter and afraid to guess at the god behind them - ignoring, even denying, the all-pervasive cause of scientists and laboratories.

It had always been so—the unconscious working to become conscious. All those delightful persons in Cranford—it had worked on them.

"That was life too," he musingly instructed the reader; "throbbing back there, not caring, except to know that new machines were coming along when the old ones wore out; not caring that the old ones rusted out with worry and fear—fear of doing things they wanted to."

"These people—they're only make-believes," said the concrete Miss Hicks.

"What are we?" he retorted.

"Some more of your 'only' talk!"

"You're right—instinctively—because you feel only the want to live; it's all you recognize." He mused, recalling Cleaver's imagined pageant of the innumerable, futile dead since time's beginning. "That's all it's been wise to feel since the ape man shambled out of a forest; driven out, of course, for we don't leave any forest till we have to. There he was, afraid of everything! He was probably afraid to stand up; it wasn't natural and something would happen to him, sure! But he did, finally, and began scowling at the stars and finding new things to be afraid of—always afraid. He died, and some others came along, just as afraid, and they died—all those old families and tribes and nations—people afraid of almost everything, almost afraider of life than of death. Of course, some weren't; the old arrogant kings and lovely queens, some of those weren't afraid to live."

"Lots of them got murdered for it too," said Miss Hicks.

"Of course, but they were still winners if they hadn't been afraid. If I knew anything, any least little thing, I was afraid of I'd go right off and do it—do it good and hard. It's all that ——" He regarded her condescendingly. "You call it God, don't you? Well, the term has been discarded by thinkers, but I can still talk the jargon—it's all God wants. If I ever catch myself being afraid of anything again ——"

"Isn't that just like you!" demanded Miss Hicks. "I wish you'd stop it—or go get killed by something if you simply have to. All that talk about old kings that were always getting stabbed through a curtain in the most disgraceful way, or having poison put in their old wine! Or fighting wars over some silly dispute! Doing it to show off, that's all! You make me so —— If you go up in one of those flying things I'll never —— Why can't you be sensible?"

She was glaring at him. He returned the glare until she quit.

"I used to be sensible," he said. "I was sensible and careful all my life, till you—well, till I found I'd grown wings."

"Fudge!" said Miss Hicks, and read Cranford again with an irritation not befitting its pastel serenity.

She kept him listening to this and other censored tales another week, until it was plain she could no longer prevail over his restiveness. She divined the precise moment at which his rebellion would carry him beyond the confines of mere petulance, and precisely at that moment she said, "Why on earth don't you go out in that old car again? You simply wear me down, fretting this way."

He stared at her.

"Why—why, I thought you ——"

"I wanted to suggest it days and days ago," she went on calmly, "but I thought it would look as if I was tired of my job."

"But you kept saying ——"

"Nonsense! What's that got to do with it?" Thus abruptly Miss Hicks closed the interview, and that day to the twice-daily appeal of Claude Titus she responded, "Oh, stop whining so much, and bring that old thing around! Have it over!"

Obscuring with a cap the shaven spots on his scalp, Rufus Billop went out to greet the rejuvenated Luxton. Fondly he surveyed its restored perfection of line. Tenderly he put the gear into retrograde, eased up the clutch with insidious subtlety, laid caressing hands on the wheel and backed out under the glare of Miss Hicks, who pretended to be glaring at something else.

"Now!" he said to Buzz Titus.

"Now!" returned Buzz.

He was back for dinner with glowing reports of the Luxton's behavior. You couldn't faze a Luxton with a few dents and scratches. He drove another day and was noticeably less enthusiastic. He talked less about Luxtons. He seemed to think of other matters.

"That awful old fever is wearing off," Miss Hicks told Aunt Beulah.

"It did with me," assented Aunt Beulah. "When I first got the little bus I was crazy for speed. Then it wore off, and now I don't suffer a bit when other cars pass ahead of me."

After three more days both women were profoundly relieved. The owner said almost nothing of his car. He was driving out each day, but now he seemed to take all vehicular propulsion as a matter of course, a recreative incident of an orderly life. On the fourth day he returned with a noticeable limp and a wide abrasion on his left cheek. But this alarmed no one after his explanation. The minor casualties had been sustained as a mere pedestrian. He had slipped off the wet step of that inn where they had lunched—a man was watering flowers there. No harm done; knee a little lame.

Miss Hicks cheerfully treated the cheek with a boracic solution. The future looked bright to her. Hardly a word had he said of the car's speed, and then only upon inquiry. He was getting safely used to it. He even declared that tomorrow she would stand idle. Although the lame knee would not prevent his riding, or even driving, he seemed bored by the car. Give her a day's rest. Monotonous, going about every day; same old roads, same old stopping for gas and oil. And tomorrow he was bound to be safe.

"All right," said Miss Hicks to Aunt Beulah, "I'll go to that sale with you tomorrow."

"Oh, what a relief!" She explained the nature of this relief to her idly listening nephew. "You don't know what a bargain sale is! They're awful—women regular savages! I get rattled. Those girls rattle me. I take things I don't want. But this creature"—she turned admiring eyes on Miss Hicks—"she's never rattled. Keeps her head. You ought to see her put those high-and-mighty saleswomen in their place! You ought to watch her once! She'll sidle up to a counter and pick up a silk-and-lace combination worth nine dollars if it's worth a cent—pick it up with the tips of her fingers, mind you, like it was some horrible thing she'd found on an ash heap; and then she'll let it drop like it was too disgusting for words; and then she'll stare at the girl kind of contemptuous, stare at her hair and her blouse and her hands, till the girl thinks something is wrong and feels of her hair and twitches the neck of her waist and even pats it behind to make sure it's right, and looks to see what's the matter of her hands; and after that she's the meekest thing, so polite. My, I wish I could do it! But I guess it's a gift. You just ought to watch her!"

(Continued on Page 70)

He Looked Down at the Black Head, Clumsily Trying to Comfort It. This Was Curious, He Thought. What Should, What Could She Do? What Did It Mean?

EVERY line and curve in the design of this new Hupmobile Sedan contributes to beauty and comfort such as no Hupmobile has ever had before.

But its greater superiority is a kind and degree of performance that not only bespeaks engineering achievement of the first order, but singles out this car among all cars.

At no time have we been able to build enough closed cars to supply all those who wanted them; and this new Sedan is so attractive that it is certain to make a sharp increase in the already heavy demand.

The New Hupmobile

The Sedan body is designed and built in the Hupp shops. To its beauty is added all the strength and lasting qualities that go into the wonderfully long-lived Hupmobile chassis.

From cowl to the higher radiator the line is long and sweeping, and the rear corners are broadly rounded.

Windows are broader and not so high, adding much to the Sedan's attractiveness.

The longer wheelbase and springs give the sedan, both in front and rear, entirely new and better riding qualities.

With increased engine power, unprecedented smoothness, and far more sprightliness than any Hupmobile before it, driving the Sedan is pure pleasure, even for great distances.

The new clutch and transmission mean silent gear changes, no matter what the speed or circumstance.

There is a harmony of interior and exterior color scheme that is very pleasing.

Upholstery is handsome gray cloth, with a distinct blue stripe. Exterior finish is a new Hupmobile blue, also with blue striping. Equipment is complete, including rear view mirror; and hardware is bright nickel in finish.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation, Detroit, Michigan

Craftiness or Old Craftsmanship

WHICH ARE WE OFFERED IN ANTIQUES TODAY?

By Elizabeth Shackleton

"IT IS neither old nor a work of art!" This was the withering dictum of the customhouse at the American port of entry when a carefully crated Welsh dresser of oak, chosen by two friends of mine in England, was opened for inspection, under the claimed exemption of a work of art over one hundred years old. England has not had a supply of old oak equal to the demand, and the shops for over twenty years have been full of reconstructed or make-believe old oak which has been sold either frankly as reproductions or skillfully shoved off as genuine, depending on dealer and purchaser. The old saying that it takes two to make a bargain is never truer than when antiques are sold.

Our own Department of Commerce, emphasizing special needs in foreign countries, and the desirability of American exporters' knowledge of them, tells of an American who sent oak lumber abroad of so poor a grade and so worm-bored that it found no market. Facing heavy loss, the exporter found his way to an antique factory where they were keen for wormholes and imperfections, and established a profitable connection—a sort of lived-happily-ever-after affair.

A good gauge for buying abroad is to know what the citizens of a country think of a thing. The man who whispers in your ear at Pompeii that he has the right to sift ashes at the excavations, the museum guard who promises to place an amphora in your hotel room, does not try his guile on a native. All English buyers are very cautious in acquiring old oak; they want to know something about its origin. They know where their finds came from. An old date-carved chair—1618, as I remember—had a long tale connected with how it was found in a Scotch kitchen, sawed short for fireside baby tending and traded for a black silk dress, and then restored as to leg ends. Its established authenticity was its important asset. This was the prized possession of a wary and acute antiquarian, a member of the Royal Society. He had not acquired a Jacobean chair, dated, from a sidewalk display on an Edinburgh street. Why should an American think he could? One can buy Windsor chairs and simple Chippendales, beautiful as they are, without danger; but high-priced rarities provoke prevarications. When hundreds of dollars are parted with, the deal is in wares that it would be profitable to forge.

Bait for Catching Buyers

This brings to mind an expert's Waterloo, told me within a month by the victim. Old oak is an inherited hobby in her family. Her forbears have gathered it appreciatively for two hundred years, and she has lived with it and knows it. She and a friend saw at a small and exclusive London shop a joint stool—seat-high, four-legged, low-braced, nutty-brown, good, old, desirable, genuine beyond doubt. The price, a little high, was yet within reason. Happy in such a find, and in the opinion and advice of such an authority, the friend bought it and ordered it sent home next day. Weeks passed before they again met, and then the tea tray was set on the new joint stool by the fire. It failed to meet with enthusiasm. The authority on oak had awful misgivings. It was the same, but not the same. It was carefully scrutinized - it was a reproduction!

Next morning, thoroughly incensed, for it had been guaranteed, the friends went back with the joint stool and demanded reparation and explanation. It was just what they had bought, said the dealer.

"It is not," said the two, and so firm were they, and so well known in name, that finally the dealer agreed to take it back, and did. Passing a few weeks later, again in the window was the good old stool, undoubtedly genuine! Again in went the expert and priced the stool. The dealer hesitated and fumbled, but finally named the price. The expert laid down the money and seized the stool to put it in a cab then and there with her own hands. In despair, the dealer begged off on the sale. It didn't belong to him—he couldn't sell. Each held onto the stool and pulled, but into the cab it went.

After much quizzing, this was found to be the plan:

This good joint stool, old and genuine, was owned by a maker of copies. He sold a copy to a dealer, with the loan of the old one to sell it by. The original was displayed and sold readily, but the copy was delivered and the original was then transferred to a shop in another part of London to serve as bait for another copy.

Elaborate and slow? Yes, but profitable. They planned to have that original as a bait in perpetuity, not reckoning on the retribution dealt out to them.

Tests of Age, True and False

Another scheme for cheating in antiques is the delivery to Americans of something quite different from what was purchased, trusting to the months that will pass before the purchase will be seen, to distance and to difficulty of proof. Just before the war, in Melrose, I helped choose a very beautiful pierced brass fender, of unusually good workmanship, strong and long, for a family fireplace very well known to me. The width of the fireplace necessitated a broad, generous fender. The purchase was packed for shipment and was sent, in bond, to its destination. I did not see it at the old fireplace for five years. Then I found it was not the same fender at all that had been bought! It was too short and not at all distinguished. What can one do? It is not always possible to carry a purchase away oneself.

In the great majority of cases, of course, one gets exactly what one buys. Therefore a sort of standard must be in each buyer's mind when he buys an old thing. A reasonable possibility of authenticity is essential. Look it over not too credulously yourself. Be familiar with a genuine counterpart. Museums, castles, old mansions, open to all, give you that opportunity. Touch, sight and heft, as the New Englanders express it, are better helps to a good decision than what a dealer tells. You can listen to him while you are doing a little investigating of your own. Dovetailing in corners, old mortise-and-tenon framing, handmade screws, drawer pulls secured on the back by brass nuts, or at any rate not machine ones, the condition of the slides of drawers, the feel of old much-handled wood—these are the c-a-t, cat, of antique furniture, and most copies fail in these.

Personally, I regard ink spills on furniture, if too manifest, as a sign that somebody has something to falsify. Neither are dents, bruises and breaks necessities of age. A hundred years of careful dusting does not damage the thing dusted. But the most gentle use will wear the slides of drawers, and if they are worn or reset it is an evidence of age. I suppose these could be imitated and put in, but are you paying so great a sum that such a thing would be profitable?

Take, for example, the little underbraced, bracket-winged, queer little oak tables often called butterfly; cottage furniture, as the English call all such simple, village-made things; they are as easy to reproduce as to make originally. Such little tables bring great prices for their rarity, not for their workmanship. Being in great demand, they are often made out of the recut parts of two old tables, and this is a form of deception most difficult to detect.

Restored and refinished, they are simply not capable of proof of age by looking. Untouched condition and information of origin, not hazy but reliable, are necessary to a safe purchase. In a fine shop, shiny and neat, at a great price, they may be easy to buy; but they will not be a source of confidence or pride afterwards.

Purchasers are so credulous that one cannot blame dealers for selling new things to them as antiques. Demands are often very difficult, even impossible, to fill. One dealer tells me he sells eighty old mirrors a year of a date previous to 1815. Where can he go to get eighty old mirrors off their hooks, six or seven every month picture his activity—from eighty old walls? He may do it for a year or two; but the restored, the improved, the manufactured are also offered him, and rapid is the descent to the unveracious

Supplying the Demand

A great London auction shop, where yearly great quantities of the finest things in Great Britain go under the hammer, fills its rooms and its coffers in a unique way. They have an advertisement fourteen inches by seven, half picture, half text. It is not announcing a sale. They have no difficulty in selling. The world is ready to buy old silver and choice furniture and old porcelains, waiting with much money to do it. The problem is to attract the things that are to be sold! They keep up a change of text; but let us take a December advertisement. Money is needed at the holidays and probably they have that in mind. This advertisement shows line drawings of fourteen pieces of old silver, mirror, little coffers, trays, jewel boxes, toilet boxes, brushes—lovely things, graceful, each one a study. Below are the hall marks and the little crown-topped initials L. A. and on others P. L. In the text is a pleasant running disquisition, telling that the pieces illustrated sold for thirty-three thousand pounds and that they were Paul Lamerie's work in the time of Queen Anne. Below are some more shapes—tankards, sifters, coffeepots. From these the reader grows familiar with types and desired forms, and learns that the little squat teakettle sold just before last Christmas for eleven hundred and sixty pounds.

This very readable text then goes on to say you should look over your old silver and know what you have. This advertisement then offers the service of experts in silver, furniture, jewels, porcelain, engravings and fiddles, and for a fee of one guinea the specialist in the line you want will call and point out your treasures. Valuations given for castle or cottage! Can't you see the connections they make and the steady induced current of antiques which flows into that tempting sales shop?

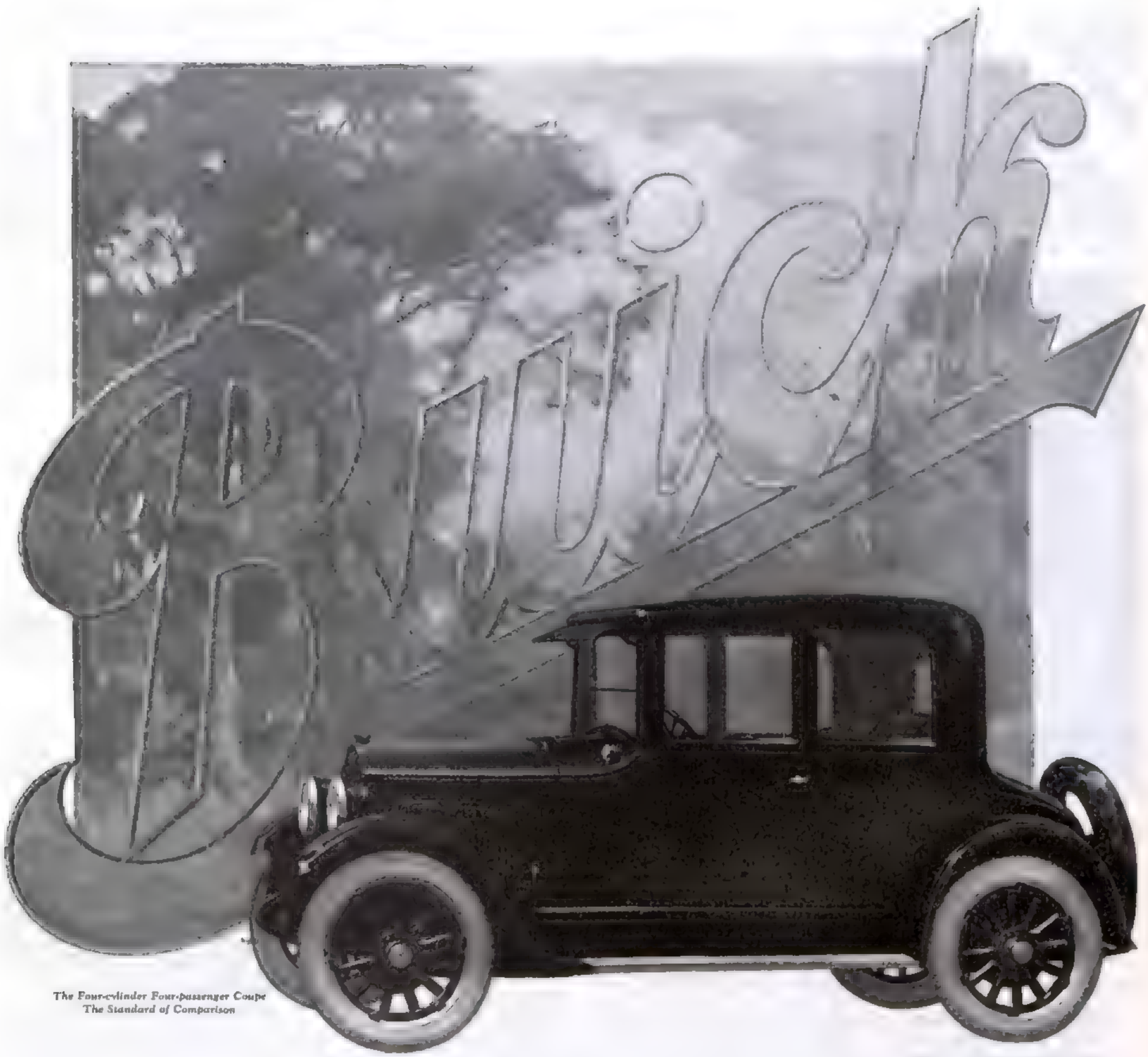
At the huge public cattle market in the outskirts of London, on Fridays when no cattle are sold, a glorified rag fair is held, where tons of genuine old things in shabby shape—tea caddies, boxes, chairs, tables, fenders, fire brasses, odds and ends of old china -are offered for sale; but the stalls that are the center of heaviest trade are the ones with large alluring luster jugs and old (?) English china and Leeds ware in unbelievably good condition. These new-old things are both high-priced and counterfeit and are simply filling the law of supply and demand. Large and ostentatious antiques are demanded—presto! they are there to be sold.

Nose Specialists

A most curious outcome of antique buying and selling occurred in London recently. The temporary buildings in the Quadrangle of the great Law Courts were crowded with old furniture. The corridors were also lined like an auction shop; the judge shared the bench with a grandfather's clock and a bureau. The suit was for ninety thousand pounds restitution because the antiques, bought in Savile Row for a wealthy rubber-syndicate man, on the advice of many well-known dealers, were now considered by their owner, on other advice, to be spurious. The interesting thing for the old-furniture lover was not which way the suit was decided, but to learn some of the ways and wiles of great deals. This purchaser, spending over half a million dollars, had never taken the trouble to look at his purchases before buying. The experts on the defendant side stood by each other and swore everything was above reproach. The chief justice, and later the referee, ordered tables broken up that the screws might be examined for signs of handmade age. Learned experts smelled the inside of cabinets and took oath as to the period of make by the quality of woody smell! One expert on the plaintiff's side, sniffing the inside of a so-called eighteenth-century secretary, swore he smelled American oak!

In the face of a Law Court full of old furniture and these nose specialists in old oak, how shall we buy? Perhaps it is just as well to be able to buy only simple things and look at them when you buy—things you can look at with pleasure after you buy. For how is an expert to smell an antique reproduction when it is made out of old oak? He would surely, then, be hoist with his own petard. You have but to go to Leeds in England to be warned from curator to bell boy that the town is full of modern Leeds, sold as antique, and you are shown the manufactory where it is made. There is now more spurious old Leeds than ever was made in the old and famous days of that creamy, graceful, open-work ware. It sends one away

(Continued on Page 36)



The Four-cylinder Four-passenger Coupe
The Standard of Comparison

THE new Buick four-cylinder Coupe provides roomy comfort for four passengers. The wide seat for two, placed well back from the comfortable driver's position, and the cushioned folding chair for a fourth occupant, are designed and arranged with more than ample space for restful ease. A new Buick valve-in-head engine provides greater power, while proved Buick four-wheel brakes bring greater driving safety.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars — Branches in All Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

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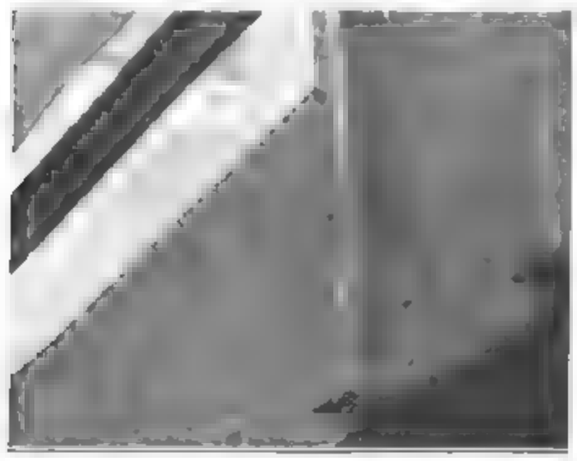
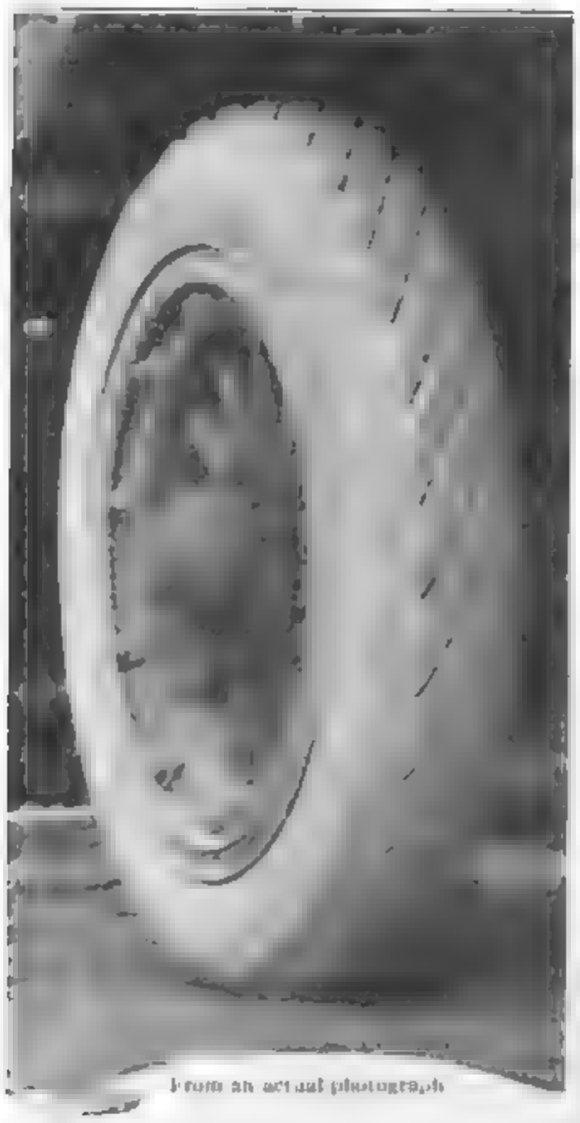


Built for Dependability



From an actual photograph

"We wanted dependability in pneumatic truck tires. We found it in Goodyear Cords. They have reduced breakage and helped us make more deliveries. On the cobble streets of Boston they ride as surely and buoyantly as on country roads." —THE S. M. HOWES COMPANY, Charlestown, Mass.

Depend on Goodyear Cord Truck Tires for the utmost in traction, cushioning and long, economical wear. They are massive and rugged—built by the exclusively Goodyear group-ply method that prevents internal friction and guarantees longer life. Their heavier side-walls resist rut and curb wear. They have the powerful, non-skid All-Weather Tread.

GOODYEAR

The right tire for your hauling is made by Goodyear—Cords, Cushions and Solids with the All-Weather Tread, and smooth-surfaced Solids, also. Sold and serviced everywhere by Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station Dealers

(Continued from Page 34

suspicious forever of any very elabcrate specimen if not buyable at a lower price than it could now be made for—and leaves you none too sure then.

Five years ago in Etruria, the Wedgwood place, I was told by the curator that an old doctor's household things were to be sold in Hanley, and that the museum wanted two things; but that it would be an opportunity for us to try for the other genuine old ware. Here was a chance and we took it! Standing—there were no chairs—all afternoon in a small-town auction room, an eternity of the commonplace was sold. Finally up came the Wedgwood. The museum agents got theirs. The rest was not quite an ideal design for an investment, but it was bid for and lost. One good basalt jug was finally gathered in. You have to work to get the genuine.

In Paris this spring, walking on a little street called the Rue Madame, I stood and watched a series of shops where things are being made in antique form. What selling fate were they destined for? Were they antiques in the making or frank reproductions? Were these men making turnips, as bogus art treasures are called in Paris? If so, they were not very clever, for the wood was of the freshest.

Looking at these being made, the words of a shop owner near by came to mind: "I have been in business since my youth; I only know old chairs."

In French Antique Shops

In Nancy, and in the south of France and in Paris, I saw little Louis XV *coiffeuses*—little dressing tables with drawers and a top curiously unfolding into a set-up mirror, dressing boxes, and so on. All were exactly the same model, slender, slightly bowed legs, inlaid, tablelike when closed—a most attractive piece of furniture and a type existing in sought-for pieces of Hepplewhite design in England and America. Eight hundred and fifty francs was the price, and the dealers seemed a little uneasy when you looked at these tables very closely. I saw perhaps six in all, quite alike, quite crudely veneered, and all reproductions, I felt sure. Such dressing tables are in demand, and there are not enough veritable specimens to supply the need.

There are some places and dealers who fill you with a feeling of confidence. There is a little shop in the Rue St.-Placide, a narrow street away from hotel traffic, but very accessible. The brightest of little old women is in charge. There were not thirty things in the shop; they were few and fine. Nothing but the veritable, she tells you with pride, and their shop's reputation stands for forty years. A mahogany dining table, in three parts, with tapering legs, spades at their feet, and rounded table ends, is three hundred francs. Now we haven't been buying such tables in America for twenty dollars in many years, either genuine or new—nor for two hundred dollars, either! There was an oval, rimmed mahogany tray, forty inches the long way, with curved, fleur-de-lys wooden handles, for ten dollars, the finest I have ever seen. There was a little back room with just one thing in it—a perfect old chaise longue in two parts. There was a *guéridon*, a tripod candle stand, a beauty, named for a character in comedy, for the French find great humor in a table with a central shaft, for some reason known to themselves.

This shop yielded a tray, very large and with a rim, very cheap to redecorate; a brass-bound inlaid satinwood box for ten francs, and two miniatures. I never saw another customer there; but several things were sold, and four were gone in the two weeks I kept looking in. No American could keep a shop on this; but a Frenchwoman can and does.

One curious feature of antique shopkeeping in France is that there are two types of dealers—one a sort of curator-gentleman, the kind that surely would not be caught dusting his own wares, yet must make ends meet on a very meager income. The other type, both men and women, are busy, brushing, polishing workers, keen and interesting. The attitude of both kinds is curious. They do not appear eager to sell. I never knew one to try to hold onto a prospective purchaser if he wanted to get away. A stirring of conscience at the awful feeling of not having enough money to buy a ticket home or finish out a year gets you away from any of them without effort. The prices are often so small it is hard to leave unbought the things that are offered.

One delightful thing about buying old things in France, in their unrestored condition, thus practically assuring against fraud, is the fact that repairers are so common. In one hour's walk in the neighborhood of the Boulevard Montparnasse and the Raspail, I passed a gilder with four workmen and stopped to see him dab on gold leaf. He had a mirror frame and two chairs waiting to be done, besides the frames for his modern orders; saw a sign, Lace Mender, and watched her skillful stitches as she worked in her window; saw a man mending pewter on the Rue St.-Sulpice—not an easy task, as those know who have asked a plumber to try, only to see a tankard melt under his iron. *Stoppeurs* weaving in the very texture of torn cloth are everywhere. Along the boulevard, in a little shop, two women were working at tapestry-mending frames, reënforcing and filling in Aubusson and point and petit point chair covers, which had been removed and cleaned and were now going through their hands and would go on the chairs again, fresh and strong. It is important to realize the advantage of all this restoration. A broken or injured object of beauty can easily be restored. The china mender goes through the streets every morning tootling on a little flageolet, and sits down by the curb to rivet and cement, in unnoticed comfort. With us, restoration is difficult and costly.

Expert Opinions on Snuffboxes

Cabinetmakers, so few and far between in America, are everywhere on French streets. There is a place on the Rue Bernard Palissy, where the wife tends two shops, all gay with *armoires*, portraits, copper jugs and pots, shining and clean. There are gay sets of peasant chairs on which, being a little doubtful as to their origin, I felt reassured by finding the express labels from a land of peasant chairs—Appenzell, in Switzerland—on the under side of the chairs. The cabinetmaking husband works at mending and emerges to sell when times are busy. At this man's friendly recommendation I took some old copper jugs from Arles and from the Clignancourt rag fair to a man who mended for him in the near-by Cour du Dragon—Court of the Dragon—to be mended and tinned inside fit for use. This old courtyard, a most picturesque bit of old Paris, was the barracks of the old dragoon regiment in Louis XIV's days. It is entered by an arch guarded by a fiery stone dragon and is lined by little workshops in the old archways where the horses used to be stabled. All down one end against the wall is a long row of crested firebacks, blazoned with coats of arms. You can have any of them for a modest sum per pound. The coppersmith's was open. There were dozens of groups of household saucepans and kettles, all repaired and waiting for their owners, with little accounts tucked in their lids. This man mended and tinned and supplied for me an ebony handle and delivered a whole bagful of things for a dollar. He was a busy mender, for all Paris cooks in copper, and I had gone there thinking I should find a maker of copper antiques.

The opinion of an experienced citizen is always enlightening and valuable to an American buyer of antiques in Europe. Such a one was given me by a quiet old dealer, friendly through several small purchases by a group of Americans, who was asked to value a snuffbox. He had none to sell.

"I cannot say if it is old. There are copies on the market today that we dealers cannot recognize; that fact keeps down the price of all snuffboxes."

The snuffbox was shown to another man, who daily had courage to put forty heavy pieces of furniture on the sidewalk and nightly bore them in.

"I cannot give an opinion on snuffboxes. I have only been in business thirteen years."

The great contempt of collectors and dealers for miniatures painted on paper is expressed in the way they can say *pas ivoire*—not ivory. This, however, is not intended to express fraud but quality; but after friendly relations are established, you may be warned, in more than one place, to guard against Napoleon and Josephine and court beauties, for they are reproduced steadily. Another strange bit of miniature lore is that a good miniature of a man sells for more than an equally well-done woman. There are not so many of them.

Finds in Holland

There is always a strange and veritable find waiting for some opportunist. I saw a pair of wrought-iron balcony grilles, saved from the wreck of a bomb-shattered house in Nancy, reputed for years to have been the work of Jean Lamour, the master ironworker. They were sold to go "to the only island in the United States," I was told. This was puzzling. "Wait! I will tell you the name of the island." He searched his pockets for a letter. The opportunist's home was in Rhode Island!

Holland has always been a wonderful place to get old things, though the pessimistic counsel given me by the son of the curator of the Ryks Museum always stays in my mind: "There is no genuine old silver offered for sale in Holland." Then why look for that which isn't there? There are shopfuls of Dutch silver—it is the age of it that is in question. There are other things in plenty.

Gazing globes, huge balls of glass, silvered inside, are at their best when seen in old Dutch gardens. I found a large one in a clutter of shabbiness in front of an old vagabond of a building, for seventy cents, a price so small it couldn't have been made to look old. And in the month of May, two young friends, gatherers of samplers, went to Holland armed with a map by which they were to find certain little shops—an old sailor's in Dordrecht in particular. They found and they found; samplers were sometimes in piles four inches deep; and they chose and they chose; and by the time they counted their money the banks were closed. It was Saturday. They returned third class, penniless, hungry, happy and heavy-laden. They had not looked for the impossible.

It was in Holland another American was told by her hurrying husband to be sure to be back in an hour. She wanted a room hung in Delft. Here was a shopful of Delft. She looked thoughtfully around.

"How much for the whole shop?" She waved her hands inclusively.

The shopkeeper named his price. It came on the next steamer.

Congoleum Art-Rug
No. 321.

The pattern on the floor is Gold-Seal Rug No. 396.

Congoleum Art-Rug
No. 530.

Congoleum Art-Rug
No. 516.

"And only $9.00—I can hardly believe it!"

What a homelike room—and how delightfully the warm colors of the *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug blend with the other furnishings!

These popular rugs come in such a wealth of artistic designs that it's the simplest matter to find one which lends attractiveness to any room!

And Congoleum Rugs save so much time and work. All the cleaning the smooth, enamel surface ever needs is a light wiping with a damp mop. How different from the hours of tedious sweeping and beating so necessary with woven floor-coverings! And how much more sanitary!

Staunchly durable, Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs are made all in one piece on a firm waterproof base. Hugging the floor without fastening of any kind they never turn up at the corners or edges to trip unwary feet.

But to appreciate to the full the beauty and artistic charm of these rugs you must see them. Your dealer will gladly show you the many attractive designs. You will be pleasantly surprised at the low prices.

Popular Sizes—Popular Prices

6 feet x 9 feet	$ 9.00	9 feet x 9 feet	$13.50
7½ feet x 9 feet	11.25	9 feet x 10½ feet	15.75
9 feet x 12 feet	$18.00		

The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The small rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.

1¼ feet x 3 feet	$ .60	3 feet x 4½ feet	$1.95
3 feet x 3 feet	1.40	3 feet x 6 feet	2.50

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

"Modern Rugs for Modern Homes", an interesting booklet showing all the beautiful patterns in full color, will gladly be sent free upon request.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
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Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco
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Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS

Look for this Gold Seal

There is only one guaranteed Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal here shown. This Gold Seal (printed in dark green on a gold background) guards you against imitation floor-coverings, and gives the protection of our money-back guarantee. Be sure to look for it!

Watch This Column

Hoot Gibson Is Afield

HOOT GIBSON is bringing back the Western drama with a rush. UNIVERSAL pictures in which he appears are really selling themselves. I like this boy, not only as an actor but personally. He is brim full of life, humor and an overwhelming love for the outdoors. He rides like a Centaur and fights savagely with a smile. Don't fail to see him in *"Blinky."*

Are you keeping watch for *"The Gumps"?* This isn't a cartoon. It is a real live play, with Andy and Min in person. Do you ever see NEELEY EDWARDS as *"Nervy Ned"* the tramp? Or BABY PEGGY, the cutest child on the screen, or BUDDY MESSINGER, the real American Boy? Have you seen UNIVERSAL'S chapter plays *"The Eagle's Talons"* or *"In the Days of Daniel Boone"?* By the way, don't miss *"The Steel Trail,"* starring WILLIAM DUNCAN, and MILTON SILLS in *"Legally Dead."*

* * *

"Merry Go Round," one of the sweetest love-stories ever told in picture, is winning golden opinions everywhere. America seems to be more than delighted with it. And before long you will see that massive spectacle *"The Hunchback of Notre Dame."* I doubt if any picture has ever been so elaborately cast and so elaborately made. You simply must see it.

* * *

Practically all of the stories UNIVERSAL is now producing were recommended by readers of The Saturday Evening Post, writing in answer to my personal appeal. Many of you seem to think I do not see these letters personally. On the contrary *I see them all.* By the time this advertisement appears, I will be in Europe. And, *still I will see your letters because they will be forwarded to me.* I will answer them from Europe, wherever I happen to be.

* * *

Remember—you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see UNIVERSALS.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The pleasure is all yours"

1600 Broadway, New York City

YOU MUST COME SEE US SOMETIME

(Continued from Page 11)

And when you think that Mrs. Blease's guests have left their pretty homes to come over and meet these people who live in studios and eat I don't know what funny messes and stay up till all hours of the night, it is small wonder that there is sometimes quite a bit of feeling that the least the hostess could do would be to offer a rebate.

I will say, by way of working in a short cheer for my native sex, that the lady celebrities make a much better showing as parlor entertainers than the males do. Most of the men have turned out to be distinct flops, just standing around saying neither aye, yes nor good red herring. But Stony Gardens will not soon forget Mrs. Blease's feminine guest of honor who gave us a fairly short talk on the native bird notes of Southern Utah, and followed it right up by playing some of her own compositions, catchy little things founded on the birds' most popular numbers; nor yet the lady who beguiled with original selections about Miss Hepzy and the First Robin, Grandma's Love Letter, and Dolly Goldicurls Telephones to Santy, all cleaner than any whistle you ever saw in your life. We all agreed that if a woman must appear before the public for a living, she couldn't find a daintier or more feminine way of doing it.

I couldn't really look you in the eye and promise you that Mrs. Blease's parties are just one scream after another. After you have been presented to the guest of honor, and have got yourself under control again, you romp through the next hour or so standing around with the assembled throng as if waiting for the balloon to go up. Now and then the celebrity gets off a good one, such as, "It isn't often that I am lucky enough to be surrounded by such a bevy of beauty"; but after the uproar over that has died away there is little to keep you on your toes until the next crack is put over.

The party begins to pull itself together when Mrs. Blease unbelts with little cakes, two per head, and punch assembled around an iced-tea basis. By that time we have been together so long that we are like old schoolmates, and we talk shop to the lion of the evening as easily as if we stepped out among Mrs. Blease's visiting firemen every other day.

And you will have to say for us here in Stony Gardens, home bodies though we may be, we have hit on a line that loops every celebrity it is worked upon.

Lines to Try on Celebrities

"It must be so nice to do something. I often wish I had something to do. I really think I'd be a lot happier," is one of the big favorites. A close second is: "I've enjoyed your writings so much. You know, I used to write myself. I did some little things for our class paper when I was in high school, and, I don't know why, I'm sure, but people used to tell me they were really awfully true to life."

We have found that there is a regular little knockout in "I know I'd never be clever enough to write anything, but it's funny the way ideas for stories just seem to come to me. I suppose it's the way my mind works. I'd be glad to give you ideas any time you are hard up for them—really."

"If you want something to write about, you ought to meet our old laundress. She certainly is a character" is the sister line.

An additional riot is: "I often wish that I'd had time to keep up my drawing. I used to copy Gibson heads all the time when I was a girl. Mother just couldn't get me to go outdoors. I'd like you to see some of them sometime; not that I really believe they're any good, but I'd just like to know, for the fun of it, if you think there's anything in them."

And when dealing with stage people many of us successfully use the one about "Some day, when you're out this way again, I want you to hear my sister's little girl recite. It's not because she's my own niece, but everybody says to my sister, 'Why, Leila, that child is simply amazing.' I tell my sister she's just got to make up her mind that there's going to be an actress in the family."

Thus we have it back and forth, snap, snap, snap. It is no surprise to us, after we have made things so homelike, that Mrs. Blease's celebrities often thank her for a lovely time when they are bidding good-by to her.

Just as Mrs. Blease leads the intelligentzia and the Streamers are the center of Stony Gardens' famous whisky ring, so Mrs. Blossy is well up in the van of the local wholesome-fun movement. You mustn't go to her parties expecting anything to flow like water or any artist's models to be carried in in pies. Mrs. Blossy's dining room isn't really the place in which you would want to reserve a table to see the Old Year suitably out. But once she does get her jolly little crowd together fun isn't the word for it. Practically anyone present will tell you it isn't.

Mrs. Blossy is the human nifty at thinking up novel though refined ideas for home entertaining. She must have been the original church-social girl back in her home town before she made Mr. Blossy the happiest man in the world. All her parties have that touch of something different about them—that *je ne sais quoi*, if I know what I mean. People say they just can't understand how she thinks up so many clever stunts. No, nor why either.

Unique is the Word

She begins unleashing her originality with the invitations. Sometimes they are all written backwards so that you have to hold them up to a mirror before you grasp the big idea that you are to come over to the Blossys' a week from Thursday at half past eight. Or they may be folded very small and inclosed in peanut shells which Mrs. Blossy's own talented fingers have glued together and dressed up in little crêpe-paper costumes. Or they may be written in invisible ink so that you think it's just a blank sheet of paper and are having a hearty laugh over the good joke on you, until you think, as two or three people have, of rubbing the page with a slice of lemon and thus releasing the news.

Naturally, it takes a good while to think up ideas for these invitations; and once you have done that, there is considerable manual labor involved. But, as Mrs. Blossy points out, she does it while she is sitting around the house after dinner when she might otherwise be just frittering away her time.

The lucky guests are met at the door by none other than their hostess, wearing a fancy paper cap. Sometimes, when she has not been having much company in the house and her time has been as good as her own, she will appear in an entire costume of paper especially made for the occasion. Mrs. Blossy makes an awfully snappy witch, and as an old-fashioned girl there are few who would attempt to compete with her.

After laughing greetings, Mrs. Blossy gives you, for your very own, some little personal decoration, such as a crêpe-paper necktie, or a paper dunce cap, or a large paper chrysanthemum. These are the handiwork of the hostess herself, who keeps the paper mills going night and day during the social season. You must put on the gift then and there and stay with it all evening, for you will find that it has its use besides being decorative. As soon as you spot a lady wearing an adornment of the same color you will know that she is to be your partner in all the night's revelries; and if you work fast you may be able to change decorations with someone who has not had time to take a look around.

Once the guests are appropriately outfitted the fun commences. Mrs. Blossy tears the evening wide open by introducing a series of contests, suitable for vestry and parlor, healthful enjoyment for young and old; any number may join in.

Sometimes the entertainment takes the form of a battle of the sexes, the men seeing who is the quickest at threading a needle while the ladies go out for a record in driving a nail. Or, again, Mrs. Blossy may hold up an unopened cantaloupe before her guests' delighted eyes, and all may have an honest chance to make a reasonable guess as to the number of seeds it contains. Or each may draw from a decorative sweetgrass basket a slip of paper bearing the name of a well-loved character in fiction; then all he or she has to do is get up and give an impersonation of that character, in pantomime, and let the enthralled audience guess what it is all about. Or the men may all line up behind a sheet and let the bewildered ladies try to conjecture who is who by the sound of their voices telling funny stories; after which, as is no more than fair, the ladies have their turn.

And so it goes, surprise on surprise, all evening long.

After the guests have exercised their minds over these tournaments of the wits they are turned loose on the refreshments. Here Mrs. Blossy gives her ingenuity a fresh work-out. Sometimes the jolly couples must search for their nourishment; they are given pieces of paper on which are written directions, and then they roam the house, finding a lettuce sandwich in the third bureau drawer from the top in the guest room, or a plate of chicken salad in the shirt-waist box under Mrs. Blossy's bed, or a nest of stuffed olives in the top compartment of the Martha Washington sewing table in Mrs. Blossy's mother's room. The participants are usually worn out from enjoyment by the time they have assembled a fairly complete stock of provisions.

Or sometimes supper is served in individual baskets, and the revelers sit down on the floor with them. If there were only more ants you couldn't tell it from a picnic to save your life.

Even when Mrs. Blossy runs down to that extent that she has to have her guests sit at the dining-room table just like everyone else, she lifts the thing out of the ordinary by having place cards with specially constructed verses for one and all, guaranteed to wound no feelings. Mrs. Blossy is no slouch as a poetess, once she sets her mind to it, and it is but the work of a week for her to dash off something like:

Mr. Ironmonger sits right down here,
We hope he'll be with us for many a year.
He lives in the second house on Evergreen Road,
And we hope that the peonies he planted will grow.

She does not even experience any difficulty in putting together one like:

Mrs. Church sits here, next to Mr. Ballard,
To have some ice cream and homemade chicken salad.
I hope next week, if she's not too busy,
She will come to tea and bring the kiddy.

While the company are inflaming themselves with lemonade, Mrs. Blossy awards the prizes to the fortunate winners of the previous events. She makes these prizes all herself, and it is not the cost of them half so much as the thought that goes with them that makes them well worth competing for.

You can readily see why, when Mrs. Blossy's guests go reeling home from one of her parties, they ask one another over and over where on earth their hostess ever gets her ideas.

Right at Home With the Trulys

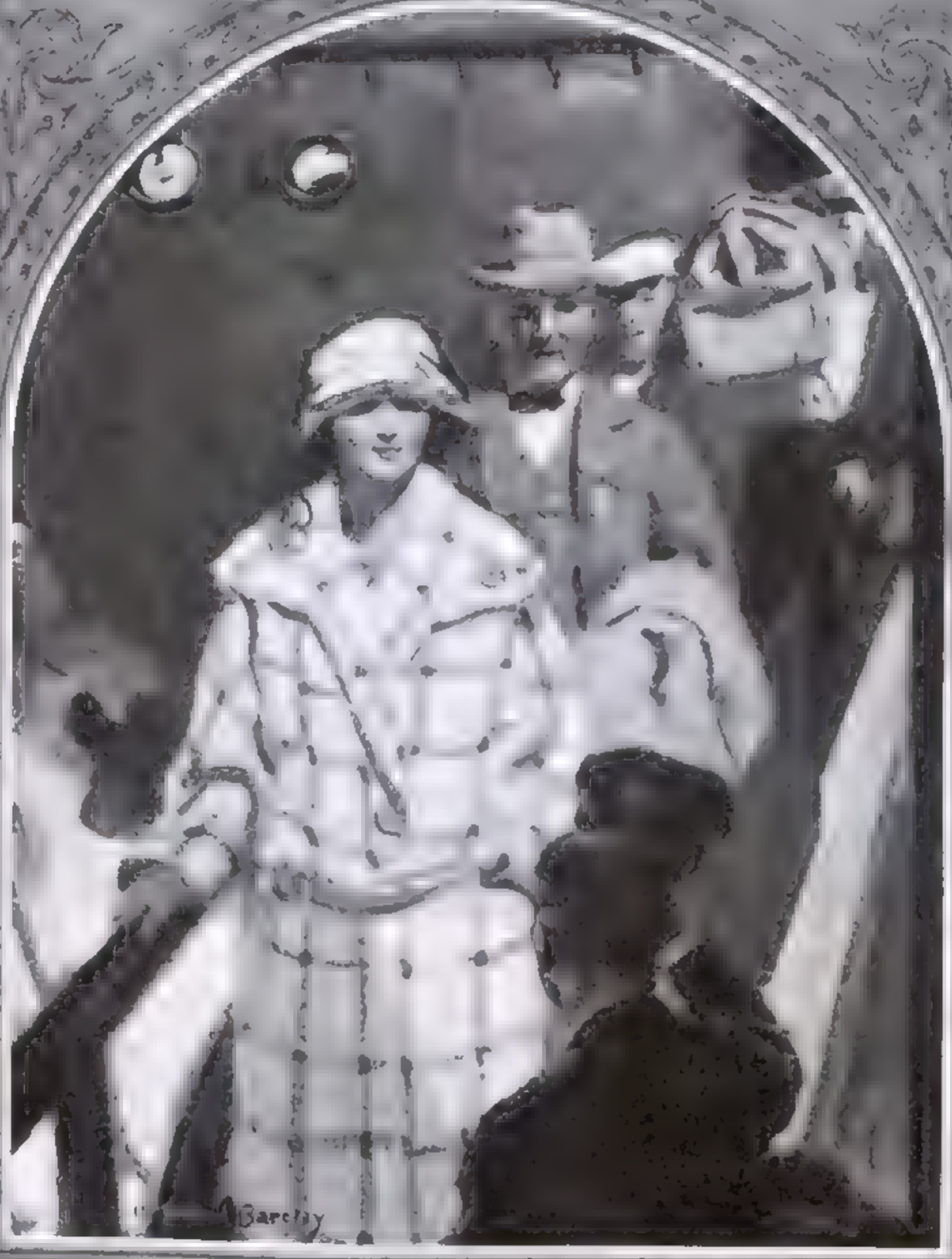
If you are all worn out with formal entertainments and want to get nearer to good old Mother Nature, an evening with Mr. and Mrs. Truly will be the very thing for you.

The Trulys specialize in quiet evenings at home. Out here in Stony Gardens, where three trips to town for the theater, one dance and six bridge-club meetings are a heavy average for the year, we naturally look on a quiet evening at home as a real treat.

To make things even more homy, Mrs. Truly generally dismisses her maid on the afternoon of her dinner party. This enables the guests to help get their own dinner and, as Mrs. Truly so aptly says, makes everything just dandy fun. And it does, indeed, give us a nice change, for out here it is a long time between maids, and the average duration of a maid is between twenty-four and twenty-six hours, or until she learns that the picture is changed only once a week at the Stony Gardens Bijou Dream Theater.

Out in the Trulys' kitchen an interested group gathers while Mr. Gulch, who can hardly wait to see the whites of the Trulys' eggs before breaking into a salad, mixes one of his trick dressings, and laughter and homely jests ring out over the tying on of aprons and the breaking of dishes. And the beauty of it is that the fun doesn't die down when dinner is finally served. All the time that you are eating it you can look forward to a regular Mardi Gras of washing dishes and putting silver away.

(Continued on Page 41)



The extraordinary beauty of the new car models is conclusive evidence of Fisher leadership. The widespread public approval of these elegant new cars is a splendid tribute to the superior artistry and craftsmanship which are identified by the symbol—Body by Fisher.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST. LOUIS

FISHER BODIES

BODY by FISHER

Children touch everything, and everything soiled by other hands is a menace to health.

"Bring Them Safe Back Home to Me"

The Health Doctor *says*-

Children have millions of invisible germ-enemies.

They should *purify* hands and face after play and school, before eating and always when they go to bed.

EVERY mother's heart breathes a little prayer as her darlings each morning trudge gaily and bravely away towards the adventures of a new day.

Guard them from a thousand possible dangers—from reckless drivers—but above all else, guard them from *dirt*.

Guard them from touching germ-polluted things—from playmates who live in insanitary homes—from stray dogs and cats—from always-dangerous dust.

Your children can have but one protection—perfect, scientific cleanliness. Train them to keep clean. Train them to *purify* hands and face with the regular use of Lifebuoy Health Soap.

Don't make the mistake of thinking that all soaps are alike. Lifebuoy is wholly different from ordinary soap. The rich, wholesome lather of Lifebuoy does more than cleanse surface dirt—it carries a wonderful health-guarding ingredient down deep into every pore, driving out impurities and leaving its sanitary protection to combat infection.

Lifebuoy is as pure and bland as soap can be made. Its palm fruit oil and cocoanut oil keep the skin soft and glowing with health.

Buy several cakes so you can have it wherever there is running water. Health is priceless, yet Lifebuoy costs little.

Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

The pleasant, vanishing odor of Lifebuoy proves the presence of its extra health element

(Continued from Page 38)

When the last of the spare kitchen parts has been hushed to rest, the quiet home evening gets under way. The little company gathers about the cheery lamp and general conversation sets in. Mrs. Deeming obliges with anecdotes of what their dairy bills alone used to amount to before her poor father got mixed up in that old Wall Street, and Mrs. Neff gives a talk on how she is having her blue moire made over. All join in condemning the independence of Joe Piccoli, who wants a dollar and a half just to cut the lawn and clip the hedge, even if you supply your own tools, and this naturally leads to some pretty plain talk about the high-and-mightiness of the local tradespeople, and where they are going to find themselves one of these fine days if they don't watch out.

When things show signs of letting down, Mrs. Truly revives the party by bringing out those snapshots they had taken last summer up at the lake and passing them around.

Occasionally, when Mr. Gulch has put an extra allowance of paprika in the salad dressing, the party gets rough, and mixed poker is indulged in, with the ladies, God bless them, insisting on having the one-eyed jacks wild, and coaxing the dealer to show them what the next card would have been after they have made their draws.

But this is not the real spirit of the Truly entertainments. What we who have shared in them like best to think of is the circle of happy faces around the evening lamp, with Mr. Neff telling how his company's sales, in Illinois alone, were almost double those of last year, and Mr. Truly giving a travelogue on the automobile trip over the Mohawk Trail he and Mrs. Truly took the year before Junior came.

I wouldn't have you think for a minute that the Stony Gardens social round is one prolonged blaze of midnight oil. As a matter of fact, if you play your cards right, there is no reason why you shouldn't be turning out the bedside lamp every night at eleven o'clock and still be keeping up your social position. You must remember that the usual dancing men are slated for the 7:43 in the morning, and we have to keep things within reason.

But even the afternoons out here are not without their bursts of pleasure. Most of them, though, are given over without argument to the women and children.

It is in the daytime that all the big society affairs for the kiddies are torn off. They take the form of birthday parties, with the little guests paying their way in with prettily wrapped packages of colored crayons or volumes of Peter Rabbit as birthday offerings to the expectant host or hostess. I often think it is so nice for the little ones to collect while they can. As they get on in life they will find that about all they will get for their birthday is a year older.

It is in the afternoon, too, that the ladies' bridge clubs go into action. Those are the occasions when you can keep right up with the march of current events. There isn't another place in town where you can learn that Mrs. Nurney's waitress spoke to her as she never was spoken to before in her life all because of those new dish towels; or that the way Mr. Greel contradicted his wife at the Inches' dinner was enough to make any woman who had a bit of spirit left get right up and leave the table; or that Mrs. Early hasn't any right on earth to go around talking about her motor and her new dining-room set and her made-to-order corsets, when Miss Whinney's sister used to go to school with her and knows for a fact that she worked in an office before she was married; or that Mrs. Beeson's face looked so much softer when her hair was dark, and wasn't she a fool?

And the weekly talk on what is going on in Stony Gardens never cuts in on the girls' bridge for a moment. They can lead away from the queen with one hand and show how the skirt was draped on the hip with the other without so much as a struggle.

I shouldn't want to crowd in on the work of Mr. Mellish, our real-estate specialist; but I hope I have given you some little idea that our social life out here is just more fun than a rubber duck. Do come out and give it a fair trial sometime—as Mr. Mellish says, Stony Gardens bids you welcome. And remember, only fifty minutes from practically the center of New York—forty-seven if you make one of the expresses.

THE ACCOUNTINGS OF A REAL-ESTATE MAN

(Continued from Page 25)

advertisements a mass appeal. But he has learned that Judy O'Grady is a good customer, and he is ready to sell what she wants when she comes in.

By the way, years ago, while this jeweler was still downtown, he told me something that I probably considered more significant than he did. Average folks had got the notion, he said, that because his establishment catered to silkstocking customers, it was an expensive place to shop. So when they wanted solid silver spoons they went to some popular-price place and bought them by the dozen, paying two dollars an ounce; at that time a high price. If they came to him, he would put his spoons on the scales and sell them by weight at a dollar an ounce, not much more than the value of the silver bullion. This seemed significant to me because here was a man selling to class customers at prices below those paid by the masses.

Class and mass wage a ceaseless war in real estate, and mass always wins. The real-estate promoter and the investor who understand it, and work with it, have on their side an irresistible force against which the immovable obstacle of class never stands. But they will be bitterly criticized by people who believe in class real estate, and are operating on that belief, and who brand them as meddlers for upsetting a comfortable state of things as they are, breaking into and vulgarizing restricted neighborhoods, and violating a genteel code.

"Good heavens, Isman! What are you—a reformer or a crook?" people have asked me more than once when shown the inevitable coming of some change like that I have described on Fifth Avenue.

A Universal Rule

And I can only answer, "No—simply a real-estate man." I have been identified with many such operations—had a hand in the vulgarization of Fifth Avenue, and would have served Mr. Woolworth in securing his site were it not that a competitor beat me to it. There are deep economic, social and maybe political causes underneath such changes. But the real-estate operator is not an economist, sociologist, politician, reformer—not even a meddler. He simply understands the trend of real estate, and tries to persuade his clients to go with it. He does get blamed, however, for bringing the changes about. People think everything would have remained perfectly lovely in the old brownstone-residence district but for him, and that he is a dishonest or profit-seeking manipulator—a cause, where he is really just the agent of an effect.

Sooner or later, class has to sell out its exclusive holdings because it cannot pay its way. If there are any exceptions I have never found them. You can follow that rule and invest on it. You will find it operating in Fifth Avenue business property, in restricted residence neighborhoods, in exclusive summer and winter resorts—everywhere except farm lands, where class motives are unknown.

Just now it is interesting to apply this viewpoint to places like Newport, the Thousand Islands and Bar Harbor, where class is fighting a battle royal with mass—fighting with Coney Island, Atlantic City, Long Beach. First round: The George Boldt estate has just sold in the Thousand Islands for $150,000 a house that cost the hotel man at least $1,000,000 during his lifetime. At Coney Island, Mrs. Rafferty has just sold for $500,000 some shacks which cost her $6000 fifteen years ago. And Mrs. Rafferty's land may bring twice that much before the purchaser of Mr. Boldt's house can sell at a profit. I am not in close touch with actual values at Newport and Bar Harbor, but I do know this—that the offerings which have come to me from time to time on property in those two communities represent considerably less than the actual cost of the improvements, showing the direct antithesis to conditions that prevail at mass seashore resorts. Watch the real-estate transactions that get into the news because the sellers are famous exclusive families, and you will see what is going on. Of course the news reports will seldom state that the yacht sold by Mr. Puyster de Puyster for $25,000 to an outing club cost him $500,000, but they will show the upheaval going on in class circles.

I challenge you to show me one case where class has made for increased real-estate values. What creates price is mass—a crowd, traffic. Take an automatic counter and a street corner where the most people pass a given point during twenty-four hours of the day—this spot will bring the most money in any community the civilized world has ever known. Not only is mass in the aggregate the creator and sustainer of new realty values, but the fact that it is continually buying against the comparatively infrequent purchasers of class property makes the payment of high rents by the large retail tobacco concerns and other chain-store enterprises a most decided factor.

"How do they ever pay such rent?" people wonder, little suspecting that rent does not count at all in budgeting a dairy lunch or chain tobacco store on the busiest street in town. The management of such enterprises concentrates on good food or merchandise at reasonable prices, with good service, and lets rent take care of itself.

Offer one of the chain tobacco stores the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway at a high rent with this condition—that if it will permit the store to be raised above street level, so customers must walk up three steps, the rent will be cut to one-quarter. The proposal would not be entertained for a moment, for the difference in rent is negligible compared with the difference in ease of access. In every city it is possible to rent stores at $3000 a year in locations where customers come about three hours a day. For $30,000 it is possible to rent, on the busiest street, a store where customers not only come twelve hours a day but as many in one hour as will come in the three hours' business of the $3000 store. Figure out rent on the business done in the $30,000 store, and it will stand a $100,000 rent.

Another illustration will show how little rent usually counts compared with more important factors.

The More the Busier

The nickel-in-the-slot restaurant is more independent of rent than any other retail enterprise I know. Patrons choose what they want, drop their money in the slot, take the dishes to a table and eat, and are done. The only employes in sight are those who take away the empty dishes. On that account, most people think the automatic restaurant saves money on wages. Actually there are just as many people serving them as in the restaurant with waiters, only they are in the back instead of the front. Because people help themselves, service is speeded up to such an extent that the automatic restaurant can feed people five times as fast as other restaurants, and on that account can afford to pay five times as much rent. If a dairy restaurant paying $30,000 rent on the busiest street in town can afford to pay $100,000, the automatic restaurant can afford to pay a great deal more. This example is extreme, but it is necessary to take extreme measures in eradicating the notion that rent is the chief factor in such business enterprises.

It is far more important in locating a new automatic restaurant to plank it down where there are at least a dozen other restaurants. To steal their customers? No! Because people get tired of eating at the same place every day. No matter how good the food, they get tired of sameness. Famous chefs have told me that the better the food, the more quickly people tire. An automatic restaurant set down among other restaurants draws people who want a change. They eat there until they are tired of that, in turn, and go back to the others for variety. The more restaurants in a given locality, the more business, because you have created a food center, and the bigger it is, and the greater the variety, the farther people will come to eat. There are whole blocks in New York with the entire frontage given to low-priced restaurants.

The mass enterprise goes where the crowd is, while the class establishment tries to shut the crowd out or get away from it en

Are You an Albino?

If you are a genuine Albino with skin the hue of milk, I imagine ordinary white talcum suits you famously for after-shaving use.

But practically every male has some coloring matter in his skin. Against that coloration chalk-white powder has a tendency to look pretty ghastly.

The Mennen chemists were able to develop a talcum that blends perfectly with every hue of masculine hide.

Those chemists tell me that cuticle varies from ruddy to sallow and pale to swarthy because of pigmentation. After studying every known shade of skin they evolved a tone for talcum so neutral that it is invisible on any he-face.

This talcum is fittingly named *Mennen Talcum for Men*. While imperceptible itself, Talcum for Men removes the objectionable shine that always indicates a recently acquired shave.

Skin specialists encourage the use of this talcum because of its unique drying effect. After your morning shave and rinsing, some moisture stays in the pores, even when the towel has done its best. But note how Talcum for Men meets this situation.

Every tiny particle acts like a miniature sponge, drying the skin perfectly and keeping it in healthy, normal condition. To achieve comfort and combat colds, don't confine this drying trick just to the face. Put the powder all over you after you bathe.

Your druggist sells *Mennen Talcum for Men* in handsome shaker tins at a quarter apiece. Ask him for one.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

TODAY a salad is a necessary course to a complete dinner, supper or luncheon. This is not only because of its appetizing and refreshing qualities but because of its food value when properly prepared with good pure vinegar and olive oil.

The choice materials used, the skill and care in preparation, the long aging in wood make Heinz Vinegar rich, pure, mellow and an altogether superior product.

The combination of Heinz Vinegar and Heinz Olive Oil gives your salad a delicious taste that cannot be surpassed.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

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some genteel reservation. The mass enterprise wants to do business in small units with as many people as possible, while the class establishment tries to get along with as few customers as possible, depending on large purchases. There are two holes in that doughnut: First, the merchant who tries to keep his establishment sacred to Mrs. Someone from Somewhere, so she will not be contaminated by rubbing shoulders with Miss Nobody of Nowhere, finds it impossible to do enough business to pay rent on the Avenue. And he overlooks the fact that Miss Nobody of Nowhere may be a much better customer for high-priced exclusive merchandise.

Some months ago an exclusive Fifth Avenue establishment made a $30,000 dress. It was a wonderful composition of fine old lace, exquisite silk and painstaking hand embroidery and needlecraft. Who was it made for? Miss Nobody of Nowhere, literally. For there was no actual customer on the establishment's books. It was created with the idea of doing the utmost that could be done.

And this magnificent piece of feminine wear was scarcely finished when a young lady walked in with her father, a typical Western farmer, dressed in a twenty-dollar suit, his hands gnarled and knotted with years of work. Oil had been found on the farm he took up in the rush when his state was first settled, making him a millionaire. His only daughter was to be married. Nothing was too good for his girl, now that he had money to buy anything, after all those years of privation. Dressed in the $30,000 gown, she became his Cinderella. He wanted her to keep it on and, when told the price, ordered a $5000 hat to complete her wedding costume.

Expensive Exclusiveness

Blue-blooded exclusiveness in this country has generally been made by breaking into society a few years before the other fellow starts to break in. The exclusive society of today is made up of those who broke in a generation ago. Trace this back in New York, and you will find that it began hardly one hundred years ago with the Astors, who made their money in furs, and put it into real estate. Each new generation arriving with money attacks the exclusive stronghold of the previous generation. But where yesterday those who made fortunes big enough to attack the stronghold were few, today there is a mass attack by thousands of new millionaires from Oklahoma, Detroit, Pittsburgh, and other places with thriving new industries.

The exclusive set settles along a street like Fifth Avenue from Fifty-ninth to One Hundred and Tenth, facing Central Park. It secures restrictions that not only bar out business houses but limit the height of buildings to seventy-five feet, making it impossible to erect modern apartment houses. If city restrictions are lacking, it tries desperately to hold its position by purchasing every piece of residence property likely to be acquired for apartment or business use. Even with city restrictions such a monopoly cannot be held long, for it is wrong economically.

Coney Island Has an Interesting Real-Estate History

At this very moment a certain plot of property on Fifth Avenue not many blocks from Fifty-ninth Street is being offered for sale at $250,000. Its assessed value is $365,000. Take off the restrictions and it would sell at $500,000 overnight.

Another piece of property less than a block from Fifth Avenue would be worth $500,000 for business purposes, but it was lately offered for $250,000 without a purchaser. It is occupied by a fine old mansion that cost its deceased owner not less than $500,000. For residential purposes it would be a costly luxury at $250,000, something that only a newly arrived millionaire could afford; but stripped of the residence and occupied by a business building it would earn a good profit on $500,000 valuation.

To permit a few people to enjoy the luxury of low buildings all around them costs the rest of New York at least $1,000,000 a year in increased taxation in places like the Fifth Avenue and Murray Hill sections. Business is begging admission, and would put up buildings of higher earning capacity, increasing the tax values if permitted. But by the use of money in purchasing property adjacent to their homes whenever it comes into the market, and their great influence, several millionaires have been able to restrict such sections and confine them to large old-fashioned residences that pay taxes far below the actual earning capacity of the land. Ultimately such restricted sections must go, because the pressure all around them is tremendous — like pressure upon a dike. But in more than one city besides New York such artificial conditions have been and are being maintained by one means and another.

Only great wealth can resist such pressure. What happens to moderate wealth is perhaps best illustrated in Philadelphia. Going back to the original settlement of the city, the first families built homes in spacious grounds along the water front, practically where they landed. Later, as they became prosperous, there was a development away from the shore along one or two narrow streets running west, big houses occupying plots of ground large enough for lawns, drives, gardens and privacy. And there, until about sixty years ago, the first families of Philadelphia were rooted. To live elsewhere, and particularly to live north of Market Street, stigmatized you socially.

The First Families' Last Stand

Now that spacious way of living was possible for well-to-do folks before city dwellers knew improvements like paved streets, water, sewers, gas, electricity, telephones, trolley service, and the like. It is not much over 150 years ago that, right in Philadelphia, Benjamin Franklin persuaded a few of his neighbors to light the street in front of their homes and hire a woman to sweep the street—the first white wings.

As one improvement followed another, these proud families in their roomy grounds found that assessments for paving, sewers and other city services were a heavy burden, while such corporation services as gas and electricity were costly, too, because the companies had to lay so many feet of pipe or wire to serve a single customer.

The first families of Philadelphia began moving west into smaller residences which would give them city homes when they were needed, and also built homes outside the city, where they could live spaciously on reasonable terms. Ultimately, taxation drove them out of the city altogether. The last stand was made at Rittenhouse Square. Today the old residence property is being occupied by hotels and other buildings of good earning capacity, and almost everybody who is anybody in Philadelphia is moving outside the city. Modern cities simply cannot house aristocracy as it was accustomed to living fifty years ago. The thing is not economic.

Again, the exclusive set chooses a place like Newport for its summering. Fine villas surrounded by acres of park and lawn effectively shut out the masses. But Mrs. Smithbury-Smith wants a bigger park than Mrs. Jonesboro-Jones, and they begin a competition in acreage of lawn that nobody ever

(Continued on Page 44)

The Boardwalk at Atlantic City Offers a Constantly Passing Stream of Customers for the Shopkeepers

On September 8th

Oakland

will announce

a Brand New and True Blue SIX CYLINDER MOTOR CAR

embodying Exclusive Features of Engineering Design
and Superior Coach Work
never before Associated with Cars of Moderate Price

~ and a Nation-Wide Demonstration will prove its Genuine Merit!

Coincident with Oakland's announcement next week, six of the new Oaklands—cars that have already traveled thousands of miles under the trying conditions of test service—will start out on the most comprehensive and conclusive tour of demonstration ever engaged in by a motor car.

The tour of these "True Blue Travelers"—for that's what they are—is simply another and all-convincing expression of Oakland's policy to give buyers—in advance—definite and known facts proving the thoroughly high quality of Oakland construction and the quiet, smooth and economical service they may reasonably expect from these cars even after thousands of miles of the most strenuous service.

Read next week's Saturday Evening Post and the Newspapers of September 9th
for a complete description of the
TRUE BLUE OAKLAND
together with the routes of the Six Tour Cars.

WATCH FOR THE ANNOUNCEMENT

Oakland Motor Car Co., Pontiac, Mich. Oakland Division of General Motors Corporation

Still the fine old Swiss Blend

It was fifty years ago in Vevey, Switzerland, that Daniel Peter began to search for the choicest cocoa beans and to find the way to blend milk and sugar most perfectly with fine chocolate.

And the fine, rich, satisfying flavor which he created still gives *Peter's* its distinctive qualities.

Of the scores of varieties of cocoa beans throughout the world, only six go into *Peter's*—and only certain choice grades of these. It is an art—roasting and blending these beans. This is a *Peter's* process that is secret. Only experienced foremen trained in Swiss methods have charge of this work.

Milch cows of highest grade—4,000 of them—supply the milk used in *Peter's*. Pure, fresh, rich milk every day.

Peter's is different—distinctive. It's *good*. You'll like the fine, rare flavor of it. Ask for *Peter's* today.

If unable to obtain Peter's promptly, write to Lamont, Corliss & Company, 131 Hudson St., New York, sole selling agents.

High as the Alps in quality

Peter's
MILK CHOCOLATE

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sets foot on except the mower. Presently rising wages and costs, with pressure of population, begin to make the burden too heavy. As wages rise, there is trouble with servants. Sooner or later Mr. Smithbury-Smith says "I'm through!" and sells out at a loss, moving into an ample Park Avenue apartment where all the servant difficulties are taken off his shoulders. In effect, Smithbury-Smith joins the masses, his Newport estate is cut up into building sites for the masses, and the Joneshoro-Joneses are driven out in turn, if not by similar pressure, then by the "common" people who move in as neighbors.

Merchants who cater to class trade, and real-estate operators or investors who stick to class lines, may get the reflected glory of exclusiveness. They will seldom make much money, however, because there are so few potential customers, and those few spend so small a percentage of their income compared with the masses.

To take in $2000 in one day is not an infrequent occurrence with an automatic restaurant. It requires handling on the average about 10,000 people, spending twenty cents each. To take in $2000 in one day, the fashionable restaurant, where people spend an average of three dollars, would handle about 700 guests. Their tips cost more than the automatic-restaurant meal. In the latter you handle yourself, while in the fashionable restaurant they handle you. It is impossible to serve 700 people for the same amount of rental per annum, or anything like it, that the 10,000-a-day establishment pays. The 10,000 will always be on hand, while the 700 will frequently disappear three months at a time when it goes to Palm Beach, Bar Harbor or Europe, and the fashionable restaurant would lose less money if it closed altogether.

Just lately another exclusive retail concern on the Avenue closed its doors forever. Since the early General Grant period it had catered to the first families of the town in a certain field of merchandise. Its customers grew old and died, and because this concern made no effort to popularize its business it grew old and died too.

Some years ago there was another retail concern of the same exclusive kind several blocks down the Avenue. It had also proudly served the first families for fifty years, and its customers and clerks had grown old together. I don't know how it happened, but by some chance a young man with real discernment and mercantile ability got into that store. He saw the possibilities in its name and reputation if they could be capitalized and nationalized. Every New Yorker had known Blankington's from boyhood, and thousands of well-to-do people over the country knew it as an institution, because it figured in society chatter that people like to read, and formed part of the old New York atmosphere in more than one novel. But of all these people who knew of Blankington's, I doubt whether one in a hundred had ever actually entered the store, much less bought anything there—and certainly never been so rash as to send Blankington's a mail order!

Changing a Store's Character

This young man had an impertinent ambition. Where Blankington's had reverently catered to a few hundred old class customers, he proposed that it serve hundreds of thousands of mass customers. The Smithbury-Smiths came into Blankington's and dictated their orders. It was assumed that they had good taste and knew what they wanted. He believed the time had come for Blankington's to dictate in this way that the customer who wanted a certain article could tell Blankington's what it was, and what he wanted it for, and the institution, out of its long experience, would be able to select better than he could, and sell or send him something in which he could have absolute confidence when it came to quality, taste and the mode. Blankington's today is a prosperous mass business; but the young executive who made it so had to tire out and retire most of its old personnel.

In practically every case a well-managed specialty store can pay more rent than a department store, because it has a different idea in management. The department store operates on the basis of so much business a square foot of floor space, and a fixed percentage of profit on turnover. So its buyers or department managers are more or less limited in setting prices. The specialty shop, on the other hand, is usually managed by its owner, who has a free hand in setting prices, and makes it his or her policy to beat all competitors. Moreover, the specialty store is not saddled with the nonproductive floor space that has become part of the department store—writing rooms, rest rooms, concert auditoriums and other attractions which have been adopted one by one as the department store evolved from the old-fashioned dry-goods store and which seriously increased its overhead expenses.

The residential motion-picture house is another handy illustration of mass purchasing power. By "residential" I mean the picture theater within walking distance of your home, handier than the downtown theaters in which traveling companies appeared before there were films, and which were practically the only theatrical entertainment of the last generation. Theatrical managers will tell you that the road show has been shot to pieces. Outside of a few girl shows there are practically no more traveling companies. The residential motion-picture house gives about two hours' entertainment at prices that make it possible to take the whole family for about the price of one downtown theater ticket, and sometimes only half as much. These theaters are the backbone of the motion-picture industry, with receipts that make up 90 per cent of its income. If the industry depended upon the class public that pays two dollars to see a motion-picture program it would soon be bankrupt, because about all the people able to pay that amount could see the latest pictures in one day.

The Theater With Two Entrances

At Forty-second Street and Eighth Avenue, in New York City, there is another mighty interesting illustration of class and mass—a vaudeville theater that has two entrances. That on the Forty-second Street side is within a few doors of the New Amsterdam Theater, one of the best patronized houses in town, the home of the Follies, which by reason of its prices is clearly class entertainment. Despite this door opening right into New York's recognized theater district, probably not 10 per cent of the people who patronize the American Theater come in from the Forty-second Street side. It has another door on Eighth Avenue, handy to the great mass population that lives west of that thoroughfare. And through its Eighth Avenue door the American Theater draws nine-tenths of its patrons, who are not out-of-town people seeking entertainment regardless of price, but real New Yorkers, working for wages and salaries, who buy entertainment as part of their weekly expenditure, and shop for it with discrimination.

Another interesting comparison can be found here. Before Mr. Ziegfeld throws open his box office for class money he must spend from $150,000 to $250,000 on a new Follies each year. This show embodies the ideas of perhaps half a dozen people. It opens without any road trial. Should it not hit its public's taste the failure would be quick and the loss irrevocable. At the American Theater there is no corresponding investment. A program is made up of twelve to twenty numbers, each embodying the ideas of one or more performers who have thoroughly tested them out on the road. Should the show fail it can be changed overnight. And against the single show each year upon which Mr. Ziegfeld has to gamble, the American Theater show is changed twice a week.

At the risk of being tiresome, I am going to give you other examples of mass versus class, because here is a great fundamental law at work, and its influence should be reckoned with beforehand in many enterprises and investments outside of real estate.

Not more than ten years ago a dressmaker came to me, seeking a small shop at the lowest rent obtainable, for though she was ambitious to get into business for herself she hadn't much money to squander on rent. It happened that I was able to secure for her a twenty-foot shop on Broadway. Mrs Joneshoro-Jones certainly never shops in that neighborhood, for it is the heart of the Rialto, thronged with theatrical people. I had to put her on the east side of Broadway, which is overwhelmingly mass as contrasted with the west side, where there is mass with some class pretensions. Even there the rent seemed to her a staggering burden.

Today that woman is one of the most successful dressmakers in the United States. She has ideas that are original, and a keen instinct for knowing what the public wants. She had them then. Placed where so many people passed her shop window that ideas could not be hidden, she quickly got a following among theatrical people. Now, without casting reflection upon playerfolk, their tastes are admittedly not those of Mrs. Puyster de Puyster. Strong effects are necessary in their work, and in their clothes they are partial to strong effects

This woman not only built up a clientele but undoubtedly learned how to use theatrical art in her conceptions. The outcome was that, when she moved over into sacred Fifth Avenue, she captured the younger De Puyster set; but only as an incident in her business. She has never lost touch with the mass folks who were her first customers, and has added mass customers in her new location.

Railway executives complain of high wages and operating costs, but their real difficulty is too few customers. If they would take a lesson from Mr. Woolworth, on Fifth Avenue, and try to see how many customers they could handle with their plant, I am confident that fares could be reduced and wages and operating costs would fall into the same category as Mr. Woolworth's rent.

People who do not understand this great principle will make the same mistake as a certain large corporation with executive offices in downtown New York. This company occupies a large skyscraper. Another skyscraper adjoining was used as a general office building. A certain real-estate operator, studying that situation, reasoned that the large corporation, selling a mass product at a reasonable price all over the country, to every class of people, must inevitably grow; therefore it would need more office room in New York sooner or later. For mass business over the country—yes, and over the whole world—is reflected in a city like New York by executive offices. The thing really works two ways, for as soon as a business enterprise grows large enough, its management wants a prominent location in the metropolis for prestige, and prestige, helping the business grow all over the country, makes larger quarters in New York necessary.

A Nice Little Profit

The owner of this adjacent office building might have emptied all the offices above the ground floor, and made more money than he did when they were tenanted, because his upper-floor rents were too low, and ate up his ground-floor profits.

The real-estate man bought this building and offered it to the big corporation at a price. But the corporation's officials were willing to take it only at $100,000 less. Some people who watched the deal think that they didn't realize their own expansion needs, while others say inside information led them to believe that the operator couldn't hang on to his purchase, which was partly mortgaged, and that he would eventually be squeezed out, giving them the property at their own price.

"If that company thinks it is worth within $100,000 of what I think it is worth," this operator reasoned, "then I know it is cheap!"

He not only hung on, paying off his mortgage, but by readjusting rents turned the property into a paying proposition. Three years later the big corporation had to rent this $650,000 purchase for $250,000 a year net to the owner.

Many other experiences and illustrations come to mind out of thirty-odd years' dealings in real estate. But enough have been given to show that a great fundamental principle is at work here, and I will close by briefly stating the important point:

Whether you are buying real estate for your own business purposes, or renting it, or investing your money in it for profit, or advising your clients as a real-estate man, study the whys and wherefores of property from this mass-versus-class viewpoint. I may say here that few so-called real-estate operators understand what to go buy and what to go by, for many an ambitious project is planned and carried out with little regard for the mass-sustaining power back of it, or the lack of such sustaining power.

Remember what Lincoln said about the plain people, and go where they are—because God made so many of them.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Iaman. The next will appear in an early issue.

If you are seeking the things the Packard stands for and delivers in the Single-Six, you are literally left no choice.

There is no other Six like it, no other Six embodying the same certainty of fine manufacture, no other Six assuring the same performance, no other Six of equal economy—no other Six providing so completely the essentials you *know* the Packard always provides.

In appearance, in performance, in the positive knowledge that there can be nothing better, the Packard Single-Six stands absolutely alone.

Shown above is the Single-Six Four-Passenger Coupe
Furnished in eleven popular body types, open and enclosed
Makers also of the famous Packard Single-Eight

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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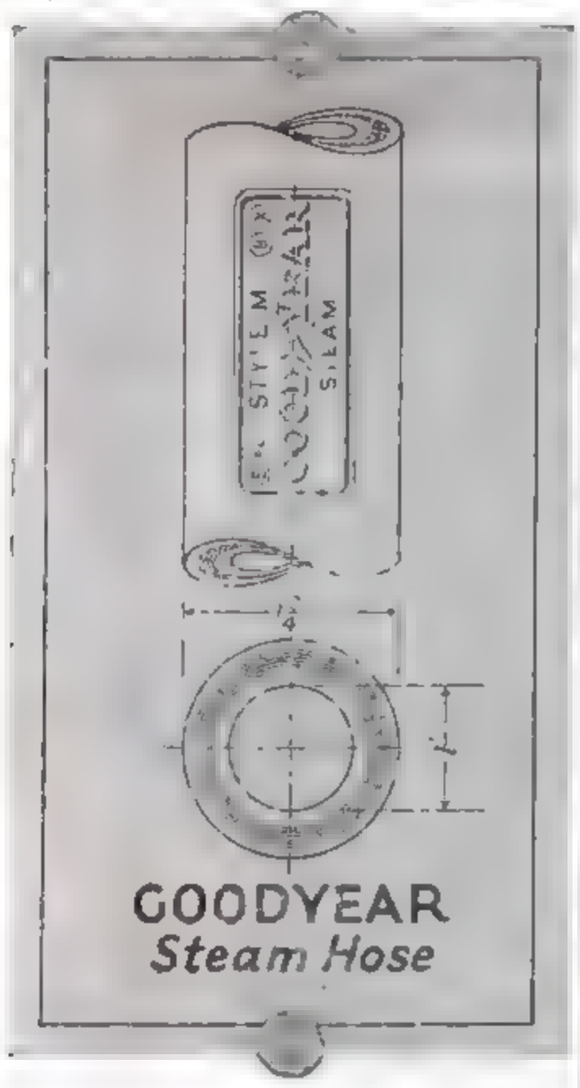


This Is the Ideal Steam Hose

Users of steam hose know what qualities of tube and fabric a steam hose must have to be right.

Goodyear Style M Steam Hose is made of a fabric that has the strength to hold up under maximum pressure, and it has a specially compounded tube that resists great heat.

If you are a user of steam hose in mining, steel making, oil refining, railroading, dairying, soap making, or in the coke, coal or chemical industries, order this Goodyear Style M Steam Hose. It is strong, flexible, light, and so stoutly resistive to abrasion that it doesn't need wire winding.

Every Goodyear Product for industrial use—Belts, Hose, Valves and Packing—is specially designed for its particular duty and built according to expert analysis. For further information about Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods, write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

BELTS · HOSE · VALVES · PACKING

THE DISAPPEARING APPRENTICE

(Continued from Page 7)

them—were brought over from Southeastern Europe to do the rough common labor, and do it at a low price. I'll never forget my first impression of them. It seemed to me that they didn't talk any language at all—and didn't think any either! They didn't have any idea of real sports. But they spread all over the place. Finally some of them managed to creep up into positions above the common-labor line in the mills.

"Then something happened that made mill life look different to me. I heard a girl describe a friend of mine to a white-collar youth in the contemptuous phrase, 'Oh, he works in the mill alongside the hunkies.' This set me to thinking about the life of the mills. It sure had changed! The influx of youth of our own sort had dwindled almost to the vanishing point. This took the joy out of mill association. As a result every one of us four brothers—and many others like us—left the steel mills as soon as we could find our way into other lines.

"In looking back I have reached the conclusion that any scheme for recruiting the apprentice lines leading to the trades must take careful account of the fact that boys and young men will not willingly go into an industrial relationship which throws them mainly with old men or men who seem old to them. Look at the basic building trades. Almost no young men in them!

Apprentice Painters at Work on Dummy Windows and Walls

"Apprentices for the trades must be educated, at least in the elementary stages, in vocational comradeship with youth. Group or mass apprenticeship is, in my opinion, the only kind that will win boys to the trades in America today. The modern youth demands the constant companionship of those of his age and kind. The apprentice schools, as I see it, are the only means by which boys may now be led into the trades—especially into those trades which are mainly manned by journeymen of middle age or beyond."

Timber for Good Citizenship

"Now go back to the other element of human nature which drove me and my kind out of the steel mills. When you let men of the hunky type into a trade you have taken a step that will drive out and keep out actual Americans from its ranks. Let employers who bewail the famine of apprentices but who are anxious to open wide the gates of immigration to peoples of Southeastern Europe in order to get cheap common labor remember this fact. It's merely a matter of human nature, but it will persist in spite of anything—and will come mighty close to dictating the apprentice situation for years to come.

"A sound and adequate supply of labor for America can be built up only by a policy of intelligent discrimination which shall give to immigration authorities the power to discourage and exclude those races which do not assimilate American ways and ideals, and cannot think American thoughts, and will encourage to come to our shores the men of those races which have instincts and ideals bearing a family resemblance to our own. We want Anglo-Saxon timber for good American citizenship—people from Northwestern Europe who take on American ways and thoughts readily; the sort that a sturdy young descendant of Revolutionary stock would be glad to know and to chum with in a trade.

"I'm a union man and I can assure you that there is a far more liberal attitude on the part of the men who do the real constructive thinking for the labor organizations with respect to the apprentice problem than appears on the surface. They are beginning to recognize that the restriction of apprentices has been overworked for many years past. There is mighty little nourishment in belonging to a dying craft—one that is hastening on to extinction. No organization—whether a church, a fraternity or a union—can prosper and hold its own without a generous influx of new blood. This need of new blood is especially acute in the skilled trades operating outside of shops, where the preponderance of old men and those of middle age is conspicuous. In general, too, this need of recruits is urgent in trades which demand real skill and which also involve work that is hard and rough. There is much of this kind of work in steel mills, foundries, machine shops and large plants of all sorts.

"There is another reason why the trades should be recruited through vocational and apprentice schools. This is an age of speed, and craftsmanship feels this pressure for speed. There is only one way in which this demand may be met—by training craftsmen to be more intelligent than those whom they will supplant. The day of mere rule-of-thumb work is rapidly passing. The craftsman of tomorrow must have a fair knowledge of the theory of his craft. Take the carpenter's trade: There is no denying that the carpenter's apprentice who can read a blue print at a glance will go faster and go farther than the one to whom a blue print is a mystery. A boy who has come up to his active apprenticeship through the vocational school and the apprentice school has a big lead over the lad who has had no such preparation in the theory of his craft.

"I thought I was a good practical worker when I was in the steel mill; but I know now that I would have been a better one if I had been given an elemental schooling in the chemistry of metals. An understanding of the basic principles involved in craft processes always counts and is bound to do so in an increasing ratio in the future. The need of this country today is a body of recruits for the skilled trades having an educational preparation for work somewhat comparable to that which is required of men entering the professions. And the rules of the various unions should be changed to give due credit, on apprenticeship requirements, for time spent in elementary vocational schools and apprentice schools.

"We're told that no training can take the place of training on the job. True! But the best results are obtained by carrying on the instruction in theory or principle and the application of that knowledge in actual work on the job at the same time.

"It is natural, inevitable, that a large share of the apprentices in any country will come from the ranks of common labor. Therefore it is a great mistake to fill up the country with a kind of common labor which will not furnish good apprentice material. And here comes in the factor of human nature which I mentioned at the outset. If we allow the races which cannot fit into the American scheme of life to come in on the theory that they are going to do only common labor, we are not only endangering the morale of the skilled trades but are admitting an influence which is going to prevent the most desirable class of American boys and young men from entering the trades. Therefore, cut the importation of that kind of labor to the lowest possible point.

"Remember, too, that the countries which have the best skilled mechanics supply their own common labor. The common labor of England is done almost exclusively by Englishmen. The same rule holds in Scotland, Ireland and Wales. The rough unskilled work of Sweden is done by Swedes. So with all the countries of Northwestern Europe, from which we draw the cream of our immigration, the flower of our trained recruits to the skilled trades, the workers who fit into American life and make good American citizens. If the body of our common-labor supply is kept up to quality we shall find it comparatively easy to get quality apprentices and plenty of them. When our boys see that going into a trade does not involve working with wops and hunkies—that's the way they put it—much of the present prejudice of our youth against learning a trade will disappear."

The World's Best Labor Market

"This may sound like class talk. Probably it will strike a lot of our people who are strong on the doctrine of America-the-asylum-for-the-oppressed as decidedly un-American. Too bad—but I can't help it! I'm simply facing facts and dealing with human nature as is. America owes something to herself; she isn't in the asylum business to the exclusion of a sensible regard for her own safety and development—and she should not be.

"Personally, I regret that the ratio or percentage basis in our present immigration law is not more elastic; that it does not give our immigration authorities more leeway for the exercise of discretion and selection. They handle that rather well in Canada. There the immigration authorities have a wide discretion as to what immigrants shall be admitted.

"Suppose we had that leeway here. We would then be in position to admit skilled workers from Northwestern Europe, who are now automatically excluded as the current quota becomes full. Take England, for example. The latest figures show that there are ten men over there for every seven jobs. Again, the population over there is increasing at an amazing rate. The births for last year exceeded the deaths by 250,000. All this means that English workers by the tens of thousands are eager to come to America and meet our pressing need of skilled workers. And these men know what real apprentice training means. Incidentally, only a small proportion of these immigrants will ever return to Great Britain; they will become American citizens—and good ones too. The records show that this has always been the case. America is the world's best labor market and will continue to be for many years to come.

"The same situation obtains in virtually all the northern and western countries of

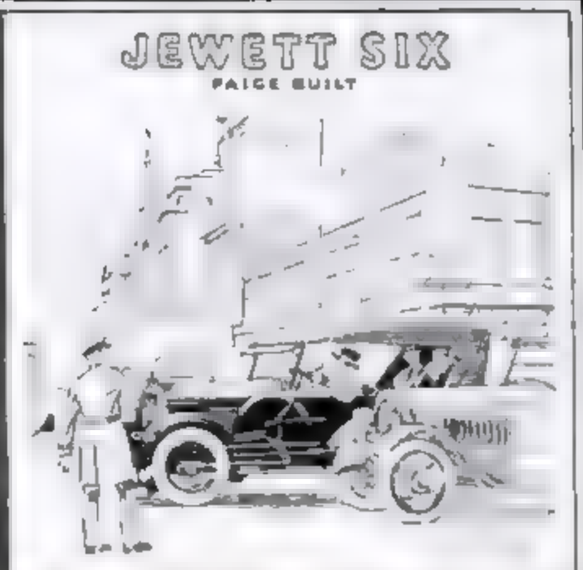
(Continued on Page 48)

You Can Do It with a Jewett

P.S. It's your move!

Climb a lot of hills the old car wouldn't make—pass most any car on any hill. Look under the hood; compare Jewett's power.

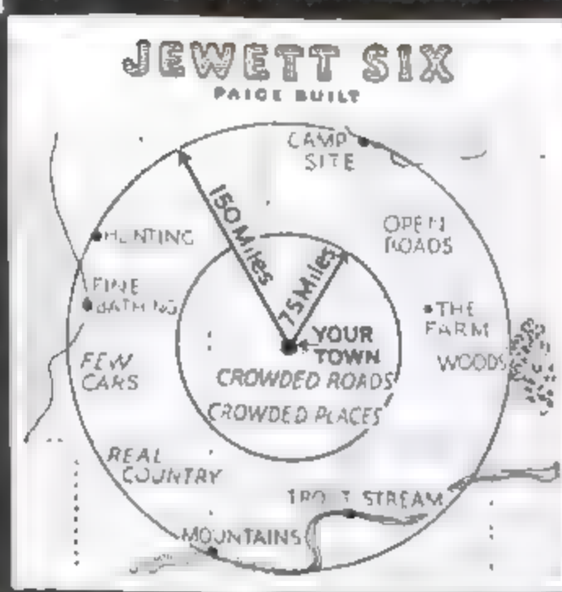
Get away first when the cop says "Go"—accelerate from 5 to 25 miles an hour in 7 seconds in high gear. Try it with another car!



Drive right by a lot of gas stations where you'd leave some money if you had a cumbersome or less efficient car.

Take the biggest loads over the toughest roads—Timken axles, rugged construction, extra long springs assure safe comfort.

Double your driving radius—reach new places—in the same driving time. Jewett travels faster, laughs at poor roads.



Let your wife or daughter drive—they don't have to learn, thanks to easy clutch, marvelous gear-shifting, easy steering.

Have a car your friends will envy—one you're proud of in any company—beautiful lines, beautiful color, smart equipment.

Get a real car for your money—2805 pounds—200 pounds heavier than any car this size. Strong, steady-riding, long-lived.

The Standard Spark Plug of the World

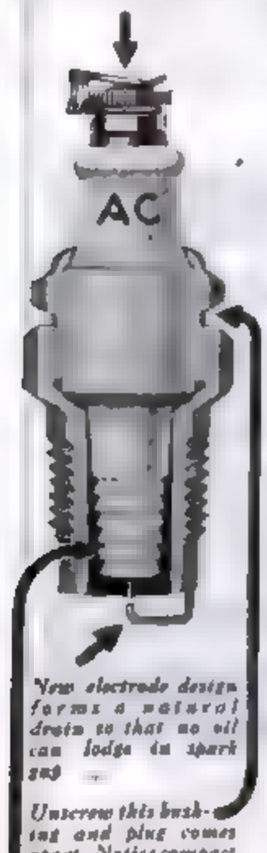
Ford Drivers

Why You Need a Good Spark in Each Cylinder

Without a good spark in each cylinder it is impossible for your engine to run properly. The function of the spark plug is to deliver the current in the form of a *full* spark at the gap between the two firing points.

It follows that if part of the current never reaches the spark plug points, due to its leaking away through the porcelain, or because carbon accumulates, either there will be no spark or it will be so weakened that it will not properly ignite the mixture.

Spring terminal clip permits wire to be instantly detached and reconnected while motor is running. Facilitates testing spark plug and coil. No nut to be unscrewed or lost



New electrode design forms a natural drain so that no oil can lodge in spark gap

Unscrew this bushing and plug comes apart. Notice compact porcelain to withstand hard service

Patented CARBON PROOF porcelain with its high temperature first attains sufficient heat to burn off deposits, thus offering effective resistance to carbon

AC 1075
Special for Fords

Why You Should Change Your Spark Plugs

Incorrectly designed plugs cause poor performance. Old or worn-out plugs will cause a gradual loss of power until finally your engine does not pick-up and get away as it once did. Put in a set of AC 1075's—you will observe an immediate all-around improvement in performance and easier starting. If your Ford dealer cannot supply you, obtain them from any other dealer.

Something You Have Always Wanted

Carrying spare plugs without risk of damage is now provided for by the AC Plug Kit—a compact, substantial metal box, illustrated below. Obtain yours free, with a set of AC 1075 *Specials for Fords*, then when your motor misses or performs poorly, how convenient it is to take your *AC Plug Kit* and change all your plugs. At your convenience clean and test the removed plugs and put them back into the *AC Plug Kit* ready for future use.

The AC Plug Kit to carry your spare plugs

AC Spark Plug Company
FLINT, *Michigan*
Makers of AC Spark Plugs — AC Speedometers

U S Pat No 1 135 727 April 13 1915 U S Pat No 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

(Continued from Page 46)

Europe. Unemployment prevails there and has prevailed for a long time. At the same time statistics show that the populations of those countries are increasing at a startling rate. Unemployment is powerless to check the bearing of children. Human nature again!

"We should be in position to take advantage of this situation for the good of our own country—with respect to common labor as well as skilled labor. We need the kind of common labor that is doing the rough ordinary work in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Holland and Germany, as much as we need the skilled labor from those lands.

The kind of common labor that can be obtained from these countries will feed up into the skilled trades here without conflicting with American life and ideas.

"Then there is the further important consideration that the boys from these countries look upon a skilled trade as a high career—the ultimate goal of a worthy ambition. They are not itching for white-collar jobs, not bothered with the notion that they are destined to fill the presidential chair of their adopted country. To pull down good American pay as skilled mechanics looks plenty good enough for them. Most of them have been on a vegetable diet for a long time and they have a keen appetite for American meat seven days a week.

"Then there is still another point not to be overlooked with respect to immigrants from these Northwestern Europe countries. They are sturdy and healthy, both mentally and physically. They do not feed into our insane asylums and our penal institutions faster than into our crafts."

On the point that gregarious American youth must be lured into the trades in groups, classes and masses there is little contention; but as to the average working value of these schools, judged by their graduates—here is where the doctors disagree. A man who places thousands of skilled workers—Kenneth M. Coolbaugh, in charge of the Pennsylvania state employment office in Philadelphia—declares:

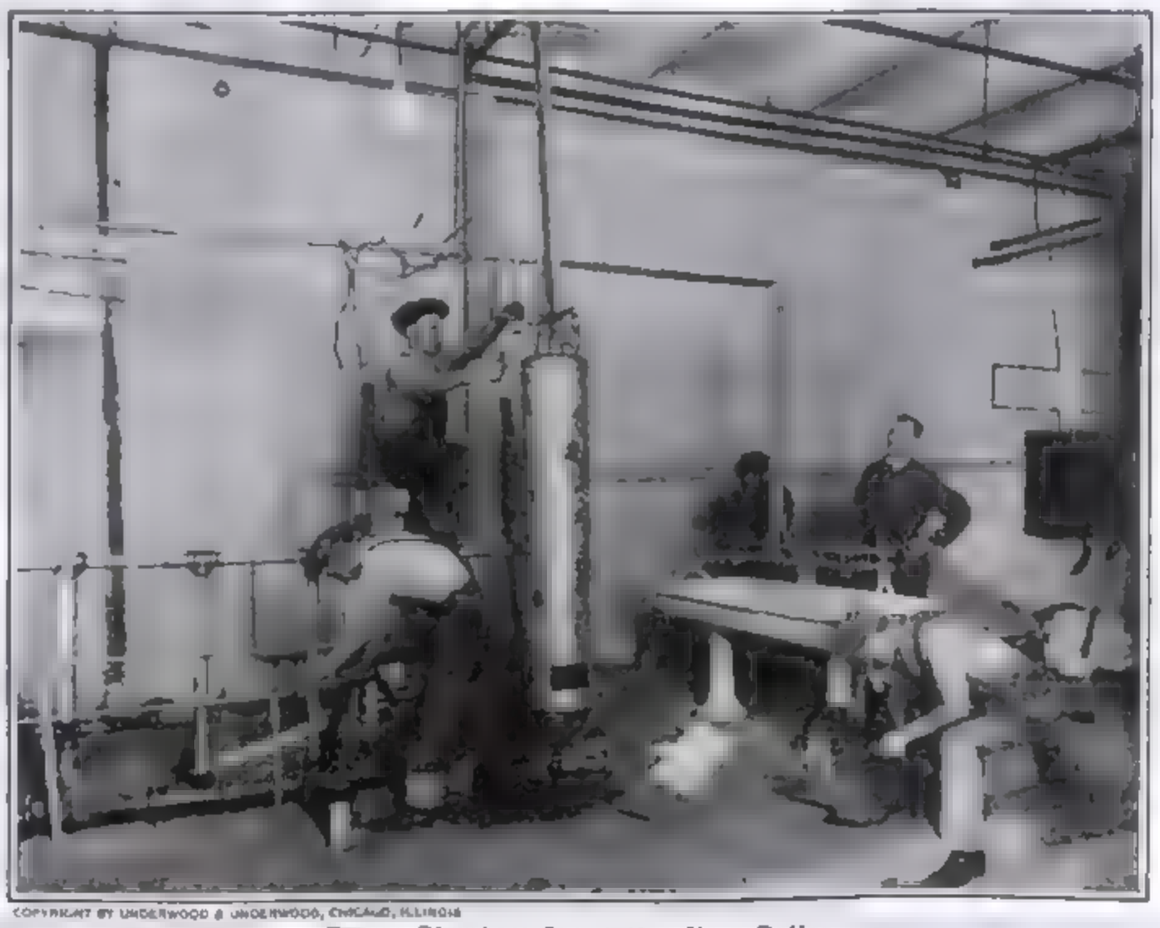
"All my experience goes to show that the employer who expects an apprentice school to turn out an acceptable finished product in the way of an artisan is doomed to disappointment. Real journeymen are made on the job, not in a school. A good apprentice school—and we have a few of them—may help in recruiting apprentices, but the real work of turning the raw material of youth into skilled journeyman workers must be done on the job by the American employer. It's his job and always will be."

Industrial Seconds

"If he will develop as much resourcefulness in selling his plant and his jobs to the youth of the country as he has in selling his product to the buying public, he will forestall any apprentice famine. There is no substitute for training workers on the job. If it is necessary to use trade and apprentice schools as recruiting stations for apprentices, then by all means use them to this end. But don't make the mistake of expecting them to produce journeymen who are skilled craftsmen.

"The great need of this country today is a profound and sweeping revival of respect for genuine skilled craftsmanship. The war left this country with an enormous residue of industrial half-bakes—boys and men who could get away with a single-operation job when there were more jobs than men. These industrial seconds need to be converted to the desirability and necessity of actually learning the trade in which they are posing.

"A large proportion of them have no respect for a skilled trade or job which involves manual work. Most of them are sons of craftsmen too. The mothers and often the fathers of these lads have fed them with the notion that any male being who is able to get a near-living by white-collar employment is the social and intellectual superior of any craftsman. Of course this is silly to the point of absurdity, but it is one of the human-nature elements which have contributed to the stampede of youth away from the skilled trades during the past decade or two. It takes no account of the fact that in most of the skilled trades a higher grade of mentality is demanded than in many white-collar lines and also that thousands of contractors, manufacturers and independent business men are skilled craftsmen who found their opportunities to step up into the employing class through their work. It is by no means certain that the skilled trade does not offer a shorter cut to business ownership than does the white-collar position. This is especially true in the building trades. Here a very large number of contractors have come up from the trades. They are better equipped to succeed in them because of their practical experience as craftsmen than they would have been had they started with a college education, a white collar and an inherited bank account."



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Future Plumbers Connecting Up a Boiler

Labor specialists in large plants who are supposed to keep in close touch with the workers and their backgrounds assert that an attitude has developed on the part of the wives and daughters of wage earners which is exerting a more powerful influence in turning boys and young men away from the trades than any other factor. This, they insist, is the feeling on the part of the women of workers' families that the white collar is the badge of superior social standing and that the daughter of a craftsman who fails to marry a white-collar youth does less for the social elevation of the family than could be desired. In the opinion of these specialists this feminine attitude is becoming quite general and is a strong human-nature factor in the problem of the vanishing artisan.

The effort to break Chicago's housing famine which resulted in the formation of the justly famous Citizens' Committee for the Enforcement of the Landis Award threw the spotlight upon the dearth of apprentices in the building trades. Being an organization of direct action, this committee employed a director of education and, in October, 1922, started an apprentice school which has at least one novel feature.

"Of course there's nothing," declares C. L. Bailey, the educational director, "which can take the place of on-the-job training. We know that. Therefore the Citizens' Committee has gone into building-construction work itself as a subcontractor. One job amounts to $185,000. Another covers the complete construction of eight high-class residences. On these we do nearly all the work excepting putting in the heating plant. Here is our chance to give the boys in our school direct on-the-job training and plenty of it. We have trained a total of 140 apprentices, and 120 of them are now working and giving satisfaction.

"Apprentices between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one years turn out best. They work hard for four weeks without any pay. Here they get the theory of the work with some practice. Then we take them out on our own jobs and give them $60 a month—just about what they would get as beginners in office work. The next step is to put them out as apprentices to regular contractors at the same wage. We have boys who started four months ago who are now getting $1.10 an hour. In 10 per cent of the cases they are getting $25 a week, and 25 per cent of them are drawing $18 to $20 a week. Our night classes are in advanced work. The boys and young men in them are getting mechanics' pay. We have one apprentice in our school who is receiving $48.40 a week as a bricklayer's helper—and he is only twenty-two years old."

Apprentice Schools

"Thus far we have trained only for the carpenters', bricklayers', plumbers', painters' and sheet-metal workers' crafts. We're going to take apprentices for the plasterer's trade as soon as we can get a good instructor."

Here the director of education was interrupted by General Manager Frederick A. Armstrong, of the Citizens' Committee, who dryly remarked: "We're likely to wait a while for our professor of plastering. One contractor reported to me that he has a plasterer whose pay check for the week amounted to $190, lacking a few cents. Of course the average isn't that, but too many plasterers in Chicago are knocking out around $150 a week to make it easy to fill the chair of plastering in the school. Naturally all weekly pay checks of that size include a lot of overtime and bonus pay. A plasterer's apprentice is a curiosity. Duluth, a city of 100,000 inhabitants, didn't have one plasterer's apprentice in the ten-year period ending in 1922. There are more multimillionaires in the United States than plasterer's apprentices."

An intimation to the head of this apprentice school that four weeks of training could hardly be expected to accomplish much in the way of a trade preparation brought this response:

"There's a big plumbing contractor up in Evanston who had the same idea. But he took on an ex-service boy from us. In a little more than four months he was paying this lad $20 a week, and admitted that, on his own initiative, he would raise him to $30 a week before long.

"Take another case. A boy of nineteen came to us out of a clerical position where he was paid $20 a week. A trade looked good to him. When I learned that he had put in three years in Lane Technical High School and had taken mechanical drawing I advised him to go in for sheet-metal work, which appealed to him. He took the course—four weeks at nothing flat, and then $15 a week. His latest weekly pay check was for $33. Under old apprentice conditions it could not have exceeded $9."

There are other apprentice schools of much the same type in San Francisco, Cleveland, Detroit, New York, Philadelphia, Boston and other industrial cities which are doing good work, but their total output looks pitifully inadequate to the demand—particularly when we remember that a surplus of workers in any line spells efficiency whereas a shortage means poorer

(Continued on Page 50)

Mr. Edward A. Woods, of Pittsburgh, one of the largest insurance men in America today, with his new Marmon Sedan

"There's only one car for *me*— that's Marmon"

By EDWARD A. WOODS, of Pittsburgh

"After driving considerably more than 100,000 miles in my 1916 Marmon, I am buying one of the 1923 seven-passenger sedans.

"It will be impossible for this new car to be better than my old one, but if it is as good it will be the best automobile in America.

"I have owned a great many cars—and many of the finest built—but no car has given me such satisfaction as my Marmon.

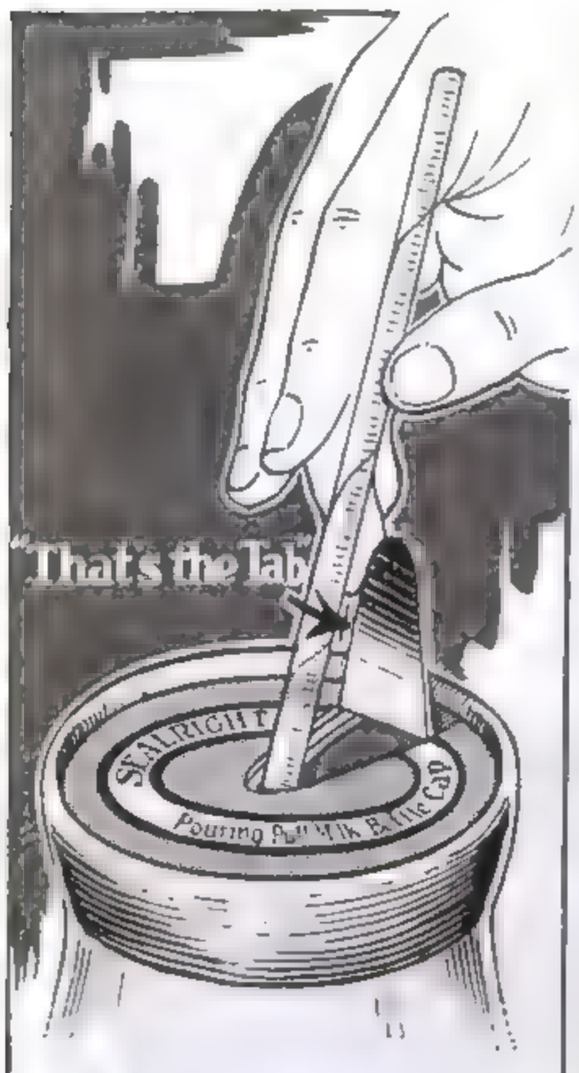
"I regret that I have no record of its total mileage. It has been driven constantly since I bought it in November, 1916, and it has travelled considerably in excess of one hundred thousand miles. It still seems to be a car practically as good as new, and I am so satisfied with it that I am reluctant to exchange it even for a new Marmon.

"These facts show stronger than words that I believe the Marmon is absolutely in a class of its own."

MARMON

MARMON

©



The Easiest Way of Serving Milk is the Best

Children love milk served this healthful Sealright way because it *interests* them more. Lift up tab on the Sealright Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Cap and insert straw through opening "Drinking it through a straw" prevents gulping and aids digestion, thereby giving the body *all* the nourishment contained in milk. The child uses the original *sterilized* container. No glasses to break and no "spilt milk."

Mothers and housewives appreciate the Sealright Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Cap. It is "3 times more useful." 1—cap is removed cleanly by pulling tab. 2—tab can be lifted without removing cap and milk poured without spilling. 3—tab can be lifted and straw inserted for drinking milk at home.

Restaurants, lunch rooms and cafeterias insist that milk dealers use Sealright Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Caps because they facilitate serving milk with straws thereby saving cost of washing glasses, broken glasses and spilled milk.

Ask your dealer to deliver milk to you in bottles capped with Sealright Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Caps.

Send for samples to show your dealer.

SEALRIGHT COMPANY, Inc.
Dept. 119 PC *FULTON, N. Y.*

Operating the largest plant in the world making milk bottle caps. Pouring-Pull Caps—Ordinary flat or "Common Sense" Caps—Sealright Liquid-Tight Paper Containers

SEALRIGHT
Pouring Pull
Milk Bottle Caps

(Continued from Page 48)

work. A survey of the present American apprentice situation has another somewhat discouraging phase to the thoughtful bystander. It seems to be very decidedly of the hothouse variety—a forced culture. Certainly it looks that way to the trained craftsman from Europe or to an employer of skilled European labor. Probably we shall never have in America the thorough time-seasoned quality of apprenticeship that prevails in the Old World countries. Possibly we do not want it, but the skilled craftsman from the other side who has served an apprenticeship of the European type looks like a jewel to the American employer.

Now for a glance at the situation in the ranks of the white-collar workers. As a bank position seems to be considered the white-collar job *de luxe*, I talked with the employment manager of a large representative Chicago bank. He declared that they were eager to get men and were taking active measures to increase their force to take care of increased business, but that day after day passed without an application.

"Our pages," he explained, "are grammar-school kids. They are started at $40 a month. Messengers, who are boys of high-school age, get $65 a month. The next grade is that of the junior clerks, who are supposed to have at least one year's experience in bank work; they receive $80. They are about eighteen to twenty years old. All our bookkeepers are started at $100 a month, and many of them, with a few years of experience, receive $1800 a year. Bookkeepers are hard to get these days. We have to try out several before we get one who can do the work.

"Our filing girls are paid $65 to $70 a month and they are generally about eighteen years old. Those who operate bookkeeping machines are paid $100 a month and our stenographers are started at $90 a month. We employ 500 persons, and the average salary is $1900 a year. Our tellers receive $3000 to $5000."

Inquiry elsewhere indicated that these salaries are rather above the average paid by Chicago banks when considered from the viewpoint of the age of the employes.

No Stampede to the Banks

The employment manager of another large bank makes the point that it is difficult to get young men who are willing to give due weight to security of employment, opportunity for advancement and the care and backing which a big financial business generally gives to its employes in case of sickness or misfortune. He says:

"Inability to think for tomorrow seems decidedly characteristic of the youth of today. Applicants for bank positions quite generally have this shortsighted attitude. 'What do you pay?' 'How short are the hours?' 'How long are the vacations?' 'How soon will I get a raise?' are the questions uppermost in their minds. Right now, when a likely young man answers one of our advertisements, it is up to us to sell him on our opportunities, on the future of employment with us. He is keen on immediate considerations, but rather indifferent on the more remote future. Perhaps the tendency of the youth is away from the crafts and towards white-collar positions—but there is no stampede for the employment desks of the banks! Boys from high school and young men from college are after white-collar positions which pay more than bank positions at the start and are less exacting in the demands they make."

Among large employers of office help there is no disagreement as to the kind of employment which is the hot favorite with the boys who feel themselves destined for white-collar careers. They wish to become salesmen. As they express it, "There's where the money is." Any head of a large bond house will tell all comers that there are about as many young men in America who wish to become bond salesmen as there are undergraduates in our universities. And their second choice is to become advertising solicitors. These positions represent the aristocracy of salesmanship to the youth of the country. Apparently it would be easy to recruit a standing army of a million young men for these positions—and to fill the quota almost overnight! Salesmanship positions in almost any line are comparatively easy to fill—so far as having plenty of applicants is concerned. The university-extension departments and the correspondence schools have not persistently advertised the attractions of salesmanship for years without tangible results. It has amounted to a national propaganda. The youth of this country is all pepped up on the subject of salesmanship; it has been converted to the idea that here lies the quick-and-easy road to fortune. It is the pet ambition of the white-collar boys. Many of them prefer to peddle from door to door rather than draw secure and substantial wages as shop and factory workers. Apparently only a few are shrewd enough to figure that it is necessary for someone to make the things for the peppy young salesmen to sell and that there will be good money in this humbler line of activity if the young salesmen are half as good as they think they are.

It is difficult to find any line in which the blue-shirt boys and the white-collar employes may be divided into parallel classes for the purpose of a fair comparison of compensation, but here is an attempt to do so as to the employes of a large transcontinental railway in its general offices and its shops. The classifications and the figures are furnished by one of the officials of the company.

WHITE-COLLAR POSITIONS

Office boy	$45.00 to $60.00
Junior clerk	60.00 to 100.00
Clerk	100.00 to 160.00
Statistician (accounting)	160.00 to 220.00
Assistant chief clerk	160.00 to 225.00
Chief clerk (depending on department and degree of responsibility)	175.00 to 320.00

SHOP JOBS

Machinist apprentice	$55.00 to $110.00
Machinist	150.00
Gang or slip foreman	260.00
Roundhouse foreman	260.00 to 300.00
General roundhouse foreman	300.00 to 350.00

From this it would appear that the advantage lies with the blue shirt all along the line. Railway-employment officials generally admit that they are recruiting their blue-shirt forces mainly from the ranks of farm and village boys, and that city boys are poor picking, their preference being generally for white-collar positions.

Young Bricklayers Building an Experimental Wall

I am convinced that this observation will hold good in nearly all the manufacturing industries.

One of the largest public-utility companies in the country starts its white-collar recruits at $60 a month. Its junior clerks receive $140 and in some cases get as high as $200 for specialized but nonsupervisory service.

A very large corporation engaged in light manufacturing also pays its junior clerks $15 a week; anything above that is for supervisory duties. The compensation advantage in this company is conspicuously with the blue-shirted contingent.

A corporation engaged in heavy manufacturing—one of the largest in America—pays its junior clerks $65 a month; the limit to which a white-collar specialist can go without stepping up into the supervisory class is $250 a month.

Its apprentices average 25 cents an hour the first year, 31 the second, 38 the third, and 50 the fourth—theoretically. Actually, the average apprenticeship is completed in three years through night school and proficiency credits. This means that when the white-collar youth has reached a $100-a-month position his competitor in the blue shirt is getting $200 a month as a journeyman.

In considering these white-collar pay scales it is well to remember that the distance between the minimum and the maximum is not generally traveled in jumps; in perhaps a majority of cases it is not traversed at all; in most instances the pilgrimage is a matter of years.

Employers With Vision

There is decided cheer in sight when we turn to the immigration avenue of recruiting our supply of skilled labor. In fact, this route has already brought us substantial reënforcements—and shut out about 700,000 immigrants from Southeastern Europe! The Dillingham Immigration Act had no lack of militant enemies when it was passed. The big employers of common labor made common cause against it. Some still cherish a sordid hostility to it—but many of them have reversed their attitude. The public-relations chief of a big corporation which is one of the largest employers of labor in this country lately confessed to me:

"At the start I was against this measure. It seemed to me that it would operate as a hardship to American industry by shutting out the only obtainable grade of labor willing to do this country's hard and dirty work at a possible price. I didn't fool myself into thinking that the laborers which it would restrict—those from Southeastern Europe—were desirable from a nation-building viewpoint.

"Today I am glad that this measure was enacted. And my change of attitude is, I think, thoroughly typical of that of a large number of big employers of common labor in this country. The very restrictions which we regretted at the time of the enactment of the law we most approve today. We are able now to see that the temporary inconvenience or hardship to which this restriction on the importation of cheap common labor put us is not to be compared with the blessings in disguise which this law has brought us. The importation of large numbers of laborers who will never fit into the American scheme of things would tie to the saddle of American industry a permanent handicap which no temporary advantage would offset."

Not all large employers of common labor have the vision, the courage or the patriotism to take this attitude in a practical way, but many of them are being converted to this outlook. Many

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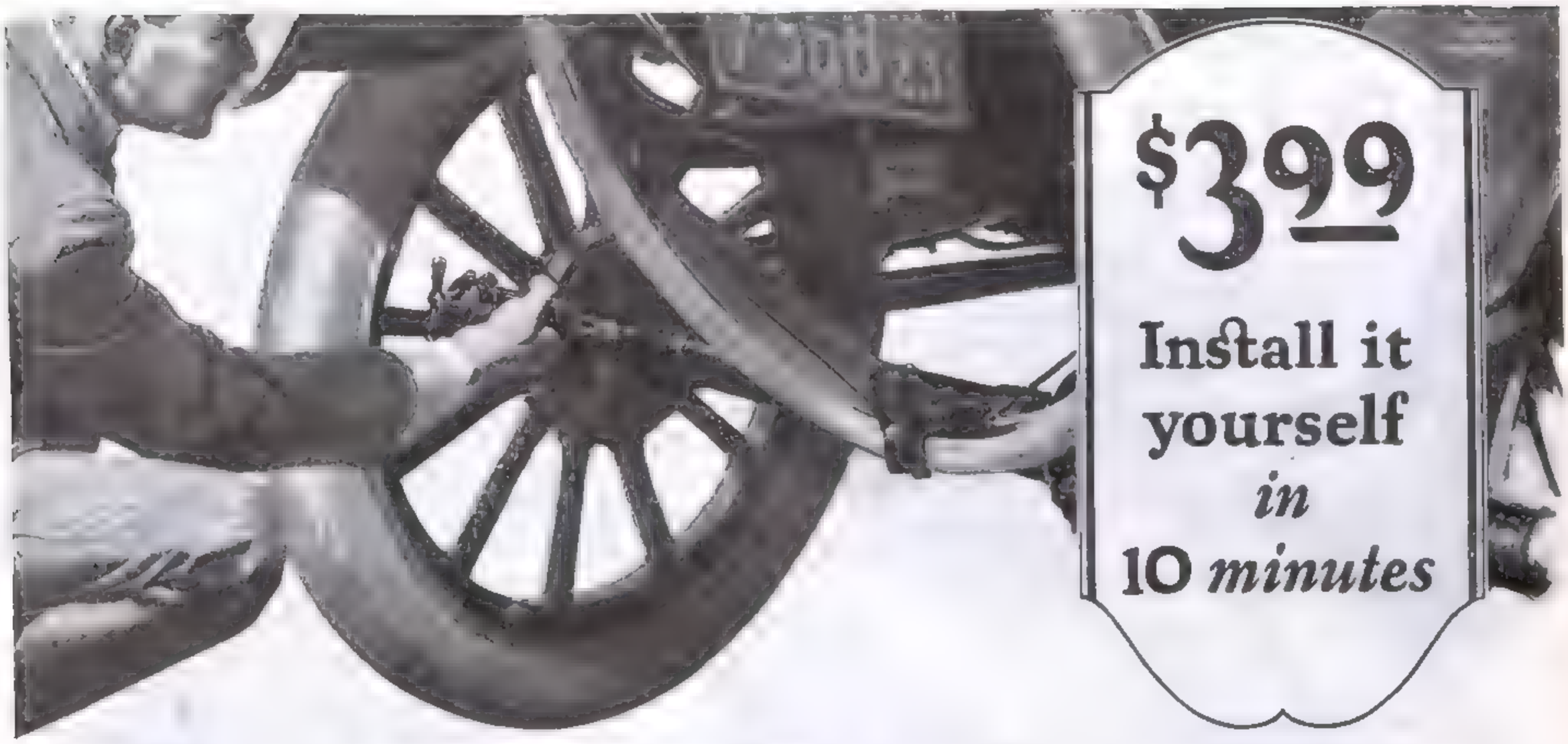


Now:—For Fords too—

an ALEMITE high pressure lubricating system

Here we believe is the end of most rear axle and drive shaft troubles on a Ford. Repair men say yes.

It is the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System. Now especially designed for Fords. The same system that has entirely eliminated this type of trouble on over 4,000,000 cars of other makes.

Most Ford owners keep their engines well-oiled. But the hard-wearing dust-exposed, chassis bearings are generally neglected. In the first place—they're hard to lubricate. And next—grease cups allow the passages to become clogged. Then you fail to reach the vital bearing surface. This failure to lubricate universal joint and drive shaft bearings is the beginning of most rear axle repairs.

A recent survey brought out the startling fact that 80% of all repairs on moving parts are due to one *preventable* cause—improper lubrication.

Now it is as easy to lubricate thoroughly your rear axles, drive shaft, universal joint, steering gears and fan, as to put oil in your motor.

With the new Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System for Fords, you do away with grease cups. A hollow fitting with a cross pin, as shown below, goes on every bearing. The Alemite compressor locks on to these fittings with a quarter turn. As it locks, it shoots lubricant into the heart of the bearing under 500 pounds pressure.

This kind of lubrication, every 500 miles, will double the life of your vital chassis parts—rear axle, universal, etc. You can do it in 5 minutes—without getting under the car—without getting dirty hands.

Nearly 4,000,000 cars, exclusive of Fords, are already Alemite-equipped. On most well-known makes it is now standard equipment—in spite of the extra cost.

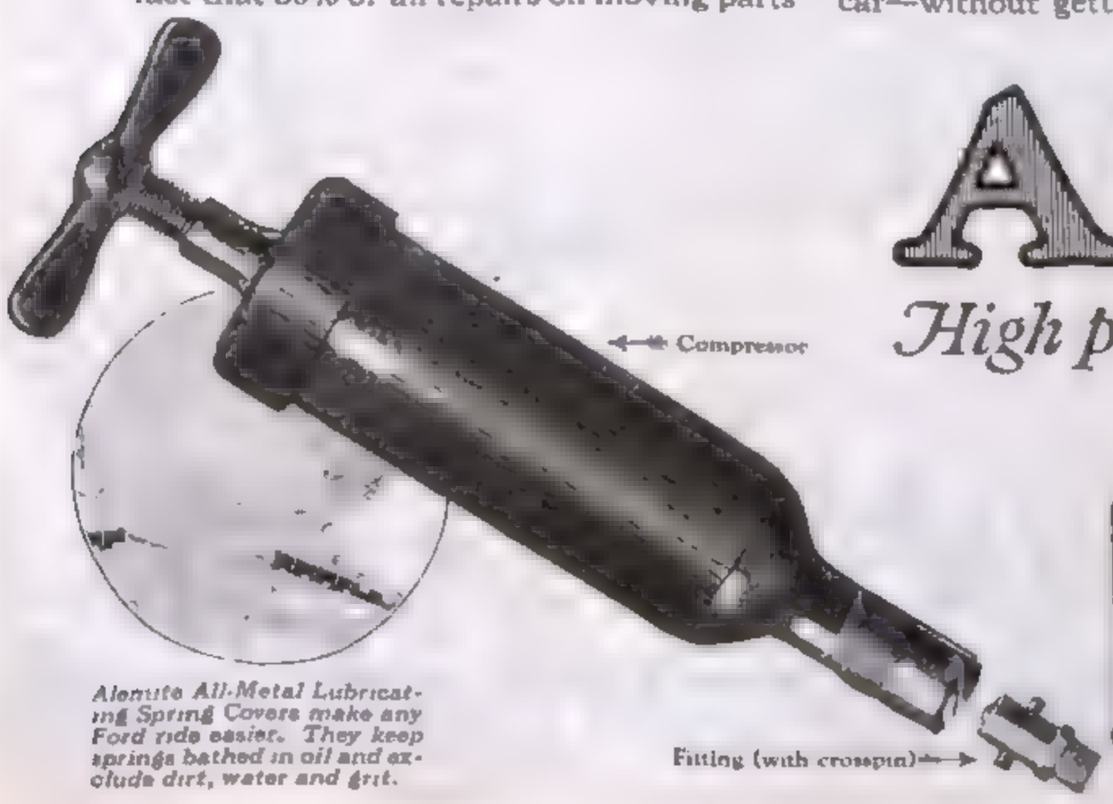
Now you can get this same system for your Ford. The cost is low—only $3.99, including compressor. You can install it yourself in 10 minutes. It will save you 5 times its cost in repairs in one year. For it will keep your vital bearings as well lubricated as your motor.

Get it today from any dealer. But if more convenient, use the coupon. We'll send your set by Parcel Post, with full directions for installing.

A Bassick-Alemite Product

THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING CO.
2660 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Canadian Factory: Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd.
Belleville, Ontario



Alemite All-Metal Lubricating Spring Covers make any Ford ride easier. They keep springs bathed in oil and exclude dirt, water and grit.

ALEMITE

High pressure lubricating system-For Fords

Oil or Grease

With the Alemite System you can use either oil or grease. But for best results we recommend Alemite Lubricant—a pure solidified oil especially adapted for our system—has all the virtues of oil but is solid enough to "stay put."

Send No Money

THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING CO.
2660 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:
Please send me your new Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System for Fords. I will pay the postman $3.99 on delivery.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

Dealer's Name _____

TO know that the part you get is the right one, and genuine, is the first and most important step in a satisfactory and enduring repair job on your car, and to get that part promptly, is the next important consideration.

From the smallest screw, to a completely assembled unit, United Motors gives you accurate, timely service. It does this for the eight important automotive products listed below, and on which it gives nation-wide service.

There is a United Motors authorized service station near you, which is pledged to supply you—the right part—for the right place—promptly. Look for the oval sign—the sign of satisfaction.

United Motors Service

is the official service organization for the eight well-known products whose names appear on this sign.

The oval sign, in combination with one or more of these trade names, is your assurance of expert factory service. Authorized United Motors Service Stations are required to have special tools and testing apparatus, highly skilled workmen, and complete stocks of genuine parts.

These facilities together with official factory records assure prompt, efficient service.

Authorized United Motors Service Stations are at convenient points throughout the United States and Canada.

AUTHORIZED
UNITED MOTORS
SERVICE

Delco
KLAXON
REMY
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ROLLER BEARINGS
NEW DEPARTURE
BALL BEARINGS
HARRISON
RADIATORS
JAXON
RIMS AND R.M. PARTS
AC
SPEEDOMETERS

UNITED MOTORS SERVICE
INCORPORATED
General Offices Detroit, Michigan
Branches in Principal Cities
Service Stations Everywhere

(Continued from Page 50)

American farmers are rather backward about viewing the importation of common labor in this public-spirited way. The farmer is desperately pushed for help and feels that he could do a very thorough job of assimilating some toilers from Southeastern Europe that look like champion undesirables to immigration connoisseurs. Probably he could do a better job of assimilating than the mine or the mill owner—but he must wait his turn for relief along with the owners of the mills and the mines. Considerations of citizenship must precede those of temporary advantage to industry.

A Skilled-Labor Immigration

It is impossible to inventory America's labor gains from immigration except loosely, but they have been decidedly substantial. The tide of skilled workers from the United Kingdom did not begin to take on volume until the present fiscal year; then it came in a flood. In the years ending June 30, 1921 and 1922, the quota of 77,342 allotted to the United Kingdom remained only about half filled. At the close of the present fiscal year Germany was virtually the only country of the Northwestern Europe group which failed to exhaust its quota; it was allowed 67,607 and sent about 25,237 short of that allowance. In the year we received from

United Kingdom	77,342
Denmark	4,825
Ireland	3,221
France	4,740
Netherlands	3,607
Norway	11,078
Sweden	10,789
Total	126,129

The race to fill the quotas for the new year beginning with July started with the landing in New York of about 15,000 newcomers. There are two new elements outstanding as to the filling of quotas for this fiscal year: One is the fact that the countries of Northwestern Europe are coming strong at the start of the race, and the other is that emigration back to these countries has considerably fallen off.

If Germany sends us all the immigrants she is permitted to send under the present law there is a good chance that we shall receive about 357,000 immigrants before the end of next June and that a larger proportion of these will be of the highly desirable type than in any other immigration year in the recent history of our country.

How about the proportion of skilled workers in this tide from the Old World? The only analysis extant covers only the first twenty months of the operation of the present quota law—leaving the last four months out of consideration. As the quotas from countries contributing mainly unskilled workers were exhausted early, it follows that the influx of skilled workers in the last four months of the two-year period was in much higher ratio than earlier; in fact our immigration of the closing four months of the fiscal year was a skilled-labor immigration. In the twenty-month period ending with February, 1923, four times as many skilled workers of English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh blood were admitted as were laborers of the same races. From Scandinavia the skilled workers were in excess of laborers by almost one-third. But in this connection it should be remembered that the common labor from these countries is first-class timber for the skilled trades.

There is still another important consideration: These workers from Northwestern Europe have always been inclined to stick in America; that tendency is now acutely accentuated by the fact that, even in the best trades over there, unemployment and profound depression have prevailed for nearly two years, and the workers are inclined to believe that the outlook for the future in Europe is about hopeless. In the Old World they have been living virtually on a starvation scale for many months; transplanted to America, with good American wages to spend, they are going to develop rapidly as consumers—especially of food products. They have brought their appetites with them, sharpened by long denial.

Anyone who entertains the notion that the difference in point of desirability between immigrants from Southeastern and Northwestern Europe is exaggerated should take the Ellis Island cure; one day at any important port of arrival will prove a perfect disinfectant against this illusion. I talked with one Scotchman after another fresh from the great shipbuilding district of the Clyde. They were clean, alert, intelligent, hungry for food and hungry for work. And how good America looked to them!

Andrew Elliott, ship carpenter, was representative of the run of these men. He is a clear-eyed upstanding Scot a little more than thirty years old. He wasn't worried about the Eighteenth Amendment, but he was decidedly anxious about how soon he could get to work.

"I've been idle," he declared, "for two years—like most of the mechanics of the Clyde. There's nothing to do there. All we've had to live on is our state unemployment insurance of twenty-one shillings—and the cost of living is just about as high now as during the war. I have a wife and one child and we have lived in one room—'with kitchen,' as we say over there. Heat furnished? By the landlord? Oh, no! There's a fireplace, and we've been able to buy just about one-third enough coal to keep the room really warm. A bag of coal, one hundredweight, had to do us a winter week. That means two shillings and a penny the week. Light? There's a penny-in-the-slot gas machine; but you don't burn much gas when you've only twenty-one shillings—about five dollars, your money—a week to cover everything for a family of three. The rent of the bare room costs us sixteen pounds a year.

"All the men want to get to America—the best skilled workers as well as the poorer—but only the best can make it. I was fortunate. A man obliged me with money—at two shillings sixpence the month to a pound sterling. Some are paying a shilling more.

"There are thousands of medal men over there begging and hawking notions and novelties on the streets—some of them officers. When we went to get passage we were told that they were fully booked for about six weeks ahead. It's that way all the time now—and is going to be for a long time too. There were 300 skilled Scotch workers on our boat. The few skilled men who are able to get work are drawing two pounds two shillings the week. Scotland would be emptied of skilled workers if they could get the money to leave with and the boats could carry them."

At the time of this conversation wages for similar work at Pittsburgh for straight time were $55.00 a week—and plenty of overtime work to do. With fifteen hours of overtime the weekly pay envelope would contain $73.12. The Scotchmen interviewed declared that the few back home who were working received only two pounds seven shillings for a forty-seven-hour week—about $10.91.

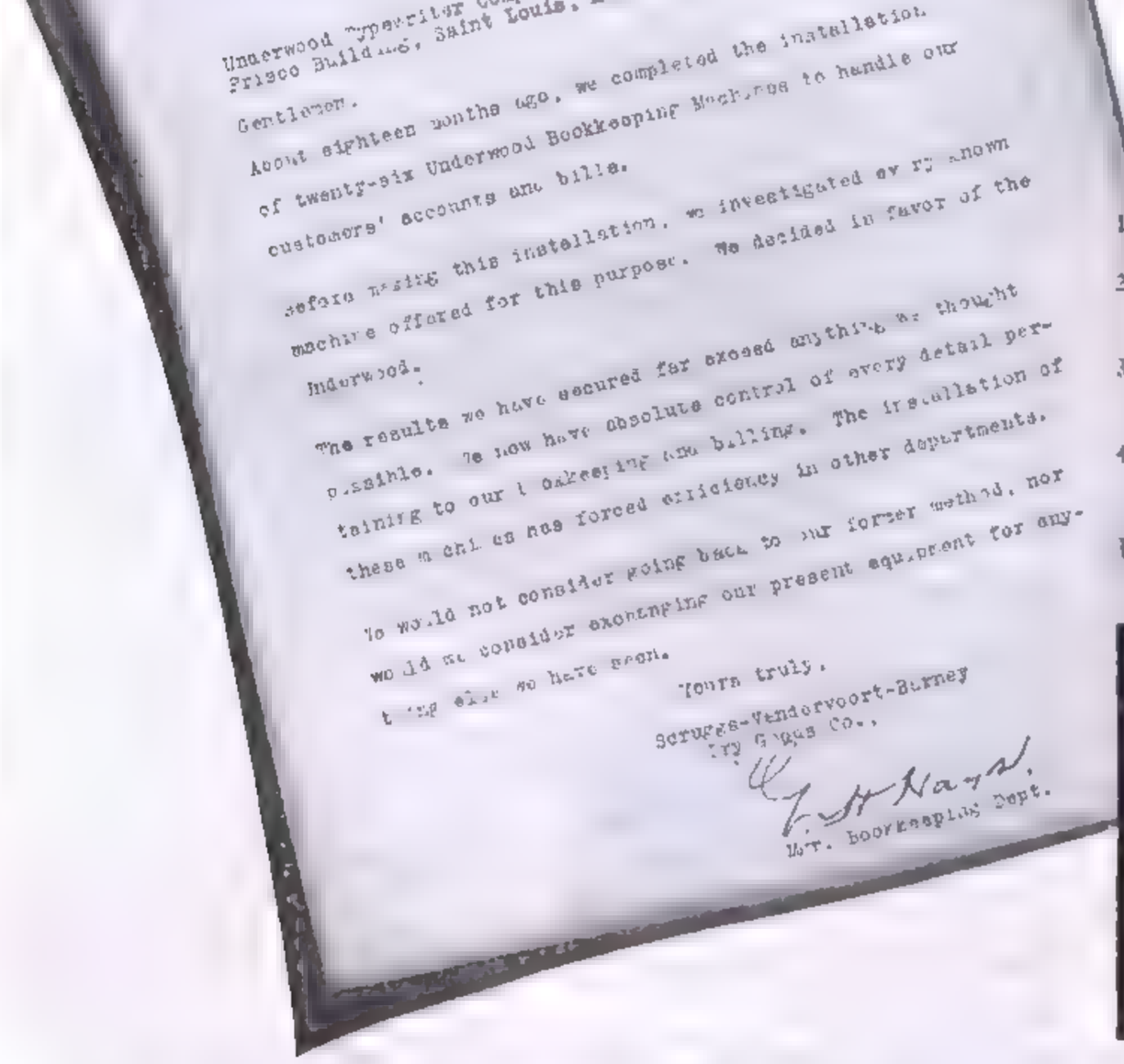
Thoroughbreds in the Crafts

Apprenticeship in the skilled trades in Scotland and England is not a hothouse affair; nearly all the men from Barrow and the Clyde with whom I talked had put in five years before being given journeyman pay and papers. The regular apprentice pay seems to be twelve shillings a week for the first three years.

Imagine an American boy of working age being interested in a wage of $2.76 a week—to say nothing of tying himself tight for five years to the job! But the men who have come up through such an apprentice system are looked upon by American employers as the jewels of skilled labor. The influence of their work upon that of their American shopmates is no small consideration.

As one superintendent puts it: "They're thoroughbreds from the standpoint of skilled craftsmanship. We need them to keep up the standard of thoroughness in craftsmanship just as much as the livestock breeder needs to import new pedigreed blood to keep up the strain of his stock. We can learn a lot from these highly trained men from Scotland and England. They know their crafts down to the last detail."

Altogether the outlook for the labor supply required to do America's work is far from hopeless. But the problem of securing enough skilled labor to keep the country going at wages within reason can be met only by a more general and energetic awakening on the part of American employers to the necessity of a systematic and sustained drive in recruiting and training a new supply of apprentices for the trades. Then a change in the immigration act which would, as the proposed Reed Bill provides, give us a 5 per cent quota based upon the Census of 1890, instead of 3 per cent based upon the Census of 1910, would help immensely.



Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney
Dry Goods Co.
St. Louis.

Underwood Typewriter Company,
Frisco Building, Saint Louis, Missouri.

Gentlemen.

About eighteen months ago, we completed the installation of twenty-six Underwood Bookkeeping Machines to handle our customers' accounts and bills.

Before making this installation, we investigated every known machine offered for this purpose. We decided in favor of the Underwood.

The results we have secured far exceed anything we thought possible. We now have absolute control of every detail pertaining to our bookkeeping and billing. The installation of these machines has forced efficiency in other departments.

We would not consider going back to our former method, nor would we consider exchanging our present equipment for anything else we have seen.

Yours truly,

Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney
Dry Goods Co.,

W. T. Nash.
Mgr. bookkeeping Dept.

No longer "Under the Shadow of the Pen"

Keeping books on Underwood Bookkeeping Machines enables Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney Dry Goods Co. to:

1. Prove that all items are correctly posted as to amounts, on both ledgers and bills.
2. Prove that all items are accounted for, and that none are omitted from either ledgers or bills.
3. Prove that old balances are properly picked up on both ledgers and bills, and that new balances are correctly computed.
4. Prove that debit items are entered in debit columns and credit items in credit columns.
5. Prove that the items have been posted and billed to the correct accounts.
6. Eliminate all trial balance troubles.
7. Eliminate the labor of footing thousands of bills at the end of each month, as under their plan the bill is ready to render immediately after the last entry has been made.

The Underwood Bookkeeping Machine can lift "the Shadow of the Pen" from any business, large or small. To get detailed information, mail the coupon below.

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER CO., INC., Underwood Bldg., N. Y.
Branches in all principal cities

View in Bookkeeping Department of Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney Dry Goods Co., showing installation of 26 Underwood Bookkeeping Machines.

UNDERWOOD *Bookkeeping* MACHINE

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER CO., Inc.
Underwood Building, New York

Send full information regarding the Underwood Bookkeeping Machine and a copy of booklet, "Taking Industry Out of the Shadow of the Pen."

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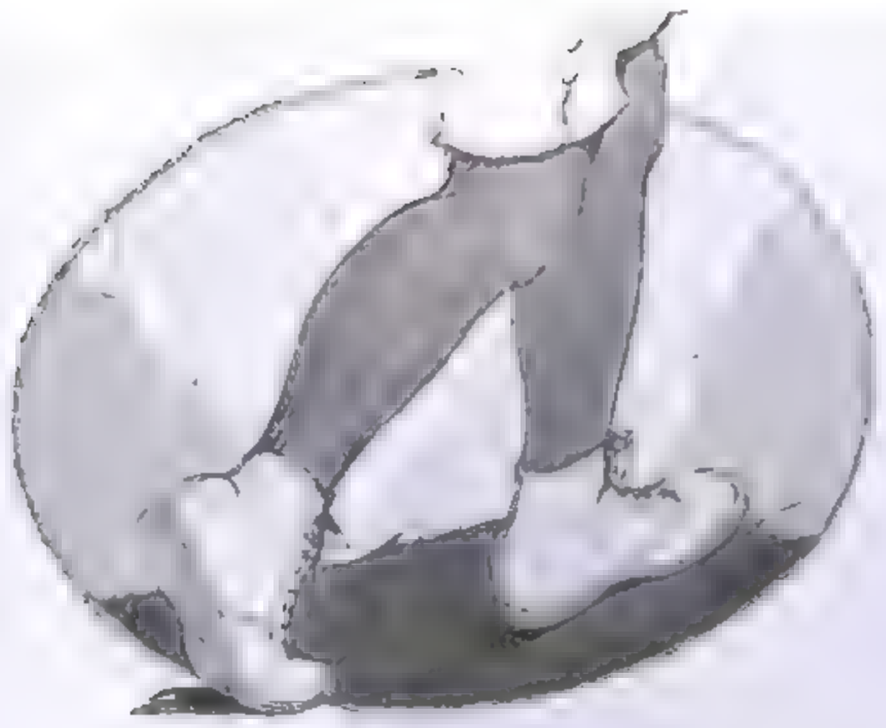
Address

S E P



Let them take vacation comfort back to school

All summer long their growing muscles have had a glorious opportunity. Running, climbing, tramping—little foot muscles especially have had a much needed chance to develop.

Don't put children back into stiff, hard, heavy shoes when school begins. Keep them in Keds and let their feet stay free and uncramped when keen fall days give an added zest to play.

Keds are *anatomically correct* for all normal feet. Cool, and comfortable, they give feet the ease and freedom they need without sacrificing the protection they *must* have.

Why you should insist on Keds

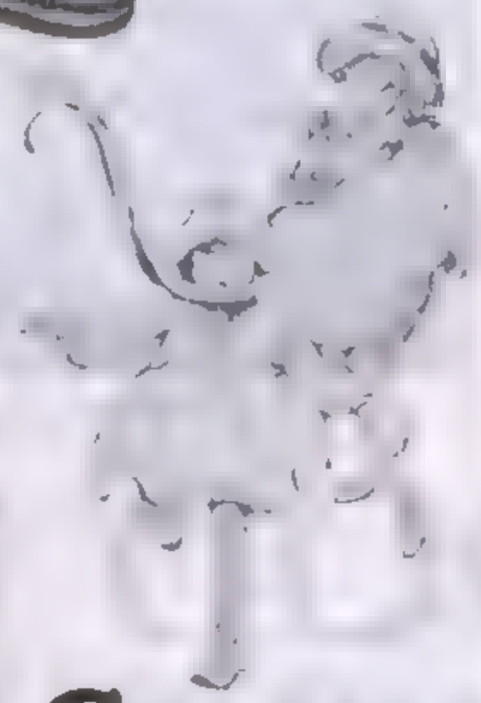
Keds are the standard by which all canvas rubber-soled shoes are judged. Their construction has been designed to combine the greatest strength with the most attractive appearance. They are made in many styles—high shoes and low—pumps, oxfords and sandals—styles for boys and girls, women and men.

Keds, of course, vary in price according to type. But no matter what kind of Keds you buy, every pair gives you the highest possible value at the price.

A cross-strap pump in brown or white

A sturdy, reinforced model. Ideal for fall

They are not Keds unless the name Keds is on the shoe



Remember—while there are other shoes that may at first glance *look* like Keds, no other shoe can give you real Keds value. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. If the name Keds isn't on the shoes, they aren't real Keds. It will pay you to make sure.

Valuable hints on camping, radio, etc., are contained in the Keds Hand-book for Boys; and games, recipes, vacation suggestions, and other useful information in the Keds Hand-book for Girls. Either sent free. Address Dept. F-9, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company

Keds

Trademark Reg. U S Pat. Off.

MY BOOK AND HEART

(Continued from Page 5)

This was a great occasion, because she always told me a certain tale:

There was a man and his wife who lived in a little house in a great forest. One day a storm came, blew the door of that house open and flooded it with rain. The wife wept because the floor was wet and night was coming on. Her husband went out with many hamper baskets in his wagon to a wide, bright place beyond the woods and filled his baskets with sunshine. His wagon was piled high with it, and it jostled and ran over the sides so that you could trace him through the dark forest by the brightness he spilled along the way. And he poured all this sunshine into his house, and the floor dried, and everything was warm and shining inside, though it was now dark outside; and his wife was very happy.

After fifty years I can still hear the droning sweet voice of Aunt Jane telling me that tale after I was put to bed and the candle was blown out. I seem always to have gone to sleep with my eyes wide open, looking through the door of that bright house in the dark forest at the woman in the midst of it, sweeping the sunshine about, drying her floor.

Our plantation was like a small state, not dependent upon the markets or the outside world for supplies and society as we are now. Months passed and nobody went away from home except my father, who frequently returned strangely glorified. At such times the song died on my mother's lips and she would go about the house looking like a saint, very sad and good. Still she reigned. And father seemed to go into a kind of eclipse after his flare. Then he would emerge, or reappear—it is not clear to me which happened—a nobler, better man, strangely gentle and worshipful in his manner toward mother. Then mother would begin to smile again, look less like a saint; and the noise and tumult of the plantation began like a chorus, wagons rolling, gears jingling, the voices of men and women singing in the fields; and I would be all at once very, very happy. This is the way I remember it, the tragedies of love and life that passed over me sweetened back to peace and happiness by my mother's way with father. It was years and years before I knew what this trouble was or why we were poor, because in fact I knew nothing of poverty or riches. I had no sense of these sordid values.

Sometimes we visited my grandparents in the village five miles distant. Upon these occasions I sat in the bottom of the buggy, always in a trance of delight. Still, emotionally speaking, I would be very sad, as if the feelings I had were too high for happiness. I can see the little girl I was then, sitting one morning on the top step of a high white stile in front of the house staring at the daybreak sky. It was so early that my little red calico dress was still unbuttoned behind. Never since have I felt such deep emotion, a bigness of the heart in my small breast that was suffocating. Everything was glorious. I was like a very small god who had not made the world, but saw it, felt it from horizon to horizon and knew that it was very good. I could not restrain my tears. Something tremendous had stirred my depths, which in a child are heights never reached by the greatest men. The occasion was this: We were going that day to visit these grandparents. This was why the day had begun so early. This was how I had escaped before my dress could be buttoned. Mother was in a swivet getting ready. And this was why I could not eat breakfast—I was exalted in the spirit. You cannot partake of common earthly food when you are about to enter paradise.

But, at that, I was not better than any other mischievous mortal child, for this was the day I set my grandfather's house on fire.

As it happened, mother's sister, my Aunt Ella, with her two children, was also visiting my grandmother. I was permitted to go with my two cousins up into the attic to play. This was a wonderful place. We played, but spent most of the time looking over what was in the old trunks and boxes. Then we found some papers and letters stuffed between a few boards and the outside wall. My older cousin, who was a boy—it is no use to name him by name, for he is now a good old grandparent himself, with many honorable years behind him—suggested that I set these papers afire just to see what would happen. He struck a match, offered it to me and dared me to do it. I had never taken a dare; it felt like a blow in the face; so I took the match and stuck it to the papers. The blaze leaped to the rafters. My two cousins ran, screaming, downstairs to tell what I had done.

"Fire! Fire! The house is on fire!"

The next moment everybody came flying upstairs, my poor grandmother, who was short and very fat, leading the van with a pitcher of water in her hand. They found me standing like Casabianca on the burning deck, staring, transfixed with horror, at the blazing papers. In an instant the fire was quenched, as grandmother dashed the water over me and everything else in that corner. Mother seized me, dripping, led me by one arm downstairs and barely reached the bottom step before she sat down and spanked me.

I have never set another house on fire, but I am wondering what would have become of me in a modern juvenile court for the trying of delinquent children. Most children are delinquents. But in those days the opprobrious term was not applied to us. We sinned freely, and were freely punished by our own parents until the moral order was established in us.

In all my experience as a child, and with other children, I never knew but one who was upright from the beginning. This was my younger sister. I do not remember her infancy or anything about her until I found her tagging along after me in the various small enterprises of life that we conducted together. But she had no normal instincts toward mischief. She must be led into temptation. I remember once when father and mother had gone to visit a sick neighbor, and we seemed to be alone under the mulberry trees in the back yard, I proposed that we surprise our parents by filling up the well.

She readily agreed, and we worked very hard at this business, carrying stones, bits of wood, flatirons, buckets, pans, old shoes, everything in fact that we could find, and tossing them into this well. But it was too deep for us, more than sixty feet. We gave up in disgust at last and went into the garden, where I taught her how to pull up onions. We pulled up a long row of shallots. This was the only thing for which I was punished when mother returned. The little sister was never punished, because mother always correctly inferred that I was to blame.

The next day there was a great stew. Something was the matter with the water from the well. It was not fit to drink. Mother said it tasted like a dead cat to her; father said it tasted strong of mineral to him, and refused to entertain the idea of the cat, especially as we counted them and found all seven alive and above ground.

I remember standing afar off while this well was being cleaned out, with a certain secret pride to see how much we had put in it, and to watch the consternation of my parents, who could not imagine who had done such a thing—and they never did know.

I had no virtues, but I may say that I was actually the prey of noble emotions. I could be moved to incredible heights of sorrow by my own thoughts, and I took the keenest satisfaction in exercising the sad side of my nature.

Many old Southern plantations have their own burying grounds. Ours was in the garden; a square place where ancient tombstones stood among the roses and evergreens. I had no knowledge of the men and women buried there, but they were my people. They had been dead a long time, and forgotten. I used to go there in certain high moods, sit upon one of the stones, keen my nose to the heavens and weep for them. I would crumple myself up into a little fat bundle of grief and sob aloud for these relatives, not because they were dead but because they were forgotten. No one loved them. It was terrible. I was alive and loved. It was my duty to extend the charity of my small heart to them.

My little sister took no part in these orgies. As I have said, she was an amazingly sensible child. She had no illusions, no imagination. She would never play dolls with me, because she knew what a doll was. It was two pieces of cloth sewed together and stuffed with cotton. She had seen mother make the thing, mark the

(Continued on Page 56)

PROPERTY PROTECTION PAYS

The new industrial science

IN the last twenty-five years the Cyclone Fence Company has fenced thousands of plants of all kinds. In so doing they have worked out a standard practice which in every way deserves to be called a science.

Cyclone National Fencing Service means more than millions of feet of "fence" delivered yearly. It involves far more than workmen setting posts and stringing wires.

It includes the services of highly specialized fence experts, using blue prints, contour maps and mathematical formulae unknown to laymen.

Take the problem of fencing a modern manufacturing plant, covering over 100 acres. It has many gateways, railroad tracks, trolleys, overhead cranes, platforms and roadways. Such problems are not solved by delivering car loads of fence materials. Or perhaps the fence line goes up and down hill, across a stream or a canal or into swampy or rocky soil. These are problems that can be solved only by fence experts.

If *your* fence problem is more simple, so much the better. Cyclone Fence with centralized entrances and exits protects property against theft, vandalism, interference with employees and all the evils of exposed premises. Mysterious losses in material and tools which have come to be accepted as part of the overhead cease when Cyclone Fence goes up. By blocking hazardous exits it protects the life and limb of workers. Often a better location of gates and roadways reduces hauls, saves time, facilitates shipments, reduces operating expenses.

Cyclone Fence systematizes and welds the whole plant into a perfectly controlled unit. It builds a new morale within and commands a new respect without.

Cyclone National Fencing Service is offered American industry from six strategic points on the map. It is keyed to speed as well as efficiency. Exceptional time records have been made in fencing plants in emergencies and under adverse conditions. The usual preliminary study of your fence problem by Cyclone field men costs you nothing. Complete installation or expert supervision of erection is arranged by contract. Write nearest offices, Dept. 21.

CYCLONE FENCE

CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY

Factories and Offices: Waukegan, Ill., Cleveland, Ohio, Newark, N. J., Fort Worth, Texas, Oakland, Calif. *(Standard Fence Co.)*, Portland, Ore. *(Northwest Fence & Wire Works)*

The Story
of a great success

GENTLEMEN:

One of the marvels of business in the past three years has been the success of Palmolive Shaving Cream.

Think of the situation.

All men were using some other shaving soap. Most of them were well content. We asked them, as a courtesy, to accept a ten-shave test, and a million men replied.

That test astounded those men. It revealed a new-type Shaving Cream beyond anything they dreamed. They told other men about it. This morning a very large part of the men who shaved used this new creation.

Made to please 1,000

We started on this theory: Delight 1,000 average men and you can please ten millions.

So we interviewed one thousand. We asked them what they most desired in the ideal Shaving Cream, and they agreed on four requirements:

Abundant lather	Quick action
Lasting lather	Fine after-effects

Then we asked a famous expert what he thought most important. He replied, "Strong bubbles to support the hairs for cutting. Few men know it, but that is the supreme requirement in a Shaving Cream."

We met those ideals

Then we set out to meet those ideals as no one else had done. It took us 18 months. We made up and tested 130 formulas before we satisfied ourselves.

Yet here able chemists had studied soap for more than 60 years. Here had been perfected some of the greatest soaps known. One of them—Palmolive—is the leading toilet soap of the world.

That is all. We did what men wanted, and very much better than ever before was done. We proved it by a ten-shave test. And those men flocked by millions to this master Shaving Cream.

You will do likewise if you cut out this coupon now.

5 Reasons

It multiplies itself in lather 250 times.

It softens the beard in one minute.

It maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

Its strong bubbles hold the hairs erect, so the razor does not pass them over.

The blend of palm and olive oils makes the cream a soothing lotion.

PALMOLIVE
SHAVING CREAM

Simply insert your name and address and mail to
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Dept. B-544, Milwaukee, U.S.A.

2150

(Continued from Page 54)

eyes, nose and mouth with ink, sew sheep's wool on top of its head for hair. She was never deceived in her life about anything. But she was strangely, sensibly good. For fifty years she lived a better life than I could ever have lived. She acquired the best virtues, and died at last without vanity and without ever having made a fuss about her labor, love or sacrifice.

When I would be in the throes of worshiping my ancestors beneath these old boxed-in tombs, she would stand at a rational distance, watch me coolly until my paroxysm of grief passed bounds, then she would take to her heels, fly back to the house and tell mother. This was her duty. She always told on me when her conscience demanded that she should.

There was a round plot of grass in this garden where two wide walks crossed. In one corner of the walks there was a clump of sage bushes covered with pale-lavender, bell-shaped flowers, and somewhere in the rear there was a great mass of roses like fine ladies dressed for a party. In the midst of the grass there was a rustic bench beneath the shade of a poplar tree, spire-shaped, with silver leaves always turning like tiny silver fans in the sunlight.

I remember all this—the soft grass, the bees humming among the sage blossoms, the roses swinging and bowing to each other as if the wind that moved them was cotillion music—because mother often sat on this bench and read her Bible. We had a grand Bible in the house in which our names were recorded; but this book was never opened except on state occasions, when we were born or when we died, or when the pastor paid us a visit and held out-of-season prayers with us—say, in the middle of the afternoon. But the one mother read in the garden was a dingy little everyday Bible. The leaves in it were worn; some were loose and stuck out, or they were turned down to mark a favorite chapter.

On a certain day she was sitting there as usual, her brown hair parted, brushed smoothly back and coiled, her feet crossed, her skirts spread and her eyes fixed upon the open book. I was somewhere on the grass at her feet, still a very small child, who knew no more of the immemorial past than that Adam was the first man, Eve the first woman, and that Methuselah lived to be the oldest man. According to the back kick of my little short-tail mind, they had lived comparatively recently and passed away immediately before the beginning of real grandparents on the earth. My world was bounded by the garden, mother's room and the high ramparts of the green hills beyond the avenue. My imagination, if I had any, could not have been taller than the sage bushes behind me.

Then mother called me by name and bade me listen. Dropping her eyes again to the book, she read, "'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.'

"There was no heaven, no earth, no stars, nothing, only God. He made everything," she told me.

This was incredible; but I believed it because she said it was so, and because when we are very young and innocent it is as easy to believe the magnificently incredible as it is difficult to believe any little good thing later on when we are no longer innocent or good.

She went on reading what happened as recorded in Genesis, pausing between verses, giving me a truthful look as she interpreted them literally. I do not know if she really believed that the heavens and the earth were created in six of our short days, but she let me have it as it was written there.

I was amazed, exalted, as if she had opened the gates of unspeakable splendors to me. I swelled with emotions too great to think. I saw God, not an image with the face of my father or mother, but a strange inner vision, as by faith we grasp the idea of immortality without being able to conceive of the spiritual bodies of saints. I saw the blackness of nothingness split and light divide the darkness. It is the truth. I remember it well—I saw day break and the new stars shine and the waters divided from the waters.

We live best by faith, not by the mere facts within reach and proof of human reason or experience. I remember walking back to the house with a little barefooted strut, to think that I had been made by a God like that.

Whatever spiritual life I have had began long after that. But my religious sense came to me that day, a conviction that binds me to the idea of almightiness. Since that summer morning with mother in the garden, with the Book laid open upon her knees, I have passed over the mountain tops, through the valleys and shadows of many years. I have discovered that these first six days of creation cover six æons of time. I have been obliged to find the evidence of evolution in Genesis, because I am obliged to admit the established fact of evolution. I have been compelled to take off my shoes before the mighty progress of science. But never has my faith in this first chapter of the Scriptures been shaken. Nothing ever written equals the brevity and majesty with which this first book of the Book is written. Millions of years lie buried in a silence that cannot be broken after every verse.

But what was time then? Centuries had not been invented. It is we who demand to be trammeled with the arithmetic of years and spaces. This record was set down with authority and a vast stride that takes no account of our meaner rational faculties. Only a child slipping in, or a saint slipping out of time, has the faith to believe it, regardless of what we call understanding.

I was one of these children. Presently I was to feel the pinch of my transgressions, know the age-old sense of guilt; but not yet. I had a purely human conception of God, and a natural desire to keep at a respectful distance from Him. Once when mother must have been passing through one of her sad, saintly periods, when she would be wrestling in prayer with that particular angel whose business it was to look after father, I came suddenly into the house and caught sight of her on her knees. I withdrew hurriedly, not from a proper sense of reverence but because I inferred that God must be in there with her, and I had no desire to be in such close quarters with the Almighty. The truth is I have never been a spiritual bounder. The peace of my soul has never been dependent upon rubbing elbows with the witness of the spirit. My faith has always been sufficiently strong to accept the magnificent evidence of all creation that such a spirit exists.

Still, looking back, it is clear to me now that I had a gift for religion, which is quite different from a talent for piety, which I have never had. That is to say, I was aware of my relation to the Most High. It involved no moral obligation, but a distinction that also made me kin to the stars and only a trifle lower than the angels in heaven; not further removed, say, than third cousin to the best of them. This is literally the way I felt. And if the dim, sweet truth of childhood was known, many another child brought up as I was must have felt the same way.

But I quickly learned to give myself airs according to the customs governing this relationship, which no doubt accounts for much of the hypocrisy we all practice. For example, I liked to attend divine service, although the sermon never interested me. I looked for something to happen. I craved an opportunity to show off my grand relationship. If the preacher invited everyone who felt that he was a child of God to come forward and give his hand, I went, switching proudly down the aisle when I was so small that he must bend low to reach my hand. Then, with an air of augmented excellence, I would switch back, crawl upon the seat beside my mother. This vanity sometimes led me to accept an invitation that was far from complimentary and certainly not intended for one of my tender years. One occasion I remember distinctly. A protracted meeting was in progress. I was permitted to go one evening with father and mother, sitting in the bottom of the buggy as usual. After the sermon the preacher came down to the altar and extended an invitation. The import did not concern me. What I wanted was the opportunity to go up there. As a matter of fact, he asked all those who felt that they had sinned against God and man, and who desired forgiveness, to come forward.

No sooner said than done, so far as I was concerned. I slid off the bench as usual, scarcely aware that mother had caught me by my skirt as I escaped. The tug of her detaining hand merely popped the button off the belt, and I pranced down the aisle with my dress open behind. Can you see me kneeling at this altar like a little locust, with my pink calico chrysalis split, maybe a trifle crowded by the old black-beetle sinners who knelt beside me? Surely there is

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HERE is one of New York's most interesting sights—a department store forced by its popularity to build a skyscraper addition. Eleven more acres of badly needed floor space have been added to Macy's by the tower-like addition you see in this picture.

When in New York visit Macy's

BACK IN 1858, a retired whaling captain named Rowland H. Macy opened a tiny store in New York, put price tags on all his goods, and announced that he would charge one price to all.

So radical was this step in those days, that Mr. Macy was refused credit. He promptly declared that he would get along WITHOUT credit; he would buy and sell for cash and at the lowest prices in the city.

On that principle, from which Macy's has never swerved, has been built the largest department store in America's largest city.

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fresh
from the factory

Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co.

FRESH Tuxedo TOBACCO

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humor in heaven over one such lamb as this! But I am touched yet to think of the strident little soul I had then in the light of the years to come that were to shrive me so harshly, leave me such a weary old child of God.

One other thing I remember about that. When we were in the buggy ready to go home, I did not sit in the foot of it as usual; father lifted me to his knees. And I could feel the chuckles of laughter in him as he drew me closer, like the youngest rib in his side. I did not know what amused him, nor why mother appeared to be annoyed. I was sweetly innocent of myself.

Mother said something, and added, "That child will be the death of me yet."

Father made no reply, only drew me closer. I had no idea what the trouble was, and did not worry, because mother often said that I would be the death of her—and then did not die.

She was a stern woman, and rigidly orthodox. This was not her failing, but her strength. Being father's wife and my mother called for character and strong measures. She was determined to make me a good woman and a perfect lady. The fact that she did neither was not her fault but my limitations, due to the fact that I was shockingly kin to father in some ways.

She disliked our family doctor. She took his medicine in case of life or death, and I also was obliged to take a dose occasionally; not because the stuff was bitter—all medicine was bitter in those days—but because mother treated him with a sort of austerity, as if she quarantined herself. At last I discovered what was wrong with him. This gentle old man with the twinkling gray eyes was a heretic. He did not believe in hell, the burning lake of fire and brimstone. I heard him tell mother there was no such place of perpetual punishment. This was, indeed, the first time I had heard of it. I left the room immediately and hid myself behind the woodpile, because I felt that I was about to have a thought that must not be thought in mother's presence, because I had known her more than once to see through me. I agreed with Doctor Bell. If God was God, and not the devil, there could be no such place. Then I came guiltily back into the house, having done this thing, and sat at an anguishing distance from mother, knowing that I was no longer in her class, but that I was a heretic like Doctor Bell. I loved her passionately and longed to draw close to her, but I could not believe this about God. Undoubtedly I was of such stuff as martyrs are made of, but fortunately she did not know it.

What she did know was that I either could not or would not tell the truth. She loved the truth, and I have myself come to love it with sensible human moderation; but at that time I was obliged to conceal my small transgressions with prevarications. This was because I feared mother, and I feared her because I did not really know her. I suppose it is the same with us about God. It is not so much that we love darkness rather than light because our deeds are evil as it is that we are not equal to righteousness, and we wrongfully impute to Him our ideas of punishment. The trouble with me was that I could not tell which truth mother loved, so it seemed best to take no chances. Therefore I learned to lie like a man, if you know what I mean. I preserved her peace of mind almost at the entire cost of my veracity. But whenever she overtook me in a fault or a lie I was promptly punished. She never kept me in suspense while her anger cooled. She did her duty by me instantly in the spirit of honest wrath. Otherwise I could not have forgiven her.

A parent so meanly concerned for the comfort of his own conscience that he can deliberately add the anguish of suspense to a child's fear of the rod by waiting until he can apply the same in cold blood seems to me a moral monster.

One lovely thing I remember about mother in this connection. My little sister had a long and dangerous illness. When she began to recover she had literally no hair, only a pale yellow fuzz on her head. Mother not only forbade me to call attention to this, but she required me to tell my sister that she had beautiful hair. Tongue cannot tell the joy I had in this permission to lie. I developed a vocabulary for describing imaginary hair that should have given mother a hint of my future career. I suppose she justified herself by faith. Because at last, and until the day of her death fifty years later, this little sister had the most beautiful golden curls I have ever seen.

Somewhere along in these years my education began. With no mental powers at all, I was obliged to learn my ABC's. Until this time these letters had belonged to grown people. Now they became mine, as one claims the pain in his side. But mother put me through, with what anguish to herself I can only imagine, because she was a proud woman who had discovered that her offspring was singularly stupid. I had a horror of knowledge. No bribe or appeal could fire my ambition. I had none. I never have had. To my mind it is the artificial stimulant of ignoble natures. The power to achieve is in all of us. We get it from God. It is a great thing, and ought not to be called by the mean competitive name of "ambition."

I went A. W. O. L. whenever there was a chance to escape. But I never seemed to get beyond the reach of mother's clear bell-like voice calling me. And the same thing that made Adam come from his hiding place among the shrubbery in paradise when the Lord said "Where art thou?" always drew me from the green sanctuary of the avenue to face mother and my ABC's, a small, unwilling disciple of learning.

Later we had a governess. She was a splendid woman and was said to be a good teacher. I do not know. But she must have had some kind of sense not indigenous to teachers as a class, because she let up on textbooks and allowed me to study Paley's Moral Philosophy and somebody's Evidences of Christianity. I could never learn anything that is in an English or Latin grammar; but before I was fifteen years old I had read the first five books of Vergil and the Odes of Horace. Between my tenth and thirteenth years I read all of Plutarch's Lives, Paradise Lost and Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered. But I had never read a novel when I was sixteen years of age. I was so young when I read the Life of Numa, that second legendary king of Rome, that it seemed quite possible to stir up a nymph of my own like his Egeria out of a certain spring in the apple orchard. I spent hours at this enchantment, until one day my little sister, watching me from the opposite hillside, flew back to the house and told mother such a tale of my circlings about this spring and the strange prayers I said that she came down there and broke the spell of nymphs and incantations in me forever. She did right. The fact that quite contrary to my nature and abilities I have become a comparatively sensible person is due entirely to the way mother brought me up willy-nilly. Whether I wanted to come, or stray and dream and be a sentimental idiot, made no difference to her. I had to come up, and with proper attributes.

Certain persons for whom we have no particular affection sometimes take on a halo in after years. This was what happened to Miss Mary Heard, our governess, in my memory. I forgot what a cool, wise person she was, with not a single worldly standard in her fine old gray head. Forty years later we heard that she was visiting friends near us, and my sister and I went to call on her. By this time my sister had endured all things with a courage that ever bordered upon cheerfulness. She had brought up four sons and sent three volunteers into the army that went to France, and she did not show it. What I mean is that she was a pleasant, pretty lady, and I had become a famous woman. Heaven knows as well as I do that this was an accident; but I may show it a trifle. I infer that I do, because when Miss Mary met us she took one look at me and put me in my place. Then she devoted herself to my sister. In her thin, sweet singsong voice she asked, you may say, for her credits. She marked her high on this report; and she merely gave me the lick and the promise of a look, meaning, I inferred, that she had kept up with me and she did not agree with some of the stuff I had broadcast through the world with a too-facile pen. I do not know how she did it; but she contrived to let me know merely by hunching the back of one thin shoulder sidewise at me that she certainly was not responsible on account of anything she had taught me for the way I had turned out.

Then I remembered, as you catch the faint fragrance of a rose from the garden in the evening, the prim white sweetness of her religious life. She performed the Golden Rule. She prayed with meticulous regularity night and morning, as if she knelt to receive nourishment from heaven twice every day, and probably strength to deal patiently with the ramping young mind I had at that time. My dear sister gave her no trouble at all. She was not a brilliant student, but serenely intelligent. In fact she had the advantage of me, because from first to last she had a good conscience, which I never had. With the awakening of my moral sense I began to feel like a damned child of God; but a child of His, nevertheless, you understand. There have been many times in my life when for the moment I have felt letter-perfect before the Lord, but this was never a permanent spiritual state with me.

Now, seated a trifle in the rear of Miss Mary, who was speaking approvingly to my sister as an old teacher honors a former student who has made good in the world, I received the impression, merely from the offish tilt of her back, that she had had her suspicions of the kind of mind I had and that the things I had written justified the suspicion. She didn't give a fig for fame. It was what a lot of people thought of you who did not know you. She knew a truly good and great woman when she saw one, and continued to regard my sister with proud affection.

We pay for every thing, dear friends; every virtue and every distinction, even more than we ever pay for our vices. The latter frequently come cheap. Doctrinally speaking, I have never been able to live above suspicion, because if a religious doctrine is so interpreted as to reflect upon the goodness and mercy of my Lord, I have not scrupled to give it a twist and a turn in His favor.

Miss Mary was a Methodist who believed in apostacy, as Baptists believe in election and Presbyterians accept the doctrine of predestination—every one of them, I believe, interpretations of the Word that malign the very nature of God. I was present like a heretical odor to her fine spiritual nose.

But this was the only time in our joint social adventure when my sister had the recognition she deserved. She was born somewhere above the mere lettering of creeds and doctrines. She was never concerned about these things, but only to love and do her duty with a clear and sweet precision. She did not pass as I did through the awful anguish of repentance for my sins—secretly, many a time since I have wondered what these sins were of which I repented with so much violence of tears—and she was never converted, as I was, in the flare of gospel trumpetings. Spiritually speaking, I seem to be noisy. There is an ever-living, sobbing "Amen!" in me that belongs to a Salvation Army service in full swing. My sister was different. She not only had the mind and manners; she had the soul of a perfect lady. Yet in the world where I have moved by the mere accident of achievement, I seem to have been in front of her, obscuring her goodness and her finer charm, always, except this one time when Miss Mary made the right distinction between us.

The time came when I must be sent away to school; not very far; merely to Elberton, the nearest town where there was a girls' academy. I do not know how old I was; probably fifteen. But I had read all the poetry and the histories in our very considerable library. I had finished the Odes of Horace, Paley's Moral Philosophy, that huge book on the Evidences of Christianity, and done something vague in algebra. But I could not parse a simple sentence or work a sum in fractions, and I never could believe that nine times nine is eighty-one, but was always obliged to refer to the multiplication table to be convinced. I suppose such a preparation would condition a girl for life in a modern boarding school.

I remember one thing that happened in connection with this change in the scenes of my life. The day before I was to go away mother called me into her room and bade me close the door. Then she invited me to be seated. Her manner was ceremonious and her expression proud, but not forbidding. She regarded me with a kind, measuring look and I took it levelly, having passed the period of childish fears.

"Do you know who you are?" she asked gently.

I was so astonished at this question that I said I did not know.

Well, she would tell me. She said that I had come out of a long line of virtuous women. As far back as the memory and love of man reached, there had never been any

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other than good women in "your family." This was the first time she had ever handed over the family to me. I felt the distinction. She went on to impress the responsibilities. She explained exactly what a virtuous woman was. She was eloquent with the pride of race. Solomon had nothing on her when he wrote that last chapter of Proverbs. I even doubt if he knew as much as mother did about this matter. One thing in particular I recall that she said; because, all told, it was a very strange thing for her to know; but these many years have I verified her beautiful wisdom. She said that men loved good women only; that it was their nature to worship this kind, but never any other kind. A good woman only had the power to keep and save men. My impression was that without them the Lord might as well throw up His hands so far as the salvation of men was concerned. I was the maiden out of forbears like these; their good name was in my keeping. It would be better that I died than that through me the honor of the living or dead should be tarnished. Whatever I learned, this one thing I must never forget, and so on and so forth. Then she made a little motion with her hand, her eyes bright with tears, and I came and knelt before her. She kissed me. It was a kind of ordination.

She gave me no worldly advice at all about how I should conduct myself to make the most suitable friends; only that I must always be neat, and put a fresh piece of ruching in the neck of my dress every day.

The latter instructions were the only ones in which I failed. I was never noticeably neat. The little hemstitched ruffles so carefully crimped for the neck of my frocks were not always changed. Otherwise I did very well as the descendant of these august women who never engaged in doubtful conduct or conversation.

I suppose mothers know more of the world nowadays than my mother could have been made to believe, and doubtless they give their daughters more sophisticated advice. Still, it gives me comfort to know that I am the only woman born in my family who ever got herself talked about. And I have had some of the kindest things said about me, as well as some that were not so kind.

But can you see me, the girl I was then, tall and fair, with that vague look country girls always have of bewilderment, walking sedately along the village street to school, believing that I was abroad in the world, with a trust to keep, a name to wear like fine gold upon my brow?

Bustles had come back in style. Heaven send that they may never do it again; but I wore one of the things. It was called the Grecian bend, which makes me sorry yet for the Greeks when I think of the scandalous hump we all had behind. I was a married woman of some years' standing before the bustle went out of style. I recall distinctly the first woman I saw without one; how shockingly flat she looked to the rearward. Then we all went in and took off our bustles and looked the same way, so it did not matter. This is what style is—a sort of whimsical tyranny that we impose upon ourselves.

I remember very little about my school life during this period, and less of what I learned; only the high lights cast by certain events.

The Van Duzer Grove was the scene where most things happened. This was a grove, then on the edge of the town, now long since cleared away. It was here that Alexander Stephens, who was a great friend of my paternal grandfather, made his famous speech when he was winning the Whigs to the Democratic Party. He was a cripple, a very frail man, with a great brain and the heart of a true patriot. He was frequently obliged to refer to his pocket flask when he would be leaning upon his crutches addressing an audience. Once in the enthusiasm of the moment, having forgotten to set the flask down, he waved it quite by accident with his next gesture and shouted, "This, fellow citizens, is the spirit of the Democratic Party!" He referred, of course, to what he had been saying, but tradition still records the flask with a chuckle.

During the period of which I am now writing Gen. John B. Gordon was a candidate for governor of Georgia. He did not run for this office; he made a triumphal tour of the state that ended at the capitol. Incidentally he kissed all the girls along the way—all but one. I remember the day he came to speak in Elberton. Van Duzer Grove was a seething mass of humanity, wagons, buggies, neighing horses and braying mules. Everybody was there from the highest to the humblest; even Jim Jones, the well digger, who drove his old jack hitched to a donkey cart, and brought his daughter Mandy, who was not pretty and had a ringworm on her face.

I sat with the other academy girls near the front of the audience. Never had I been so moved as I was by that great man. He had a scar from a saber cut across his forehead. He was frightfully red in the face; and, history to the contrary, he was not handsome but spirited; and he was a hero. We worship the breed in the South, and produce them.

When the cheering subsided after the address there was a rush, particularly of the girls, because it was understood that the general would kiss every girl. He did. He must have kissed a hundred as fast as he could bend above their fair faces.

I longed to go up and be kissed by this great man. Tears streamed down my face. But I remained seated and sobbing, because mother had warned me never to be kissed by a man. The women in my family never had been, she said. When you consider that there never has been an old maid in this family, either, you will understand how credulous I was. I felt obliged to live up to this outrageous standard of chastity on this occasion no matter what it cost me. The only consolation I had was the sight of the general kissing Mandy Jones on the ringworm cheek; nor did he shrink or hesitate. He was a soldier as well as a good politician. I doubt if people were as cowardly about germs then as we are now.

This was what may be called the primordial period of prohibition agitation. Frances E. Willard and a paper called The Voice were the chief exponents of temperance. They both came out of the North. But you could do no more with the North along this line then than you apparently can now. Maybe it is the climate up there; maybe it is the colder quality of the people that makes them cling to the stuff like a virtue. Anyhow, the movement really began in the South, among the women at first. Mother belonged to the W. C. T. U., but she did not wear that stinging little snowflake of a white ribbon bow to advertise the fact; probably because she would not hurt father's feelings by sailing forth in public with this reproach to him pinned on her breast. I am sure this was the reason, because if she had considered it her duty to wear the thing she would have done it, regardless. What I mean is that she knew it was her duty not to hurt her husband's feelings. This is becoming obsolete knowledge now. Distinguished authorities write about women like mother as if they were to be pitied. Heavens! If only one such person could have met my mother! She could surpass any grand jury or any court in this country working on the social problems when it came to manipulating father and causing him to patch up his rectitudes.

This issue at that time took the form of local option. And Elbert County went dry that year, thanks to my father. For twenty years he controlled the politics of this county. I suppose he would be called a political boss now. As a matter of fact, he was a crusader. Heaven never made a man with nobler ideals. The trouble was that it was his nature, more than that of some lesser men, to fall short of the glory of God.

Elbert County was very wet. Mother, along with many other women, wanted it dry. But this was before the days when women could get together and put something over as they can now. I do not know what she would have thought about suffrage for women, because the idea was inconceivable at that time. She simply told father what she wanted, and he promised that she should have it. I remember this well, and how happy mother was, and what a mysterious air of pride she wore when somebody said the thing could not be done, because many of the leading whites and all the negroes would vote against local option.

These were days before the negroes came under the political influence of the Northern Republicans and lost suffrage by an effective clause in the Constitution of every Southern state. They voted then as they were advised, and according to the best interests of the section in which they lived. It is not for me to pass upon the ethics of this arrangement. Ethics is like certain doctrines in the Bible. It is a good thing by which men may find themselves damned if the wrong preacher expounds it. In any case no system of political ethics was ever yet invented that made the ignorant minority stronger than the intelligent majority.

Local option would be lost or won, it appeared, by the vote in our neighborhood, where there were a great many negroes. The day before the election the liquor forces established a huge camp two miles below our plantation. The only provision made for getting votes was an unlimited supply of whisky. The negroes flocked in from everywhere. The next morning the plan would be to lead them six miles into town and vote them against a law that would deprive them of every man's right to drink if he chose to drink. It is such a clinching argument to this day, so far as the masculine instinct goes, that ten thousand men would die by the churn if a law should be passed against the drinking of buttermilk.

But father was not dismayed. He established his camp one mile nearer the town. Mother did the rest. At least she thought she did. For two days every negro woman on the place had been drafted to cook. They cooked everything from baked hens and barbecued pigs to cakes, pies and biscuits. That night two wagons were loaded with hampers of this food and sent to father's camp. Mother wanted to do the thing right. Father was determined to do it by any method, right or wrong. Therefore, quite without her knowledge, he had added a barrel of liquid refreshments.

By this time, according to the law of supply and demand, the camp of the liquor forces was not only perfectly dry but the inhabitants thereof were hungry and thirsty. Father sent his temperance emissaries forth to bid them to the feast. They came with a rush. Before midnight their camp was deserted and he had become the host of the largest midnight party ever entertained in this state.

Tradition has it that he ascended the barrel and spoke continuously until morning. He became the swaying torch of eloquence lighting the darkened minds of his guests upon the evils of intemperance. He referred with noble sorrow to his own case. He scorched himself with the fires of hell to awaken their conscience before it should forever be too late. But for his one human weakness father might have been called to the ministry with great advantage to the kingdom of God. As it was, however, his Heavenly Father only appeared to use him in a desperate emergency.

The next morning, being that of the day when this question of local option was to be settled at the polls, I was on my way to school as usual, carrying a couple of large, sober-bound books under my arm, which indicated that I was now far advanced as a student of wisdom. I was wearing a sky-blue turban with a roll brim on the back of my head. My fair hair was tied with a bluer ribbon and hung in a fine golden brush down my back. The skirt of my frock was composed of accordion-plaited flounces that rippled in the breeze. My bustle stuck out elegantly behind, and I was stepping along with a list, if you know what I mean, slightly sway-backed, chin lifted, blue eyes up, too, looking straight ahead in a wide, blue, candid gaze, blissfully conscious of myself and of nothing else. I had even forgotten that this was an election day; and I was, of course, in total ignorance of what had been going forward during the night between the opposing forces in those two camps five miles distant.

Then suddenly the air began to throb with the thunder of horses' hoofs, the rumble of wheels, volleys of shoutings, punctuated with shrill whoops, and all accompanied by the monotonous droning of music—sacred music, at that; a woeful tune that rose and fell like the noble anguish of men's souls. I halted in amazement. I had heard this mourners' hymn many a time in church revivals, but never before blown on the wind of a week-day morning.

The next moment a cavalcade of gentlemen shot past on prancing horses. I say gentlemen, and so they were; but obviously much the worse for wear. Father led all the rest, as was his nature to do. He was wearing a long linen duster. His wide-brim hat merely clung to the back of his head. His face was very red; but he wore a noble expression, as if he called upon God to witness the kind of man he wanted to be. He was sitting with studied erectness upon Selim, his old sorrel horse, who did not care to prance, but was being made to prance and switch his tail furiously.

This body of heroes had scarcely disappeared in the dust their steeds kicked up

Super X gets the sky scrapers

It gets the wise old ducks and geese that are joy-riding just outside the range of the average loads. Sportsmen everywhere have been delighted with the hard shooting qualities of the "SUPER-X" load. It crumples up the wily mallard away up in the sky—clean kills at long range—and few cripples. Don't fail to try "SUPER-X" this Fall.

Think of a shell with something like 20 yards longer range than you ever had before—and a close, effective pattern. No wonder that "SUPER-X" is the talk of the shooting world! Its sales have been tremendous. Your order should be placed early.

You should know the whole Western line

If you've ever cleaned a high-power rifle, you'll be vastly interested in *Lubaloy*—WESTERN'S bullet jacket metal—which absolutely prevents metal fouling. Then there's the new .30-30 High Velocity cartridge that WESTERN has recently perfected—and the famous Boat-tail, the Open-point, Expanding and the MARKSMAN L. R. .22.

In shells, besides the "SUPER-X" load for long ranges, there is the same "FIELD" shell, with standard loads. Whatever kind of shooting you do, there is a WESTERN shell, rifle or revolver cartridge that will particularly appeal to you.

Write today for interesting free booklets

Tell us what your ammunition problems are—and which shells or cartridges interest you the most.

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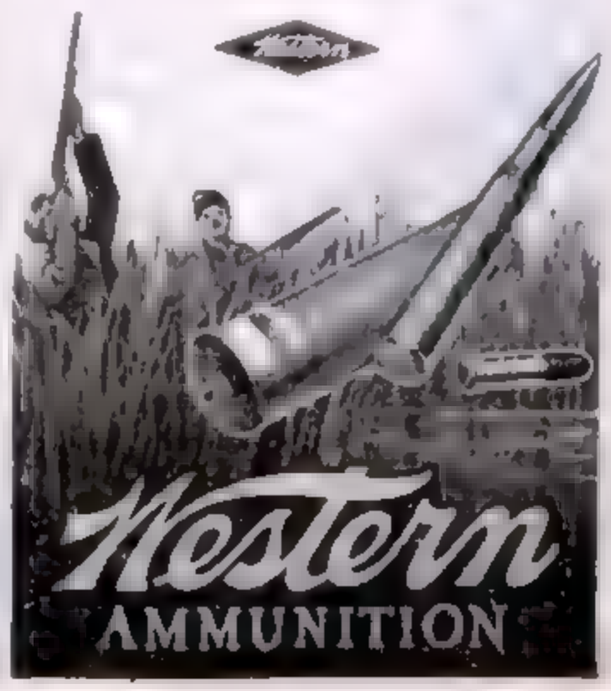

"They All Love Its Flavor"

Protect Young Teeth From Grit

The teeth of every girl and boy deserve a fair show. Modern Dental science has shown that proper care of children's teeth builds eager active minds and sturdy bodies.*

Here Are Precautions Thoughtful Mothers Should Take:

First, choose a safe dentifrice—one that contains no grit, for grit scratches tooth enamel.

Second, avoid preparations containing harsh ingredients which may injure the enamel and delicate mouth tissues.

Third, teach regular brushing of the teeth after meals and at bedtime.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is safe for it contains no grit or harmful ingredients. It is a double action dentifrice;

(1)—its specially prepared chalk loosens clinging particles;

(2)—its mild vegetable-oil soap gently washes them away.

Because of its delicious taste, children use Colgate's without urging.

A tube for each member of the family is a sound investment in sound teeth. Large tube—25c.

COLGATE & CO.

Established 1806

*Actual tests conducted for five years in [illegible] schools at Bridgeport, Conn., show that proper care of the teeth reduced backwardness among pupils [illegible] per cent.

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture

before the real procession appeared, which is said to have been more than a mile long. It consisted of wagons, mules and horses, all loaded with negroes; some riding double, some astride the wagon poles behind, nobody walking. In those days when white men voted negroes it was understood that they should furnish conveyance to the polls. There must have been five hundred in this procession, and they were all singing that dolorous hymn and swaying perilously from side to side, but humbly, as befitted sinners on their way to the polls to vote according to their better natures.

Elbert County went dry that day by a handsome majority; and if I remember correctly it was the first county in the state to do so under the local-option law. Kind friends bore father home that evening, not exactly on his shield, but recumbent. I do not know what mother thought of this anticlimax to a glorious day, but never again to the day of her death was she to see him in this condition. He had committed himself outrageously to a righteous cause, and had won it. He was encompassed about by a cloud of five hundred witnesses to this performance. He settled down beneath the burden of his debts and led an exemplary life. He gave up reading Shakspere and took a weekly newspaper. Virtue had not gone out of him. Rather it was a sort of foreign substance that had entered into him which dimmed him. Instead of the flares he used to have, he was occasionally irritable and exacting like other good men who feel they have earned the privilege of being disagreeable. At such times mother was adorably meek and patient, as if she hoped he would forgive her because he had made himself dully good for her sake.

I have set all this down, not merely to give an interpretation of the scenes through which I passed then, but because the way my father loved mother and the way she loved him is a part of my life. As I grew older it seemed to glow about me. It made good history by which to live. I reckon if they had been against each other there would have developed in me the bitterness of Ishmael. Maybe my hand would have been against every man. Maybe I should never have learned to see through the perversities of human nature how good men and women really are.

That year ended my school days, but not my education, which had barely begun in the great school of living. I would not seem to boast; but if my name is not recorded in the Book of Life, such as Ph.D.L., signifying Doctor of Philosophy of Love, and D.D.H.H., signifying Doctor of Divinity of the Human Heart, it will be because honorary degrees are not conferred in heaven. For I have studied these things and know them at least with the wisdom of tenderness.

But from first to last I have retained my horror of textbooks. I regard them as a sort of manual exercise of the mind by which unhappy youth is taught to skin the cat intellectually. Never yet have I seen one with the sap of real wisdom in it. A grammar, for example, may teach you how words should be regulated in a sentence, as a trained animal may learn to walk on its hind legs; but my idea of a book on the use of language would be one that taught the beauty and majesty of words; how to love them and choose them like flowers in a garden; how to feel them like wind in the green boughs in a forest or the sounds waves make against the shore; or how words can be turned like bright horizons on a fair day, or made to tell the inside truth of life, the prayers we feel but cannot say, the goodness in us that so rarely gets the tongue to tell it. A sort of Bible of words, not a mere dictionary or a book of rules to keep your nouns with their hats on, your verbs properly adjusted to the coat tails of their adverbs.

Once when I had written a book in which I used a bifurcated infinitive, because no doubt it was a male infinitive, a man wrote at length about this split infinitive. I say at length, because his letter consisted of a hundred and fifty words all in one sentence. I do not know if the thing could have been analyzed or parsed, but it was a mean and awkward use of words. And the man who wrote it was the principal of a girls' school! No wonder so many women have no more than a chicken-scratching use of their vocabularies.

But let that go. It all depends upon your quality what a word means when you use it. If you are a hypocrite it is stealing to use any term denoting truth or honor. That, by the way, would be one of the things to be taught in a real textbook on language; and that an honest man inherits all the good, simple, kind, smiling words there are. I don't suppose the idea is practical.

What I am coming to now is the last scene in my school life, which is not set in here as a further proof of my contention about textbooks, but merely to make a mathematical ending of that period in my life which was never remotely connected with anything so real as figures.

In those days teachers made no secret of what their pupils had learned, only of what they had not learned. They did not give written tests and mark us privately upon them. They showed us off. So, this last day was examination day. Everybody's parents were present. I was not a star pupil, but I had a perfectly unscrupulous memory. It served me instead of the usual reasoning powers with which the human mind is supposed to be endowed. I had memorized a whole book entitled Trigonometry. I knew every page, theorem and logarithm in it without having the least idea of what it was all about.

My teacher took this book, explained briefly what Miss White would do—namely, recite this book, write it on the board. Whereupon I stepped upon the rostrum and began this performance. The board was a continuous black belt that girdled the four walls of the audience hall in the academy. My impression now is that there were about two hundred feet of it, and that the thing extended as high as I could reach above my head.

I started at the northeast corner, laid my left hand, turned honestly outward, on my bustle behind, took a pencil of chalk gracefully in the fingers of the other hand and began. I made the chalk fly. While other classes recited and were cheered, I passed from one wall to another of that board. I covered it from top to bottom with a miracle of marks, lines, figures and principles. Finally, on the stroke of noon, having been at it for near three hours, I approached the northeast corner again from the other side amid breathless suspense that burst at last into applause as I wrote the word "Finis," laid down the crayon stick and switched off the stage, not a hair turned, probably a bit dusty, which did not show on my white dress. There was renewed cheering, exclamations, admiring glances, as I made my way to where father and mother sat.

Looking back, I think myself that was an amusingly smart performance; but what I remember was mother, swollen with pride, trying to appear serenely indifferent, as if this was nothing to boast of in her family; and the other way father looked—frankly mischievous, not deceived, regarding me with an accusative beam in his fine eye.

Nearly thirty years passed before I took part again in any kind of public performance. I had been the wife of a Methodist preacher for twenty-three of these years. He had worn out, given up his ghost, passed on and left me a widow, truly the relic of the life we had lived together.

I had known poverty as a nun knows her beads; I was acquainted with every grief and every joy. But the nearest I ever came to showing out in all those years was when I testified in a Methodist experience meeting, where there is no cheering or clapping of hands, but maybe some old saint rumbles a fervent "Amen!" And another calls out triumphantly, "Bless the Lord!" And the sisters sniff in tearful sympathy with the virtues you are exploiting, implying by these little cat-sneezing sounds that they know what it is to walk softly before the Lord, having walked that way themselves. Maybe it is because I have no gift for public speaking, but only for going into my closet and closing the door and writing a book like a secret prayer for others to say; but as one who has received more polite applause from polite people on these rare occasions in later life when I have appeared to make an address, I am telling you that those old amens and hallelujahs heard so long ago linger longer and more sweetly in my memory.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Banquet in a Box

Another Typical Piece from the Variety Box

THE PISTACHIO PECAN NOUGAT

The nougat originated in Turkey, and somehow suggests the luxuriousness of the Levant. Yet it has remained for Norris standards and methods to bring this exotic sweetmeat to the highest degree of deliciousness.

The Norris Nougat is like a bit of rare mosaic in appearance, and the green and brown nutmeats are embedded in its creamy substance so lavishly that the "sweet tooth" yearns at sight.

Delicately tangy, with the flavor of freshly cracked pistachio and pecan nuts, tender and yielding in its velvet-soft substance, sweet with the savory sweetness of honey; here is a confection to entrance and delight.

That its delicate flavor and freshness may be conserved each piece is double-wrapped, in waxed paper and in foil.

THERE is, indeed, "infinite variety" in a Norris Variety Box. Fruits and nuts from many lands, some far overseas. Caramel of rich country butter and cream. Fairy fondants that melt on the tongue. Chocolate smooth as silken velvet.

Such a variegated assortment of candies might well be served in courses, so well-balanced are the individual pieces, so zestful is the succession of contrasts provided.

A Norris Variety Box never becomes monotonous; instead it revives the keen delight that one remembers in recalling one's first box of real chocolates.

The Norris Variety Box was designed in the Norris Studios that it might express, by its distinctive and beautiful artistry, the richness, the delicacy, and the piquancy of the Variety Box assortment.

If your dealer hasn't NORRIS Candies yet, send us $1.50 for a full pound Variety Box prepaid to any part of the U. S., and shipped the day order is received. Kindly give dealer's name.

NORRIS, INC., ATLANTA, GEORGIA
CHICAGO BRANCH, 589 East Illinois Street

These candies are included in The Variety Box (1, 2, 3, and 5 lbs.)

Chocolate-Covered Fruits
Cherries
Pineapples
Bananas
Orange de Fraise
Cocktail Cup

Chocolate-Covered Centers
Double Almonds
Lemon Rolls
Almora Butter Brittle
Sultanas
Almond Truffles

Marshmallows
Cream Brazil Nut
Brazil Nut Truffle
Double Mints
Apricot Creams
Honey Pecan Nougat

Maple Walnuts
Cream Pecans
Caramels
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Chocolate
Nut
Pistachio Nougat

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Enclosed find $1.50 for a 1 lb. Variety Box
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if housework tires you—

drink a bottle of cold, creamy milk these blazing summer days and it will preserve your energy. Milk is cooling, refreshing, body-building—it will whet your vitality and make your work easier. Drink it often!

Drink more bottled milk every day. Because bottled milk is clean and protected. Be sure it's bottled in a Thatcher Milk Bottle. Because Thatcher Milk Bottles are *full-measure* bottles. Thatcher manufacture prevents undersized bottles and assures you an honest quart or pint. That is why over 80% of the largest dairies in America use Thatcher Bottles.

Call or see your milk dealer to-day. Ask him if he uses Thatcher *full-measure* Bottles. Insist that your milk be delivered in Thatcher Bottles.

Thatcher Manufacturing Co.
ELMIRA, NEW YORK
Operating nine large factories devoted exclusively to the manufacture of Superior Quality Milk Bottles.

THATCHER
BOTTLES *for* MILK

When they say a Quart—They mean it

PIGS AND POLITICS

(Continued from Page 23)

could be affable and interested as well as Jerry. However, there is no popularity, especially a popularity based upon insincerity, which cannot be undermined by the exercise of a sufficiency of dexterity. Jerry gave thought to the problem, following which ratiocination, she drove out to the rolling, sightly stock farm of Abner Wackford, head of the county's coöperative organizations and master of the Grange. She endeared herself to Mr. Wackford by developing a sudden and violent infatuation for pigs. Not just any pigs, not nondescript, sod-rooting pigs, but aristocratic pigs. There is, as anybody acquainted with stock raising knows, a species of pig with auburn hair. He stands high in the aristocracy of pork, and in his youth is exceedingly active on his feet. It was with these porkers, which to Mr. Wackford's delight she insisted upon calling brick tops, that Jerry fell in love. Her ill-fated affection centered upon a certain litter of piglets, seven in number, which had achieved a third of their growth, but a full one hundred per cent of their physical and mental activity.

"Aren't they ducks!" she exclaimed, rather confusing her natural history. "I mean that swarm of them there—or that brood or flock or whatever you call it."

"When speakin' of pigs," said Mr. Wackford very gravely, "we refer to a party of them, brothers and sisters, so to speak, as a covey."

"Mr. Wackford," said Jerry suddenly, "it seems to me, with all these fine farms outside the city, that the country ought to run this county instead of the city politicians."

"Um—seems as though," said Mr. Wackford cautiously.

"But the county officers are all city men, every one. Now the auditor and the county clerk and the register of deeds ought to be men who are in touch with the farming part of the county rather than the city."

"Mebby so," said Mr. Wackford; "but them slick city politicians kind of runs things. Now, take sheriff. 'Tain't a job for a city man noways."

"Then," asked Jerry in all innocence, "why don't you elect a farmer?"

"Organization won't have it."

"You," said Jerry, "would make a grand sheriff."

"Don't calc'late ye could make Alderman Tomlet see that."

"What's a city alderman got to do with the county?"

"Dum nigh everythin'," said Mr. Wackford.

"Why?"

Mr. Wackford scratched his head.

"Dog-gone if I ever figgered how he contrives."

"Anyhow," said Jerry, "a man who can raise such lovely red-haired pigs ought to be sheriff. Now honestly, wouldn't you like to be?"

"'Tain't sich a bad job, figgerin' in fees and all. But I hain't got no more chancet of bein' sheriff than you have"—he paused and grinned jovially—"of bein' an old maid."

"Do you like Alderman Tomlet—enough to let him keep on running the county?"

"Kind of an agreeable cuss, he is; but the's times when I suspicion he's give to logrollin' and baby kissin'."

Jerry smiled and adroitly switched the subject back to pigs.

"I hardly dare ask you," she said, "but would you part with those darlings? I mean the whole covey of them—seven?"

"What in tunket do you aim to do with seven pigs?"

"Teach them politics," said Jerry. "But honestly, I want to buy every one of them."

"Calc'late they're fer sale. Raised 'em fer the purpose."

They struck a bargain. Mr. Wackford agreed to crate the piglets and deliver them to Jerry early the next morning.

"It's dear of you to sell them to me," she said, "and I guess I'll have to elect you sheriff to pay for your kindness."

"When you do," said the farmer, "I'll app'int ye turnkey of the jail."

"I'll bear that promise in mind," said Jerry.

III

ALDERMAN TOMLET had done very well by himself in the way of a residence. It was ample, and there was a great deal of lawn about it—kept in order, so rumor said, by the Department of Public Works of Corinth. True, the alderman's taste ran to cast-iron dogs and metal stags at bay, and to something approximating a half mile of seven-foot-high iron fence; and if his house abounded in cupolas and gadgets and original adaptations of the architecture of Monsieur Mansard, why, that was the right of so eminent a person as he. It was, in fact, the iron fence which gave Jerry her idea.

At eleven o'clock on the morning following her visit to Abner Wackford a truck drove up to the alderman's iron gates. On the truck were two crates, and in the crates were seven auburn-haired pigs, extremely vocal in their dislike of close imprisonment. The truckman and his assistant unloaded the cargo, gained admittance to the gates upon explaining that their livestock was a present to the alderman from an admirer; and having so gained admittance, they followed instructions by knocking to pieces the crates and giving liberty to those incarcerated therein. Promptly seven little red pigs with joyously corkscrewed tails uplifted seven little snouts and made haste away from that spot.

At 11:01 Jerry McKellar talked on the telephone to Adam Black, reporter and devoted admirer. Adam reported for a Democratic paper which had not the best interests of Alderman Tomlet at heart.

"If," said Jerry to Adam, "you would like to see Alderman Tomlet's goat got, call at his house in time to see him arrive at home this noon. If he offers any words or phrases calculated not to please a country, rural or agricultural constituency, treasure them. And if you have a fox terrier, which I know you have, take him with you—unleashed. I'm sure he will enjoy himself."

Adam Black, accompanied by a small and very inquisitive fox terrier, was stationed not far from the alderman's front gate when that personage arrived at home. As he entered, Adam moved closer expectantly, for he well knew that when Jerry McKellar promised a story, a story would be forthcoming. He saw the alderman enter, and at the clang of the gate he saw a group of small, reddish-complexioned animals, startled, burst from the cover of a clump of expensive shrubbery, scurry through an expensive flower bed, hysterically kicking up plants in their progress, and plunge headlong into a mass of hydrangeas. The alderman paused, pointing his rotundity at the spectacle, and glared. He advanced his pudgy chin as far as his collection of chins would permit, blinked unbelievingly and then shouted to any who might hear.

"What's them?" the alderman bellowed.

Mrs. Tomlet appeared in a window.

"Them," she answered categorically, "is pigs."

"How come pigs in my yard, hey? Who turned my yard into a hawg pasture?"

"They was a present," said Mrs. Tomlet. "The man that fetched 'em said they was a gift from an admirin' voter."

"Voter!" shouted the alderman. "Any gangle-legged, splay-footed, wart-infested, mush-brained critter that would send a man a flock of hawgs hain't a voter. He's a home-brewed, fusel-oil half-wit. He's a ——"

Mrs. Tomlet interrupted.

"I took it complimentary," she said. "Didn't some feller give the President a dawg?"

"Pigs," said the alderman, "hain't dawgs. Pigs is pork on the hoof. Dawgs is pets for sich as likes 'em, but who in tunket likes pigs?" His wrath increased to imposing proportions. "Say, you, wherever did you see anybody pattin' a pig? Anybody ever see a hawg wagglin' his tail at ye? Dawgs is pizen to me, but the' hain't no word for pigs . . . There they go ag'in! A-rootin' and a-clawin' up them bulbuses I bought off'n the catalogue Hey there, you infernal hawg, you leggo that bulb! Hey, you!"

The alderman, enraged now to a point where dignity was not even a distant memory, tucked up the skirts of his Prince Albert and sprinted across the lawn. Adam Black wisely chose this moment to release his fox terrier, which, at sight of the antics of the seven little red pigs, had shown marked signs of impatience to join in their merrymaking. The little dog uttered a series of joyous woofs which carried to the ears of the fugitive piglets. To those who are well acquainted with swine, it will be needless to describe what followed. A pig on the defensive lacks much in impressiveness, and when you multiply a lack of impressiveness by seven you have a sight worth recording. Seven little pigs halted in their tracks and turned with startling suddenness. Seven small snouts pointed at the fox terrier, each of them wriggling as to the black disk which Nature has affixed at its apex, and each gave vent to a series of alarmed grunts. Seven curly little tails stood erect over seven little backs, and fourteen small glittering eyes studied the situation.

Both dog and alderman halted. Just to what extent a pig at bay might be vouched for as a ravening creature, the alderman did not know. Neither did the terrier. The dog essayed short jumps forward, and after each jump settled back speculatively and growled. The alderman essayed no jumps whatever. He waved his hat and said "Scat!" in a manner not at all convincing.

At this juncture the terrier resorted to strategy. He dashed off at a tangent, as if seeking new fields for the exercise of his genius; but unexpectedly swerved, having outflanked the enemy, and struck at their rear. The maneuver was effective. In their surprise the seven quite overlooked the alderman; and, apparently shutting their eyes, they stampeded directly down upon him.

Alderman Tomlet uttered a sound which can best be described as "Awk!" and turned to flee. The pigs were indeed ravening, and he quite mistook their intentions as regarded himself to be hostile. . . . If a small pig has never attempted to run between your legs you are quite unable to appreciate what happened to Alderman Tomlet. When he gathered himself up he needed a new Prince Albert, and the pigs were scampering haphazard, in destructive zigzags up and down the yard, through beds and borders. Again they bore down upon the alderman blindly. He was cut off from the house, but with commendable presence of mind made for the fence, leaping upon it and clinging there, safe but not what a jury of alienists would pronounce as sane.

Adam Black approached on the sidewalk without.

"Good day, alderman," he said.

"Pigs!" responded the alderman, his voice sounding like a released safety valve.

"I didn't know you kept any," said Mr. Black.

"Kep' 'em! Kep' 'em! Who said I kep' 'em? Or hippotamusses! Or anteaters! I wouldn't keep a goldfish."

"They seem a very fine little pack of shotes," said Mr. Black.

"Them! Them infernal, red-haired, under-sized, cross-bred razorbacks! Me, I despise pigs; but of all the pigs I ever see, them there is the measliest, sickliest-lookin' specimens that ever was expelled from a slaughterhouse 'cause they wan't wuth killin'. The man that raised them pigs must 'a' been born idiotic."

"But when they grow up ——" suggested Mr. Black.

"Grow up!" The alderman gurgled deep in his chest. It was a gruesome sound. "Them pigs has got what growth they're goin' to git. Them pigs is one short hour from bein' pork. . . . Hey, there! Look at that, rampagin' through them rosebushes! You listen to me, young man! Any human bein' that would own a hawg hain't entitled to be called human! The' ought to be a law against it."

"Kind of hard on the farmers," said Mr. Black.

But the alderman had lost his caution.

"Farmers! Dog-gone farmers! If they had any sense they wouldn't be farmers, anyhow, and if they had half as much sense as that they wouldn't raise hawgs. . . . Hey, git out of them berry bushes! . . . If I ever ketch the man that bred them pigs I'll run him out of the state. I'll——"

Mrs. Tomlet appeared again in a window, and called, "Hain't you comin' in to your dinner?" she asked.

For some reason this innocent query seemed to throw the alderman into renewed paroxysms of rage.

"I think," said Adam Black, "that I smell a roast of pork."

The alderman's condition approached the perilous; the purple of threatening apoplexy crept up over his jowls and his eyes

(Continued on Page 66)

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Paint and polish will make any car **look** young, but only perfect lubrication of the motor will make it **feel** young. The thousands of Veedol enthusiasts appreciate this fact.

In a recent nation-wide survey, **4 out of every 5 users of Veedol said they would drive out of their way, if necessary, to buy Veedol rather than use any other oil.**

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Resist deadly heat and friction

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Smoking the peace pipe in wartime

A late report from an A. E. F. veteran who found a can of tobacco in his soldier mail

It was during the thick of things in France that Gen. Pershing sent the following frantic cable to Washington:

**"Tobacco is as necessary as food.
Send a thousand tons at once."**

As any ex-doughboy will tell you, a thousand tons of tobacco distributed over a fighting force of 2,000,000 men showed good intentions, but it didn't fill the need—not by a few million pipefuls.

Even today letters still come in from veterans who have forgotten the horrors of war and remember only the thrill of "a real American smoke" in France.

For one, Hugh Livingstone, Adjutant of Yankee Division Post, No. 272, V.F.W., remembers:

Providence, R. I.

Larus & Brother Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

My introduction to Edgeworth took place over in the training area in France under circumstances that left a lasting impression of the good qualities of Edgeworth.

One night, after a hard day's work, my bunkie drew a package from home, one of those mysterious affairs that might contain everything but what you wanted.

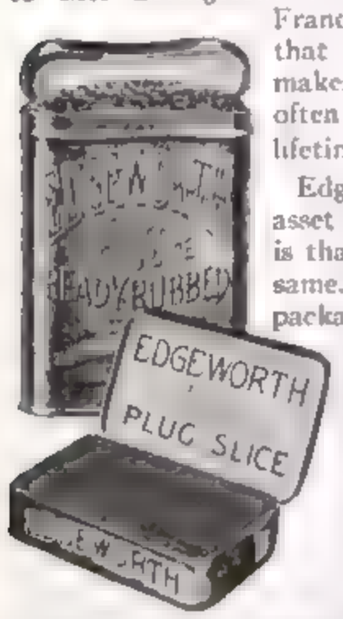
After due ceremonies of guessing he opened it and the first thing we saw was the blue box of Edgeworth. All further operations ceased until we filled the pipes. After using the French *tabac* for several weeks and burning our mouths and throats to a raw state you can imagine how cool and satisfying that Edgeworth tasted to us.

We smoked until we were ordered to bed, and I fell asleep smoking. You can just bet a letter went home for more Edgeworth.

Since that time I have used about every kind of tobacco that is out up, but it is Edgeworth for me when I can get it. Thank you for putting such a satisfying and cool tobacco on the market.

Gratefully yours,
(Signed) Hugh Livingstone.

Probably any good American smoking tobacco would have brought the same joy to Mr. Livingstone and his bunkie in France. But it is a fact that when Edgeworth makes a friend, more often than not it is a lifetime affair.



Edgeworth's one great asset for most smokers is that it is always the same. You can buy a package in Chicago, another in New Orleans, another in San Francisco, and each package will give you the same cool, satisfying smoke.

If you are not an Edgeworth smoker, you are cordially invited to accept some free samples of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Just drop a post card with your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va., and the free samples will be forwarded to you immediately. If you will also include the name and address of your tobacco dealer, your courtesy will be appreciated.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

(Continued from Page 64)

bugged to an extent which almost constituted an athletic feat. In the glare with which he followed the progress of the seven little pigs about his well-kept grounds were a vindictiveness, a ruthlessness, a set and determined ferocity, which compelled Mr. Black to regard those little porkers in the light of breakfast sausage. It was apparent that nothing less than grinding the sausage meat with his own hand would give relief to Alderman Tomlet.

He released his hold upon the fence and stood, grass-stained knees trembling with rage.

"What," asked Mr. Black, "are you going to do?"

"I'm goin'," said the alderman hoarsely, "to call the police. They hain't much good at ketchin' anything else, so mebby they kin ketch them hawgs—and when they do ketch them ——"

What would then take place the alderman left entirely to Mr. Black's eager imagination.

"I should love," said the reporter, "to see a policeman arrest seven pigs."

And, with this hope in his heart, he remained at this post, while the alderman disappeared in his home to report the outrage to headquarters. Mr. Black stayed, saw, was more than gratified, and returned to the editorial rooms of his paper to write. There was a certain astuteness about Mr. Black which prevented him from dealing with the episode in jocular vein. Far from it. He dealt most seriously with his subject matter. The not lengthy item ran as follows:

Alderman Tomlet was today the recipient of a gift from one of his farmer admirers in the county. The testimonial took the form of a litter of seven pigs, which were delivered at the alderman's home just before noon. At sight of the animals browsing upon his lawn the alderman became enraged both at the pigs and at their donor. His words and manner indicated a prejudice against this form of livestock. This prejudice seemed to extend to stock raisers and farmers.

"Dog-gone farmers!" Mr. Tomlet said angrily. "If they had any sense they wouldn't be farmers. The biggest fool in the world is anybody who raises hogs. Any person who raises a hog is not entitled to be called human. There ought to be a law against hog raising."

It is learned that the pigs were especially fine specimens of blooded stock bred upon the fine stock farm of Mr. Abner Wackford. They were not, however, presented to the alderman by Mr. Wackford. Of the pigs themselves Mr. Tomlet said that they were infernal, red-haired, under-sized, cross-bred razorbacks. He intimated that no slaughterhouse would admit such poor specimens, and declared that the man who bred them must have been born idiotic.

The seven pigs were removed from the alderman's premises by the combined efforts of a police lieutenant, a sergeant and five patrolmen.

That was Adam Black's story as it appeared in the evening papers, and the most prejudiced must admit it was strictly accurate, and without what critics of our press are wont to call coloring.

IV

"MARSH," said Jerry McKellar to young Mr. Tree on a subsequent evening, "you're all bulged out with the idea you could be leader of men if you got a chance. Now I wonder."

"I'm not likely to get the chance," said Marshall.

"Um—well," said Jerry, "you admit you're out, done and abolished. Now, just as an experiment, will you do exactly as I tell you for a month—from now until the conventions?"

"That," said Marshall, "depends on what you want me to do."

"I want you to be a little cinder in the public eye. I want you in the papers."

"What's the large idea?"

"You moan that your career's wrecked. Well, I long to be the wrecking crew. Will you roll over and play dead?"

"I'll do anything that won't make me look silly."

"I've noticed," said Jerry, "that very young men are more afraid of looking silly than they are of machine guns. I won't make you look foolish. No; I want to see if you're an organizer first. A leader of men must be an organizer."

"What," asked Marshall, "shall I organize?"

"The First-Voters' League of Corinth," said Jerry. "There must be several hundred young men in the city and county who are casting their first votes this fall. I want you to make yourself their king bee. Organize them. Four or five hundred votes are a lot in a small place like this. Make speeches, stir things up, use the old bean."

"I see no objection to that."

"Very well; get busy. . . . Also, who is the biggest man in Alderman Tomlet's ward—besides the alderman himself?"

"Um—let's see. His ward is made up mostly of skilled workmen, with a fringe of laboring men at the outer end. Why, I guess Jim Turner's about as well known as anybody."

"Can you get this Turner to run for the aldermanic nomination against Mr. Tomlet?"

"I doubt it."

"Try," said Jerry.

Marshall, as Jerry expected, proved to be an efficient organizer. He was young. The fact that he was assistant prosecutor made him loom large in youthful eyes, and before a week was over the papers were taking note of his meetings. In two weeks he had organized and in operation a First-Voters' League which numbered upwards of five hundred members, and no less than twice his set speeches were reported in full. Marshall had things to say, he had personality and magnetism; and, perhaps most valuable of all, he possessed the quality of making himself liked. Politicians began to take notice.

Jerry herself organized the First-Voters' wing of the Woman's Party and affiliated with Marshall's organization. The thing became social as well as political, and consequently of much higher effectiveness. On a Sunday Marshall Tree's picture was printed in two papers as that of a young man with extraordinary organizing ability and commendable legal attainments. He was being adroitly inserted into the public eye.

In the meantime Jerry had not neglected publicity for Alderman Tomlet. She saw to it that copies of the alderman's remarks on the subject of farmers and pigs were sent into every rural home in the county. A few days later she had printed some thousands of posters of a sufficient size to be read at long range—posters reproducing the gist of the alderman's talk—and these were affixed to billboards, trees, fences and barns throughout the countryside. The alderman lost his head just long enough to issue a strenuous denial of the whole episode, whereupon Jerry caused to be printed affidavits from Abner Wackford that he had raised the pigs, from the expressman that he had delivered them, from Adam Black that the alderman had used the words uttered, and from two Democratic police officers that they had been of the party which had rid the alderman's ground of the offending swine.

Thus the incident was lifted to the dignity of an issue. So adroitly did Jerry utilize it that indignation meetings were held in the townships—at two of which Marshall Tree was the speaker.

At a mass meeting the farmers determined to put a rural ticket in the field, and the alderman found himself confronted with hot revolt. His henchmen labored as they had never labored before; but, as Dink Gadgett reported, "Boss, when you slandered them pigs you was sure indiscreet. Why didn't you stick to somethin' harmless like sayin' farmers' babies was all born bowlegged? Say, if the city don't carry us through, them rube delegates'll nominate a ticket from sheriff to path master. The way things looks to me, this man Wackford that raised them pigs is sure of the nomination for sheriff. Them hawg lovers'll elect him jest to prove what esteem they hold live pork in."

The alderman shrugged his shoulders disgustedly.

"And them farmers' wives! Say, boss, they're rabid. And believe me, boss, that Lattimer-Pratt woman's got suthin' to do with it. Her 'n' that flapper secretary of hern spends most of their time drivin' from farm to farm."

"It looks," said the alderman, "like a clear bust. But listen, Dink. There's jest one office we got to gaffle onto and grip to—and that's prosecutin' attorney. We got to have that. We dassent lose it. They got us licked everywheres, but if we can't pull one office out of the fire, then I don't want to hear nothin' about politics ag'in as long as I live. We'll make a bluff at fightin' for everythin', but we'll put in our licks for prosecutor serious. Let the word go out that Handy Lewis has got to be put over if we bust the convention."

"It's done, boss. But how about your own little fight? I hear noises about Jim Turner in your ward."

"You leave my ward to me," said the alderman.

V

THE county convention assembled and organized in the Corinth armory. After a morning of monotonous detail the body was ready for business—the forty-six delegates elected from the precincts of the city and the fifty-two delegates from the townships. Conspicuous in the gallery was Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt, beaming and contented. Two-thirds of the remaining seats for spectators were filled with women from city and country, mostly serious of face and intent. In an office below stairs sat Alderman Tomlet, collarless, fighting in his last ditch; and, now that the last ditch was reached, confident he would be able to hold it against the enemy. All the adroitness of his organization had been concentrated upon the nomination of Handy Lewis as prosecutor, and his tabulations showed he stood more than an even chance of victory there. It would be something. At any rate, it would be safety and immunity from investigation. Better days would return. The alderman was a patient man.

Jerry McKellar had so maneuvered that Marshall Tree should place in nomination the name of Abner Wackford for the high office of sheriff, and she could not restrain a feeling of pride and satisfaction as that young gentleman stood upon the edge of the platform, handsome, eloquent, hurling denunciation and satire at the old organization, demanding honor and fair dealing in the politics of the county, and, with the enthusiasm and fire of youth, lifting his hearers cheering from their seats. His speech was not so much a nomination of Abner Wackford as a philippic launched at the head of Alderman Tomlet. And skillfully interlarded through his speech were references to pigs!

"What we need," he said, "is a sheriff who cannot be dominated, judges who cannot be controlled, a prosecutor who will dare to hunt out the truth and to bring to justice offenders, be they high or low. We need men to enforce the law; we need men to sit upon the bench and see to it that justice is administered impartially. We need a man in the prosecutor's office who will ask questions and demand answers. We need a man in that office who will venture to ask this question of Alderman Tomlet—to say to the political boss of this county: 'Alderman, for years you have held no position but that of alderman, to which is attached a salary of two thousand dollars a year. Out of that two thousand dollars—with no other business, profession or calling to enrich you, you have built yourself a house costing more than the total sum of your salary for the period. You own motor cars. You are rich in stocks and bonds. Your income tax for last year was considerably greater than your salary. How, alderman, did you manage this miracle?' We need a man who will dare to ask that question and demand an answer—and when the answer is found, a man who will dare to act upon the facts."

The convention became a bedlam. Here was daring, indeed—a challenge, an accusation! The resultant ballot for the nominees for sheriff gave Abner Wackford a clear majority of twenty-one. And so it was with judges, auditor, register of deeds, county clerk. The farmers' ticket carried and gained impetus as it traveled. But now came the fight of the day—the fight for the nomination of a prosecutor. It was a three-cornered fight. The candidate of the old organization was Handy Lewis, that of the farmers a respected country practitioner named Wilkins, and that of the Good Government League, allied with the Woman's Party, an upright but not magnetic gentleman by the name of Moore.

The first ballot was merely a test of strength. It showed Lewis to be close to the nomination with forty-one votes, with thirty-six for Wilkins and twenty-one for Moore. Lewis was nine votes short of the nomination.

Now Jerry McKellar, from her seat beside Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt, began to work. To a young man who came to speak with her she gave certain directions—and then came the second ballot. Lewis held his own, but the votes of each of the two other candidates diminished by three; a fourth candidate, not formally in nomination, appeared before the convention with six votes, and his name was Marshall Tree.

A laugh and then a scattering cheer greeted his name. Marshall himself grinned at the foolishness of voting for him, for

(Continued on Page 69)

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MANY a home owes half its charm—its air of welcome and cosy comfort—to the handsome, soft-toned Bird's Rugs on its floors.

And many a busy housewife is finding her labor lightened by these most practical of all floor coverings, from whose smooth, waterproof surface dirt and dust are instantly removed with a damp mop.

Beautiful, economical, long wearing—Bird's Rugs have solved the floor covering problem in thousands of homes. Made in all standard sizes at prices ranging from $9 to $18 each, every Bird's Rug carries our guarantee of *"Satisfaction or your money back."*

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At first even the makers could not entirely account for it until they realized that their new and exclusive process of selection, grading and treatment of the grain had brought out to the very fullest extent the natural richness and sweetness.

In addition to producing this delightful flavor, this improved process completely dextrinizes the oat starches. Speaking plainly, this means a breaking down of the starch cells—which makes 3-MINUTE Oat Flakes the most digestible cereal food ever offered.

Let the children have all they want of this body-building, health-giving food. It is easily digested and has a deliciously different flavor that will delight, not only the kiddies, but the entire family. Try it today. Almost any independent grocer can supply you.

RICH BROS. CEREAL CO., CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.

A Hot Breakfast in a Jiffy

These specially processed oat flakes can be completely cooked in 3 minutes. Mothers, to whom this saving of time means so much, can use 3-MINUTE Oat Flakes as a baby food with entire confidence.

A Pound *for* a Dime

(Except in the Far West)

3-MINUTE Oat Flakes gives the greatest cereal food value obtainable. Begin today to enjoy this easily prepared, delightfully flavored health food

(Continued from Page 66)

Marshall was not a suspicious person. Then in the gallery stood erect a tall, bony woman, known well to many, a character throughout the county famed for sharpness of tongue and charity of act.

"Pete Weaver," she called to her husband, a delegate on the floor, "I want you should vote for that young Tree feller on the next ballot, and if ye don't, I vow I won't bake ye another pie fer a year."

Jerry McKellar had an intuitive knowledge of psychology. She had timed Mrs. Weaver's private demonstration well, had seen the humor of it in the moment of tenseness, and the response of the convention satisfied her. The delegates for a matter of minutes devoted themselves to Pete Weaver.

"Hey, you Pete, vote right or no pie!"

"No Tree no pumpkin, Pete!"

Such cries, with variations, filled the hall; and then, in the midst of the merriment, a young man marched down the aisle leading a most unwilling red pig by a halter and carrying a banner which read: Pigs and Prosperity. Vote for Marshall Tree.

Here were all the makings of a stampede, but Jerry was not ready yet for her trump cards. She had made use of the elements of humor and of surprise. The next ballot would indicate much. When the votes were counted they stood:

Lewis, 40; Wilkins, 29; Moore, 14; Tree, 15.

Now Alderman Tomlet appeared in person, perspiring as he pushed his way here and there on the floor of the convention. His face was livid, his voice raucous. Dink Gadgett, his right-hand man and trusted henchman, battled by his side. In the gallery fifty First Voters broke into a college yell with Marshall Tree's name on the end of it, and Park Commissioner Pratt, friend and confidant of Jerry McKellar, was seen in earnest conversation with Mr. Moore. Following this talk, Mr. Moore rose to his feet and withdrew his name as a candidate in favor of Marshall Tree. Things were happening in that convention.

The next ballot showed Lewis back to forty-one, Wilkins down to twenty-three, and Marshall Tree with a total of thirty-four.

Jerry knew pressure could be brought upon Wilkins to withdraw before the next ballot, but she dared not bring the pressure. With Wilkins in, Lewis could not be nominated; but, should he withdraw, enough of his delegates might swing to Lewis to lose the day for Tree. She waited. Presently she squeezed her way downstairs to the lobby, where Abner Wackford met her.

"I been talkin' to Wilkins," he said. "He's willin' to withdraw."

"Not yet," said Jerry. "We can't hold his delegates."

"Mebby so. Best wait."

"How many of his votes are we sure of?"

"I got positive pledges from fourteen."

"Which would give Lewis enough to nominate if the rest swung to him."

"You got to git you two more delegates," said Abner.

Marshall Tree wormed his way through the press, looking damp and bewildered. Jerry smiled at him ironically.

"The career has responded to oxygen," she said.

"But how—why —— Say, Jerry, this thing isn't possible."

"It's possible, but it hasn't happened yet."

He waggled his head in bewilderment.

"I don't understand what's going on," he confessed.

"You're taking a course in the efficiency of women—and I think you'll graduate with honors. . . . There's Adam Black. Please bring him here."

Marshall obeyed. He was acting now automatically, in a daze. Events had overtaken and passed him. Presently he returned with that excellent newspaper man, Mr. Black.

"Adam," said Jerry, "we've got to have two of Lewis' delegates. I guess we'll have to deal our poker hand."

"Suits me," said Adam, grinning.

"I hope you know Mr. Gadgett as well as you think you do."

"I know him better."

"Then," said Jerry, "lead him out."

So Mr. Dink Gadgett, trusted henchman of Alderman Tomlet, relied upon by that gentleman as he relied upon no other to perform the necessary scavenger tasks of a campaign, was tolled out of the convention hall to speak to Mr. Black. Mr. Gadgett came, wondering and a bit apprehensive, because he feared the press. He liked nothing that savored of publicity or of openness. Secrecy was his middle name.

"Well," he demanded morosely, "what's wanted?"

"I think you have seen Miss McKellar before, Gadgett," said Black. "She wants a word with you."

"I do," said Jerry. "I want you to do something for me."

"Huh?" grunted Mr. Gadgett.

"You're a delegate in this convention."

"Yeh."

"For Mr. Lewis, of course. I just wanted to tell you that you can't put Mr. Lewis over."

"Huh?"

"And there's goin' to be a new prosecutor."

"Mebby," said Dink truculently.

"Have you the envelope, Mr. Black?" Jerry asked.

Adam Black exhibited a large Manila envelope.

"Tell Mr. Gadgett," said Jerry, "what your instructions are."

"They are to publish the contents of this envelope tomorrow, Mr. Gadgett—in case I receive no notice to the contrary before the convention ends."

Mr. Gadgett made a noise in his throat. He was afraid of documents in an envelope. Alderman Tomlet had one in his safety deposit vault which preyed seriously on Dink's mind.

"Now," said Jerry, "I'm sure you won't care to have these in the newspaper. It depends on you whether they are or not."

"As how?" asked Dink, manifesting discomfort.

"If, on the next ballot," Jerry said, "you and two other of Mr. Lewis' delegates vote for Mr. Tree this envelope will be burned. I will burn it before your eyes in the fireplace there. That's all I have to say, Mr. Gadgett. You may take it or leave it."

She turned without another word or look and left Mr. Gadgett a highly perturbed man who fumbled for light. He would have questioned Adam Black; but Mr. Black had disappeared, in consequence of which nothing remained with Dink but the situation. It was his to decide—to take it or to leave it, as Jerry told him. A conscience not free from disquieting reminders did not add to his placidity. For a moment he stood scowling, then he turned and forced his way into the convention hall.

From the gallery Jerry sent a note to Mr. Wackford. "Throw your fourteen safe delegates to Marshall Tree," it said.

And then the balloting was on. Jerry waited with flushed cheeks for the count and the announcement. Presently it came.

"Marshall Tree, fifty-one votes," read the secretary—and the armory exploded into sound. Dink Gadgett had met the situation in his own way. He had played true to form and double-crossed in the last political play he was destined to make.

Marshall Tree fought his way to Jerry's side.

"How did you do it? How ——"

"Go down and make a speech. They're wanting you," Jerry said gayly. "I'll be expecting you tonight."

Waiting only to burn the Manila envelope before Dink Gadgett's eyes, Jerry went home to wait. She waited, not a young politician, but a young woman—and she waited eagerly.

At eight o'clock Marshall Tree came. He entered the room, stood for a moment near the door, then he stepped forward impulsively and dropped to his knees.

"You said when I came to you on my knees and ate humble pie that you'd marry me, Jerry. I'm here, and my mouth is full of it. I grovel. I take it back. I apologize to all women, but most to you. . . . How ever did you do it, you wonder!"

Jerry smiled.

"I think you'd better get up now," she said. "I don't like to stoop over to kiss a gentleman."

After an interval wholly divorced from politics, careers and public life, Marshall Tree fetched out his curiosity.

"Jerry, how did you do it? How did you get Dink Gadgett? What was in that envelope that scared him into double-crossing Tomlet?"

"Oh, that envelope," Jerry said abstractedly. "Why, it contained a laundry bill, a tintype of Mr. Gadgett at a fireman's picnic and a copy of the Farmer's Almanac for 1922."

"Awk!" exclaimed Mr. Tree as he sank backward into a chair and mopped his high young brow.

"Lucky I tested those tires —*we're not stopping again until sundown*"

When these motorists stopped for oil and gasoline at mid-day, it never occurred to them that they might need air too.

But fortunately, they saw the sign that suggested testing their tires with a pressure gauge—and so, instead of going on their way without enough air, they hooked up to the air line, and perhaps saved a set of tires.

Not enough air in a tire allows the casing to flex and bend as though extra weight had been added to the car. This is bad enough in the case of average daily driving, but during the sustained, hard driving of a tour, it may prove disastrous to a good tire in a half day's run.

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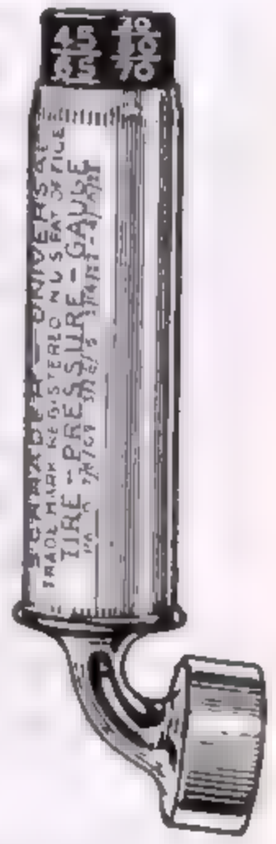

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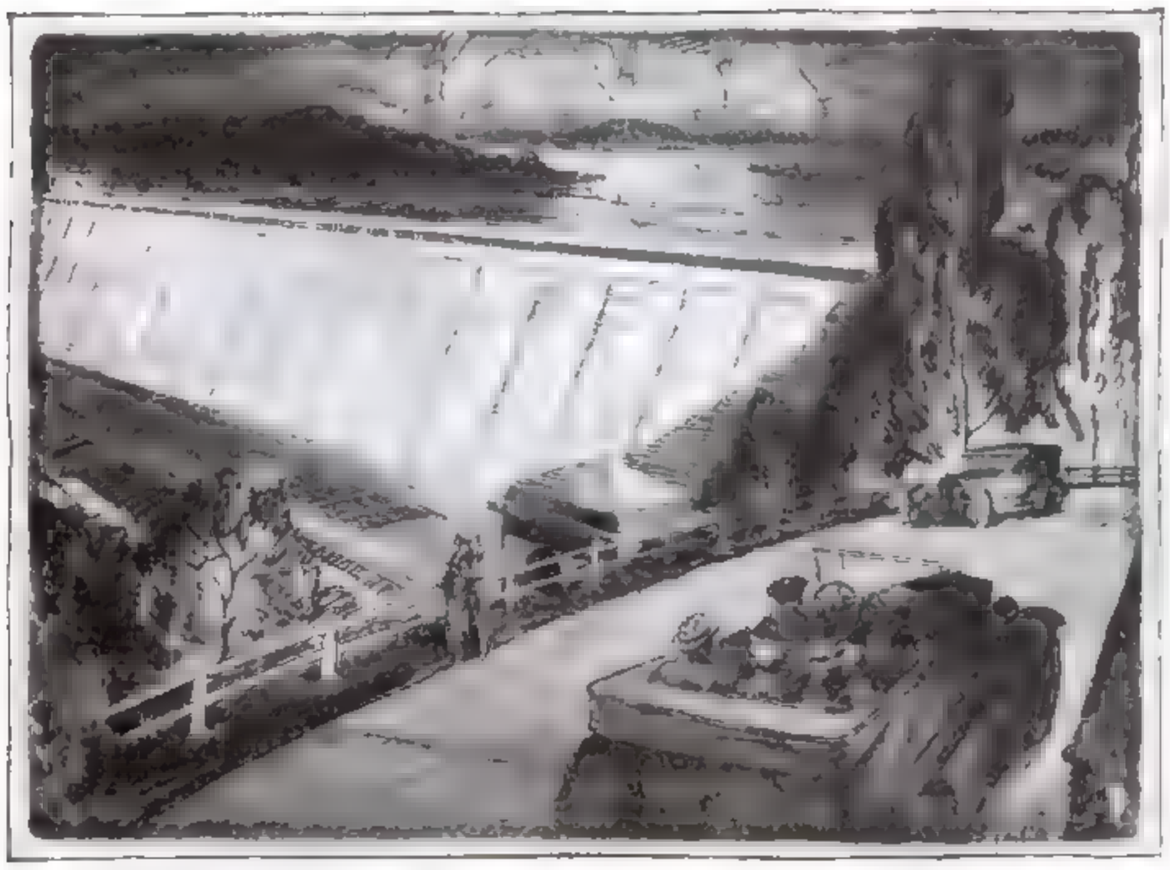

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

didn' git over th' explosion of a coal-oil stove fer months, but t'day it wouldn' even git in th' newspaper.

Ther's clangin' an' buzzin' an' explodin' an' whirrin' ever'where, overhead, underneath, an' on all sides. We kin recall when a committee waited on a neighbor of ours fer runnin' his lawn mower over a brick sidewalk when bringin' it home from th' sharpener's. Th' only things our celebrated progress has contributed toward helpin' th' nerves is th' rubber heel an' safety match.

Ever'thing else has been noise producin'. In th' quiet precincts o' th' home where we used t' meet around th' parlor lamp, we have th' automatic pianner, th' phonergraph, th' ukulele, th' ice-makin machine's motor, th' water lifter's motor, th' telephone, an' th' back-door buzzer, t' say nothin' about th' fightin' fer who gits th' car.

On th' town streets ther's th' rumblin' truck, th' rattlin' pop'lar-priced car, th' police an' hospital an' firemen's sirens, th' traffic cop's ear-piercin' whistle, an' th' parades of our thousan' an' one civic an' lodge organizations with ther drum corps or bands.

In th' cool invitin' emporiums we have th' cash register an' whizzin' cash carriers; in th' business offices we have t' make signs on account o' th' computin' machines, typewriters an' dictatin'. In th' barber shop where we used t' like t' snooze, we fin' th' massage machine that sounds like a sawmill, an' in ever' quiet hamlet, we find a Troy laundry with a gasoline engine that sounds like th' siege o' Mons, while along th' quiet country lanes we encounter that enemy o' th' whole nervous system, th' motorcycle, that charges an' snorts like an infuriated wart hog.

A boiler factory is a sanatorium, a rest cure, compared t' th' city streets, but in our efforts t' try t' cross 'em we fergit about th' noise till we try t' talk t' someone. If we saunter into a café t' worry down a noon special, we run into a jazz band, an' what's worse, a cabaret singer dolled up like a candy apple, who wends her way shakin' her talcumed arms an' shoulders o'er th' short ribs an' salads while she warbles, I Wonder Who You're Foolin' T'-night? But nothin' seems t' succeed any more without a lot o' hip an' hurrah. Th' last thing we hear at night is a car door, unless a burglar accidently knocks somethin' over. —*Abe Martin.*

A Puzzle

IN LONDON TOWN, mid kings and queens
And sundry social screenings,
The tourist seeks for ways and means
To learn their ways and meanings.
At first, in restaurants he feels
Concerned about his raiment—
They serve no napkins with the meals
Without an extra payment.
Not patrons of the Ritz's stripe
Or Carleton's gay carousers
Are commonly thus forced to wipe
Their fingers on their trousers;
But diners of the humbler sets
Who ride about on busses,
If they shall beg for serviettes
Are thought eccentric cusses!

The wretched coffee that they serve
I drink and never mutter;
I eat my bun, and lack the nerve
To beg the boon of butter.
But oh, I cannot feel it nice
To wear my pocket hanky
To tiffin, even at the price
Of being known a Yankee!

I do not wail my woes afar,
Unlactfully plebeian,
Because the beer and water are
*Alike Laodicean.**
For lack of ice and pumpkin pie
It is not kind to rap kin—
But I should like, before I die,
One free, unasked-for napkin!

*Revelation, iii, 16. —*Ted Robinson.*

General Orders

OH, WHEN I was a private in the Army,
When I was in the late lamented war,
I considered it a trifle to manipulate a rifle
And I didn't mind the khaki suit I wore,
Oh,
I rather liked the khaki suit I wore.
Though I cheerfully performed my menial functions,
Yet one duty all my tender feelings hurt;
'Twas "to walk my post in a military manner,
Keeping constantly on the alert."

No, I never heard the shriek of German shrapnel,
Nor destruction pouring from the cannon's mouth,
To all military danger I, in fact, was quite a stranger,
For I fought the bloodless Battle of the South.
Oh,
The horror of that Battle of the South.
Still one task with bitter hatred and with loathing
Filled the warlike heart that beat beneath my shirt;
'Twas "to walk my post in a military manner,
Keeping constantly on the alert."

Now my military days are gone forever,
And I cannot say it fills me with regret,
For the noble job of warring was, I found, distinctly boring,
And I wouldn't join the Army on a bet.
No,
They couldn't get me back there on a bet.
Still of all the troubles that beset a soldier,
Far the most unpleasant duty, I assert,
Was "to walk my post in a military manner,
Keeping constantly on the alert."

—*Newman Levy.*

OH, DOCTOR!

(Continued from Page 32)

"Nonsense!" protested Miss Hicks. "That sale begins at nine sharp, and we'll have to fight through a mob if we're not in front."

"We'll be in front," assured Aunt Beulah. "I can be early even if I can't make a shop-girl think she's coming to pieces.

"And ain't it good," she remarked in privacy later, "that he's getting sensible about cars—just the way I did?"

Aunt Beulah had never, even moderately, wished to ride a motorcycle.

Rufus Billop breakfasted alone the next morning. On his table had been a note from Miss Hicks:

I hope you won't need me while I polk around that shop. I am glad you are resting. This is the second consecutiave time you have hurt yourself, so be sensable and sit in that chaire till I come back. Remember you are in my custudy. If I knew you were out in that racing car today I would probly have a spasem.

He noted the firm, beautiful script and the individual spelling. Then he smiled tolerantly. She called the Luxton—that entirely safe family conveyance—a racing car.

She ought to be on a motorcycle once! A car was all right for getting to places in, but for the sensation of going she really ought to try the other. She wouldn't talk so timidly about mere cars after that.

His first morning's instruction had been on the day Miss Hicks rejoicingly noticed his declining interest in the Luxton. Now, five days later, he had taught a motorcycle, as Buzz said, "how to take a joke." Stifling those old fear habits, giving the unconscious and the efferent nerves their needed control, he had surrendered himself. The matter of equilibrium had at first bothered him. Sitting in a car, you didn't have to wonder if it was going to fall over with you. But he discovered with a new thrill that equilibrium took care of itself if you didn't try to help it by taking thought.

On the second day he could remember not to take thought, and had experienced his first delight at this new guise of the Motion god. On the third day his joy mounted as he flashed down the long stretch of country highway they had chosen for the lessons. Three miles away he had slowed, dismounted, turned and sped back to Buzz Titus with a face illumined.

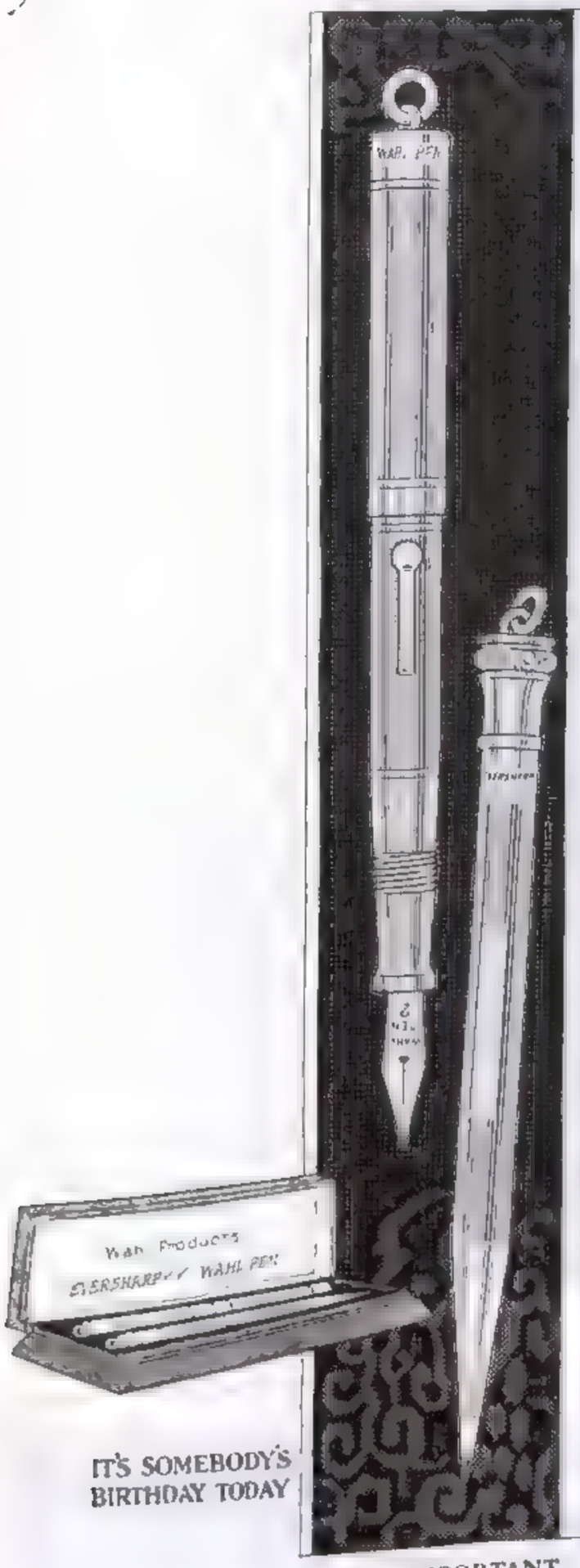
"Had her up to fifty coming down that incline," he said.

"Good work!" applauded Buzz, made talkative by this apt pupil.

(Continued on Page 72)

for School Days

the same Pen and Pencil that the Business World finds best



Youngsters in the early grades get a big thrill out of owning Eversharp. Give it to them—it stimulates their interest in writing and other school work.

Both Eversharp and Wahl Pen are needed by high school students and college men and women. These better writing tools permit of perfect concentration—for they write free from the usual pen and pencil annoyances. And their capacity for work is unlimited.

Eversharp is a pencil masterpiece. The features which made it the first successful mechanical pencil can't be copied. Eversharp forever removed all wobble from the lead with the exclusive rifled tip. Eversharp tells always how much lead is in the barrel with its automatic index. There is an eraser and a magazine of new leads under every Eversharp cap.

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There are also Wahl Pens in rubber from $2.50 up. The all-metal Wahl Pen is priced at $4 to $10. Eversharp, 75c to $10. Solid gold at higher prices. Buy both matched in gold or silver. Look for the name on each.

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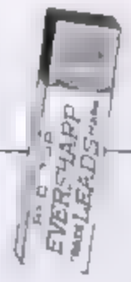
IT'S SOMEBODY'S BIRTHDAY TODAY



IMPORTANT. A pencil is no better than its lead. Don't use poor lead in your Eversharp. Use Eversharp leads which are recognized as the finest made. Over 200,000,000 are sold every year. Ten of the points. Get them in seven grades, very soft to very hard. Ask for the new small-diameter colored lead tool in the red top box.

EVERSHARP
matched by
WAHL PEN

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(Continued from Page 70)

There had been another day of it, and then yesterday. His confidence mounted. Edgar Wyatt hadn't done so much, riding one through a fence. It would be senseless to try that, but he wouldn't be afraid to. And the spill yesterday had been a silly thing, for he had slowed down and was in the act of dismounting. Buzz said them was the times to look out. She was safe as a baby's cradle long's you kept her moving fast. It wasn't his fault. And only the day before, hadn't Aunt Beulah read of a man getting up from a rocking-chair and falling and being picked up with a broken leg? But it was annoying, having to lay up for a day. This afternoon he had meant to sputter her into the garage and have the delighted, proud ladies discover that he and not Buzz was the rider. He could do this tomorrow. Anyway, they wouldn't have been home today.

He was testing out the stiff knee when Buzz was heard. That sound he had once thought a vicious spitting was now merely the instinctive music of a living organism. He bent the knee, his eye fixed far off. He seemed to be listening to the knee.

Buzz sauntered up.

"How's she, Doc?"

"Fine! Resting her a bit today."

"Sure!" said Buzz. "Too bad," he added. "Thought she was going to rain, but she's cleared off."

Buzz was bemoaning a wasted day. The heart of his employer was touched. His own yearning for the road leaped in sympathy. He tried the knee again.

"Hang around, Buzz. I think she's getting better, just since you came."

"Good!"

Buzz hung around. He was presently talking, in a disjointed monotone, of roads. "You take some o' them roads in little old France—all tore up by trucks and shells and one thing and another. Takin' a motorcycle over jumps like that wasn't a joke, especially nights when you didn't dast have a lamp."

The owner listened, and suddenly saw that riding a motorcycle under the ideal conditions surrounding him was poor sport. He wished he had been over there for the real thing. Then, as suddenly, he realized that even amid these ideal conditions he was shirking; not only shirking but giving Buzz a dull day. He flexed the knee under impatient fingers.

"I tell you, Buzz, hang around till after luncheon. You eat here with me, then perhaps we'll do something. I know. I'll ride her over to the aviation field, and you follow in the Lux. If the knee acts right we'll keep on; if it acts nasty we'll stop off and have a couple more flights. How's that?"

He scarcely heard Buzz's monosyllable, knowing what it would be.

At one o'clock he said, "This knee ought to be a lot better by this time. Anyway, I don't need it so much. If we have to stop at the field we'll take an extra long flight. Let's go!"

Buzz was only a joyous echo. They went. The motorcycle awoke, all its senses instantly alert. Rufus Billop threw a confident leg across the saddle and worshipfully grasped the spreading handlebars. Buzz Titus eagerly backed the Luxton to the road. They'd have part of a day. Better than nothing.

The motorcyclist let equilibrium take care of itself. It behaved competently. He guided his mount in the wake of the car, turned widely into the road, gained a lead on the car and slowed for the nearing corner. Close by this corner a vacant-eyed man, apparently lost in reverie, flushed the roadway with clear, sparkling water from a thick hose.

At three o'clock Rufus Billop raised his head slightly from the two pillows that propped him and addressed Doctor Seaver, who was replacing various useful articles of his trade in the small black bag on the table.

"All right, doctor. Everything's fine again, and thank you for coming so promptly. And you won't need to stay with me any longer. Buzz is here. The fact is I'd rather you weren't here when she gets back—Aunt Beulah, I mean. You know how women are; upset by any little thing. And Miss Hicks will be with her. Lucky she's still here. Everything's fine. You needn't stay another second."

Seaver, who had been curiously taciturn during his call, remained silent while he gathered the last of his belongings. Then he looked down at his patient.

"Keep that collar bone as still as you can, and tell Miss Hicks about the compresses for the ankle." He found his hat and coat, put these on and took up his bag. At the door he turned to say, "And certain friends of yours will be glad to know you're not going to have another accident for at least three weeks. Good day."

"Not three weeks, doctor! Not three weeks!" But the discouraged cry did not reach Seaver. He had gone too quickly.

"Three weeks!" repeated Rufus plaintively.

"Three weeks!" sneered Buzz, who leaned by the open door. "They think they know so much! Why, say, Doc, one time I took a little header and busted ——" He broke off in disgusted exclamation. "Three weeks for a busted collar bone! Anyone knows it's the easiest busted bone in the whole darned system to get well from. Three weeks!"

"That sprained ankle bothers me a lot more," agreed the other. "He says it's a bad sprain—tendons—ligaments ——"

"Oh, a sprained ankle, of course! They hurt, but not for any three weeks. Three days, more likely. Why, say, Doc, one time I was goin' along and I come to this place where they'd shot up the road without my knowing it, and blam! I landed on —— But say, they didn't pull any three weeks' stuff on me. I guess these doctors like to keep coming to see you—that's what I've heard—getting their little old jack every time they call and tell you you're doing fine but you got to keep still."

"We'll show this one, Buzz."

"Sure! Why, say, Doc, get this: One time I was coming along at about forty, and I get to this ——" The reminiscence flowed brokenly and led to another, both only mildly catastrophic. No three weeks' stuff about them. Another neared culmination. Buzz was coming along to this place where a bridge had been shot all to flinders—then his vivacious glow instantly changed to pure fright. "She's just come in the front way, Doc," he said in an appalled whisper. "I got to ——"

Buzz fled through the door that led to the court. It was not an emergency in which to complete even short sentences.

Through the open door of the living room Rufus could see beyond it to a hall. Aunt Beulah turned into her own room; the figure of Miss Hicks occupied the far perspective. She had removed her hat, and she came happily with quick, light steps. Before she had half crossed the outer room he saw an unguarded little smile of entirely pleased anticipation which she might erase before she thought herself seen; or, wonderfully, she might leave it—she was going to leave it! Already her lips parted for some trustingly joyous bit of greeting, or maybe an exclamatory glad comment on the day's shopping venture. She was a brimming well of delight—and he was its objective if not its cause. He had time to feel a great relief. Now, in this high humor, she wouldn't be cross, almost snappish. And before her mood had time to change he would have told her how simple, how natural, how excusable the thing had been; and nothing serious, either. They would both be laughing at it.

On she came, her eyes down, and his own face now wore a look of telling delight. He saw that what first arrested her was the scent of known but for some days unfamiliar drugs. She stopped to inhale suspiciously and her eyes raised to meet his where he lay propped on the pillows. She was still a moment, studying his face and his far strapped arm. Something had frozen her. Then, as if walking in sleep, she came on a dozen slow, mechanical steps until she was well within the room. She froze again, her eyes on him—unseeing eyes, he thought—her hands at her side. Only the hands showed any intention; they were held open, her palms toward him. He saw at once he had better be quick with his relieving explanations. He tore glibly into them:

"It was a fool with a hose on the next corner, never seeing what he did, and I'd slowed up for the turn, and he caught me and over I went. But it's nothing, absolutely nothing. Seaver said so himself—nothing but a broken collar bone, and that's easy healed. Isn't it amazing how brittle some bones are! This one went just like glass. Have to be hit a certain way, of course. Probably I could take that same fall twenty times and not even scratch the skin."

Miss Hicks was not reacting normally. She still stared with those wide, unseeing eyes, and he was almost sure she didn't hear. This made little difference, however, because he was now merely talking against time.

"Perfectly safe machines those are, as long as you keep 'em going fast; trust a child on one at thirty miles; it's when you slow down that you must look out for skids. I was slowing down yesterday and getting off when I got this fall on my knee."

He realized quickly that this was an unplanned revelation and hoped Miss Hicks was, indeed, for the moment deaf to his words. He rushed on to cover them.

"Anyway, the only unpleasant feature about this is the sprained ankle; there are compresses that have to go on. Keep me in a few days, but we'll have a lot of good reading. I mean ——"

Under that staring regard he had simply run down; he was floundering. And before he could resume, the face of Miss Hicks had taken on an aliveness rather alarming in its quality. She still stared, but her mouth worked strangely; and he noted with apprehension that her breath came and went with an increasing rapidity, and the inbreathing was too long, the outbreathing too short. The girl was storing energy of a threatening character that would in another moment force an outlet. He watched her as the charmed dove is said to watch the snake.

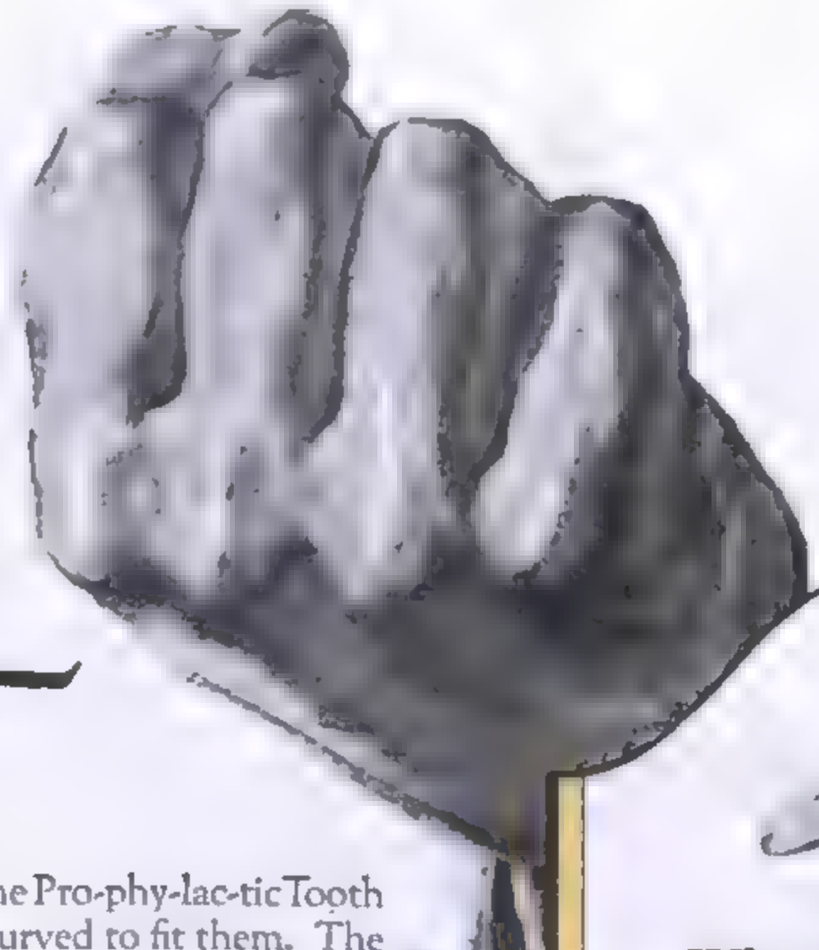
"Oh-h-h!" breathed Miss Hicks tensely, and stared for another second with eyes now ominous. "Oh!" she managed again, more crisply. Then she profoundly startled Rufus Billop. "Damn you! Oh-h-h, damn you!"

It was hardly more than a breath tone but it carried utter conviction. He winced, his eyes still held by that swift rise and fall of her upper chest. He winced pitifully. Rufus Billop in all his life had never been sworn at. He made an effort to free his eyes, and at last was able to look down at his covering.

"And sprained your ankle, did you? And yesterday lied about your knee—a mere little sprain. Oh, how I wish it had been a

(Continued on Page 77)

He Was Coming With Head Up, With Long, Confident Strides. Despite That Limp, He Managed to Swagger



Try this —

CLOSE your hand tightly. Notice that your knuckles are white. Open your hand! Fresh blood flows back, restoring the color. This, in a mild way, is exercise. Your gums, because of the softness of modern food, get little exercise. If your gums are soft, of a whitish, unhealthy-looking color, and inclined to bleed, brush your teeth the Pro-phy-lac-tic way, shown in the column at the right. The mild massage of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush will stimulate the flow of blood, and help to restore your gums to a firm, pink, and healthy condition.

When you use your Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, brush downward over the gums and upper teeth. Finish brushing the upper teeth before cleaning the lower ones. Reverse the brush, and brush up over the gums and lower teeth. Your teeth and gums are curved. The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is curved to fit them. The serrated, or saw-toothed, bristles exercise the gums as well as clean the teeth. Being widely set, the bristles reach and clean crevices between the teeth that ordinary brushes merely bridge over.

Most important are the backs of the teeth. To get inside your mouth, a tooth brush handle must be slanted, the way the Pro-phy-lac-tic is slanted. With the slanted handle and large end tuft, the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush does reach and clean even the backs of the back teeth, and massages the gums inside as well as outside. It reaches crevices.

Brush your teeth! Do not merely wash them. Brush them well and often. Make sure that the name Prophylactic is on the handle of your tooth brush, and you are making sure of healthy gums and teeth. "A clean tooth never decays."

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and in all parts of the world in the sanitary yellow box. *Three sizes—adults', youths', and children's. Made in three different textures of bristles—hard, medium, and soft.*

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, FLORENCE, MASSACHUSETTS, U. S. A.

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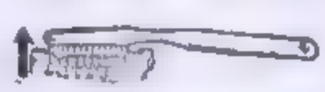
What happens when you brush your teeth

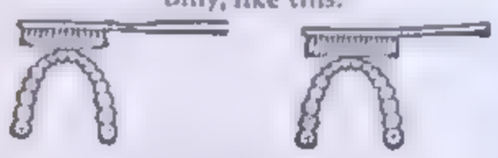
Brush your upper teeth downward.

Brush your lower teeth upward.



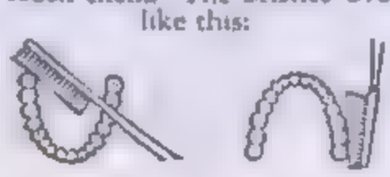
The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is curved to fit the jaw, like this:

Instead of touching the teeth at a few points only, like this.



With the ordinary tooth brush, you cannot brush the backs of the teeth the same way that you clean the front, because the brush goes slantwise into your mouth, like this:

Non-tufted types of brushes cannot clean the backs of the back teeth, because the bristles cannot reach them. The bristles over-reach, like this:



The large end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush does reach and clean the backs of the back teeth, like this.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic handle is curved the proper way to reach the back teeth, like this:

Wrong Way

Right Way

WILLYS-KNIGHT

Coupe-Sedan

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And which is living proof that mechanical excellence and complete, luxurious appointments *can* be combined in a closed car at a moderate price.

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Other Willys-Knight Models: 5-pass. Touring $1295; 3-pass. Roadster $1295; 7-pass. Touring $1435; 5-pass. Country Club $1695; 5-pass. Sedan $1795; 7-pass. Sedan $1895; all prices f. o. b. Toledo. We reserve the right to change prices and specifications without notice.

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There's a Fisk Tire of extra value for every car, truck or speed wagon

(Continued from Page 72)

good one! Do you hear? I wish you'd broken your ankle smack off—clear off! That's exactly what I wish, lying there with your ugly old face all cut up and patched and sewed together; that's exactly what I wish, do you hear? I wish—I wish—oh-h-h!"

There was a new note in this, almost a moaning note, that caused him to risk another look. She still stood firmly; but he saw that her hands, the palms toward him, were tensely closing and unclosing to some desperate inner rhythm. Then he raised his eyes to her face and for a moment was aghast to believe she was suppressing laughter. His glance settled on her chin. Her chin was trembling in a way that made him think of dying people; the mouth had grown weak, the lips hanging loose, beyond any control. The chin trembled more violently, the weak mouth no longer fought to hold it still, the eyes were closed, all in some piteous surrender. The watcher was struck through by an emotion wholly new to him.

"Oh!" he cried, and instinctively strained the free arm toward her. "Oh, no, no, no!" he called. "Don't, don't!"

With eyes still closed, Miss Hicks ran gropingly to the bed and crumpled down beside it.

"Oh-h-h!" she gasped.

He put the free arm awkwardly over her shoulder, terrified by the convulsive sobbing that now shook it.

"Please, please don't!" he begged.

He tried to soothe her, patting the sleek hair. She still shook with the long, gasping sobs that seemed so preposterous from such a girl. At intervals she tried to speak, but her words would be engulfed midway. Then at last he caught a phrase: "Oh-h-h! What shall I do? What shall I do? What can I do?"

He looked down at the black head, clumsily trying to comfort it. This was curious, he thought. What should, what could she do? What did it mean? He puzzled over it, still smoothing the hair on a head uncontrollably shaken. Aunt Beulah stood in the doorway as he glanced up.

"Stay out, and shut that door!" he called with no finesse whatever.

Aunt Beulah was shocked. She bit her under lip, scowled with downward-tilted brows of consternation, and obeyed the order at once. The rhythm of sobbing had lengthened. Presently it fell to a series of gulps that overwhelmed the girl in no rhythm at all. He still smoothed the hair soothingly.

"Now, now," he said, "what's it all about?"

The effect was unfortunate. A reversion to rhythm ensued and her speech was again difficult:

"Oh, you tear me to pieces when you do such things! You fool—such a fool!"

He was hurt again by these piteous upheavals. He tried to soothe once more:

"Now, now, how was I to know ——"

She raised herself blindly—in a blind fury of distress. Her hands were about his head and her hot, wet cheek laid against his.

"You poor, poor, poor fool! How could you know it would tear anyone to bits?"

Her tears ran to an exposed raw spot on his chin, where they smarted. He liked that. His free arm was about her now, while her hands tightly gripped his head. He felt she was never going to free it, so tense was her clutch. He thought unaccountably of her morning's note—"spasem!" He thought of that Cleaver-born pageant of the futile, cheated dead. Not until then did realization fully engulf him. His arm convulsively tightened about her.

"Let me see, let me look," he told her.

"Oh, I must see—see your eyes!"

She lifted her wet cheek from his, her hands still desperately clutching. Her head raised, her wet eyes were there, imploring. She was so helpless, so abject. He tried to speak but could find no voice. He felt it somewhere far down in his tightening throat. His own eyes began to burn. The look seemed more than either could bear. She put her cheek back to his with a little cherishing moan hardly more than a breath. Her hands held his head staunchly, her fingers blindly exploring, touching lightly certain bare spots.

"Oh-h-h!" she moaned again, with the odd, soft-rising inflection that cherished and was not content.

An hour later Aunt Beulah came timidly to the door that Miss Hicks, going out, had left open.

"Come in, Aunt Beulah. I didn't mean to be so short with you awhile ago. That ankle of mine had caught me."

"Oh, that was nothing. I was butting in, I guess, but I thought something was the matter" She came closer and lowered her tone. "Clear out in the hall I heard her swearing at you the most horrible way. Would you believe it? A girl as sweet and pure-looking as she is, uttering profane language. You'd have thought an oath had never soiled her lips."

Her nephew beamed upon her.

"I never would have believed it," he said warmly.

XXV

THE unconscious, the fundamental and genuine wrought in silence and in darkness to renew an old connection between two disjointed fragments of Rufus Billop's skeleton structure. The god Motion gave an order, and a billion of what are, in the best laboratories, regarded as hardly more than imagined points of space meekly grouped themselves into atoms. These dutifully assembled themselves into larger but still viewless and entirely deductive masses known to the well-informed as molecules. And these again, in blind obedience to a power ignored by scientific materialism, because no name scientific enough has yet been found for it, united in cunningly just proportions to form a potentially osseous compound; in which form, at the god's order, they bridged a breach and hardened after the fashion of wet cement. A collar bone again became serviceable.

But all that the nurse of Rufus Billop felt and all that was felt by his three most interested friends about this remarkable occurrence was that the time had come to worry again. Little they recked of miracles that were not less miraculous for being trite; they marveled never so briefly at a laboratory cunning unimaginably subtle. The Motion god has cleverly, by the constant prosaic repetition of his finest feats of magic, lulled every suspicion that they are, indeed, magic. Had Rufus Billop possessed a unique collar bone—the sole such bone in recorded history to knit after a fracture—he had now been a world-shaking sensation, stimulating alike the research activities of pure science, the aberrations of science not so pure, and above mere research, and the confident gropings of the unscientific, who stubbornly believe that the nameless Power may some day, after all, be found to have had a name from the beginning. Under these circumstances, in short, Rufus would now have been as sensational a figure as if he had suddenly grown a second head on his shoulders.

But as the bone had knit in a manner commonplace to the point of banality in the world's dulled view, a perfectly valid miracle created no ripple on the surface of world affairs; it evoked no exclamatory headlines in the recognized engines of civilization; no screeds issued from centers of learning to explain the occurrence on perfectly natural grounds; no new cults were built upon it, nor was the phenomenon even honored by informal street discussion. It might as well, for all the attention it received, have been no miracle at all; and in the limited circle where attention happened to be commanded, the spirit, as has been intimated, was a rather unamiable regret. Rufus would have brought the members of this circle more real pleasure if his collar bone, declining to reunite, had permanently confined him to a sedentary but well-assured existence.

As he moved from bed to chair, from chair to his feet, from dressing gown to completed costume for gentlemen's day wear, and from resigned listening to a reader—it was now the least tumultuous of the Half Hours With the World's Best Authors—to a hardly suppressed nervous activity vented in barren journeys between his chair and his passive motor car, his nurse became increasingly strained of attention, and old Mr. Peck said it was the precisely right time to have his head tapped for the simples. This quaint curative measure was not known to his nurse; but there is no doubt that, apprised of it, the thing would have been tried. Miss Hicks at this time would have tried anything. She showed as much in the scrutiny she pretty steadily kept on the patient. Her eyes, in these days, were informing. They no longer tried to hide from the convalescent that she considered her own interest in him to be greater than even the interest of Mr. Peck. Her eyes were by turns humble and arrogant; they implored, they commanded; were wistful and savage, worried and hopeful; but they no longer dropped any curtains of reserve or indirection. They had surrendered—and that was that.

Only when she was alone would their old cold surface glaze in calculation, their lids narrowing to slits that recounted, appraised and compared such measures of safety as might in flashes suggest themselves to a mind made more than usually alert by mounting apprehension. As the days of Rufus Billop's durance inexorably ticked off, Miss Hicks came more and more to discard all measures of defense demanding any subtlety that might, in a certain loose fashion of men's talk, be called womanish. Desperately she felt herself reduced to primitive weapons. She could plead and she could threaten. But she was also desperately and increasingly uncertain about the efficacy of either when real strain should be imposed. Yet something had to be done. Something had to be done quickly with a man who seemed so pliable, so almost weakly receptive to suggestion and who was not that at all; a man who was—mulish, she again put it, and wished for a stronger term. "Mulish" seemed feeble. It cast so dim a shadow of the rugged truth.

Hadn't he seemed all smiles and willingness, down to the last minute, about that Titus boy? Hadn't her plan to add Claude to the ranks of the unemployed seemed so rawly facile of accomplishment that she had begun to smile at the secret tremors with which she broached it? And hadn't the recovering man, with no sign of consciousness that he opposed a devout wish of hers, then let it be known that Claude Titus and no other would be the companion of his future calamities? With what maddening imbecility had he mildly said he wouldn't dare trust himself or her to a strange driver—you couldn't tell what a strange driver might be! He had said it in a way that left Claude as firm in his setting as a granite corner stone; said it in a way that caused her actually to demean herself later to Claude—in an interview he was not swift enough to evade—begging him, plain begging the creature to be careful and to make other people be careful. She had let all her guards down, widened her eyes to Claude, and Claude had suddenly become not afraid of her any more. He'd be as careful of anyone else as he was of himself—Miss Hicks flinched at this, for she had learned just how careful Claude was of himself—and besides all that, he couldn't make out why parties was blaming him for things that happened. He hadn't drove no one wrong, had he? And Claude kept on chewing gum when she tried again to stare him down. She had lowered herself for nothing. She might as well have kept the little beast afraid of her.

Probably nothing was left but to face the thing out, coax and plead and implore with tears—no trouble about getting those—and, of course, threaten when the rage mounted. Let it mount! And watch, always watch. It was in the course of reaching this decision one morning that she noticed, where she had mislaid it carefully in a bureau drawer, the magazine celebrating Edgar Wyatt in his once pleasing diversions. She stared with uncomprehending eyes at Edgar inviting a spicy variety of deaths; stared also at herself, a much younger Dolores Hicks, who looked on and was pleasurably thrilled.

"Idiot!" she hurled at the former self.

She wrenched the sheets from the magazine and stood tearing them with a venom that, if old witchcraft lore is sound, must have caused Edgar Wyatt to feel dire pains shooting mysteriously through his capable person. And under this magazine had been another, still open where Stanley Howard, as Hell's-Fury Brackett, leaped his horse across a yawning chasm. Stanley came forthwith from his setting and met disaster. A moment later he was a mere puzzle picture. Probably no one but his own mother could have pieced him together. Silly fool, making his horse jump that way! Rufus Billop had, so far as was known to others, not yet thought of the horse as means for quitting a dull world; but he might at any moment. One more smash with a motorcycle, unless it were extra good—conclusive—would probably leave him bored with that equipage and looking for new thrills.

From these precautions Miss Hicks was called to the telephone, and she went muttering. She supposed it would be Old Scraggy-face again, trying to get out of her more of that silly talk with which she had once gladdened a dark moment by frightening him and his associate buzzards into, as she later put it, conniption fits. He had

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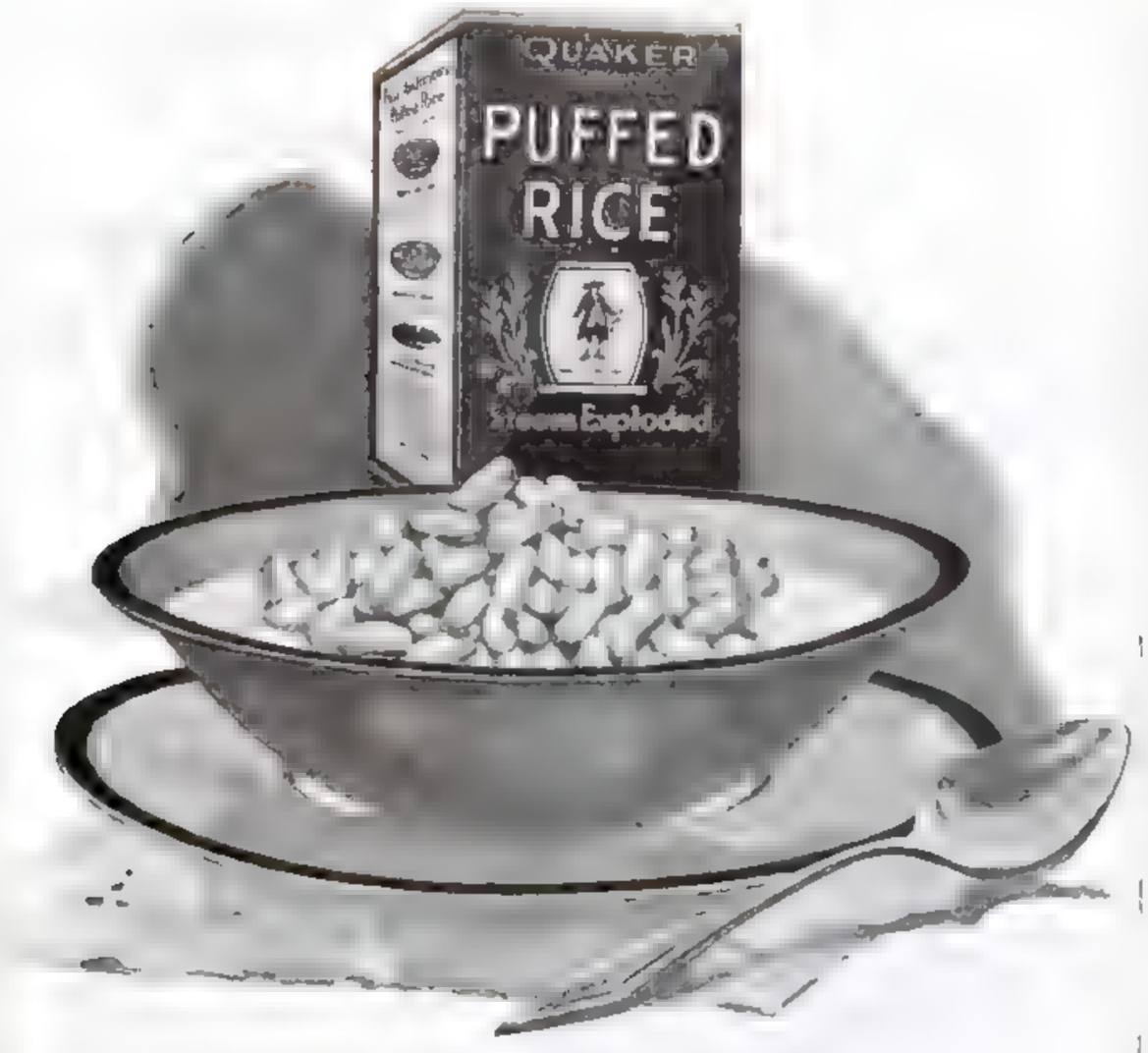

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called her up yesterday too; misspent five minutes of time that might better have been employed at his job of robbing trains. She was likely to talk to the old brute again after that disgusting speech of his about Rufus Billop! She took down the receiver in an ungentle manner and was not surprised to hear the softened speech of Mr. McIntosh. But she was thrillingly surprised to hear, beyond the old gentleman's voice, the tiny, faint tinkle of some remote bell, a bell far within herself that plainly tinkled without making real sound. She quickly remembered how once before she had heard—felt—this warning; that day she talked to Old Scraggy-face on the porch. The same bell had prompted her with an inspiration that enabled her to gloat while the buzzards danced on a hot griddle.

Miss Hicks listened to the bell, also hearing Mr. McIntosh beseech her for an interview that very afternoon at the office of Mr. Clinch on Western Avenue. It was so lovely a day for a lovely girl to be out; its sweet airs would put the wild rose abloom in her cheeks. Also, the interview would be important to practically everybody, including her beautiful self. If she'd be a good girl and come listen to a bit of talk she might—just perhaps—find it more important to herself than to Mr. McIntosh. In fact, it wasn't so very important to Mr. McIntosh, except, of course, there was a precious human life at stake.

The remote bell, tinkling still to the inner ear of Miss Hicks, caused her to iron out certain acerbities that had wrinkled her first tone to the old gentleman.

"Oh, Mr. McIntosh, I was going out anyway this afternoon, and if I find I have time, and am anywhere near Mr. Clinch's office, I may drop in. Really, I may."

"If you only would," answered Mr. McIntosh. "I very strongly hope you will." He spoke with yearning.

Miss Hicks already knew she would drop in, without at all knowing why. The bell that had no sound was ringing her there. She recognized its authority, yet she protested. A lot of old freshies! And was it safe to leave the house, even for an hour? She remembered with painful clearness what she had found on the bed that last time she returned from an absence. But that bell—so uncanny—and she was desperate! She couldn't watch him with her own eyes forever. He wouldn't submit to it. She would have to take a chance sometime.

Her resolution weakened when she returned to the court to find her charge in lively talk, by the garage door, with his idle chauffeur. She watched him do an animated strut around the Luxton, the spring again in his step, his shoulders well up. He was restored, even if he couldn't suspect it, for his nurse had discoursed to him exhaustively, artfully about the trickiness of knitting bones. Lots of people thought they had knit solid and went back to doing things and then found out they hadn't knit at all—just sort of jelled. You had to give a bone, especially a collar bone, a long time. If you didn't you paid for it.

Surely he was still safe to leave for an hour, she thought; and his talk when he tore himself from Claude Titus was reassuring. It was all of resting, of the good rest he had had, and meant still to have, before he—and she, there present to insure against rashness—would again fly down those luring open roads. A little longer wait and they could go out there. He always waved vaguely when he said out there, but he had been saying it often lately and it must mean something to him. Once or twice he had given a name to this "out there." Carcassonne, he called it, though Miss Hicks had later assured herself from a road map that there was no Carcassonne in Los Angeles County. Anyway, nothing could happen today. She watched him as he came to her, applying a careful hand to the healing break. He smiled weakly and sank into his chair with a sigh of relief. She studied him a moment, shamelessly rejoicing that he was yet incapacitated.

At last she said, "I suppose if I had to leave you this afternoon for as much as twenty minutes, you'd be out the moment I was gone and have your broken leg all nicely set by the time I got back."

He looked up at her with resignation.

"Isn't that just like you?"

This was a habit of speech with him since she had ceased to hide that she very much wished him to live; a most annoying habit, she thought. He was so glib about it, as if he had picked it up ready-made somewhere.

"It is," she said with a sudden galled warmth; "it's just exactly like me." She waited a skeptic moment, then added, "It's going to keep on being just like me."

Once more Mr. Clinch, Mr. McIntosh and Mr. Peck strained the atmosphere of a room to high tension by their watchful waiting. Mr. Peck sat forward on his chair, purely waiting, with no attempt to solace its rigors. Mr. McIntosh, on his lap a blue print labeled Plan of Sunnyside Terrace, knowingly traced fine white street lines and sewer connections with the trained nail of an index finger. Mr. Clinch paced his own expensive rug with skillfully measured steps and knew, without looking down, that his toes did not overlap the forward edges of its repeated pattern.

"I thought we'd be calling it Mountain View Terrace," said Mr. McIntosh without looking up.

Mr. Clinch regarded him frigidly, midway from the rug.

"Didn't we talk that all out, Mac? Mountain View don't mean a darned thing when mountains stick up like they do here. Every darned place is a mountain view. Of course, Sunnyside won't keel anyone over with novelty, but sun's always good, and mountains are good only when looked at."

"Something tells me she'll never, never come," said Mr. Peck, his dim eyes straining on the arrogant gilt clock of Mr. Clinch.

Neither of the others paid him any attention. Another period of noiseless waiting was broken by a light knock on the beautifully polished door that led from the Clinch outer office, and Mr. Peck quivered direly in his chair. But it was only Seaver. The doctor entered grinning and did not compose himself with the group. No one returned his grin in kind, and Mr. Peck even turned from it with a little moan of repugnance.

"Only got a minute," said Seaver. "Didn't know but you might have a bulletin by this time. She hasn't come, then?"

"She ain't coming at all," announced Mr. Peck. "She wouldn't come. I know her."

"What you grinning so wide about, Doc?" demanded Mr. Clinch.

Seaver studied the speaker.

"George," he remarked, "you have the most entertaining eyes. Sometimes they'll come right out toward one, as if you pushed 'em out like feelers. They simply draw out like an accordion, don't they?"

"That's all right about my eyes," retorted Mr. Clinch heavily. He wasn't there to be kidded about his eyes They'd taken him through many a narrow opening. "But why the grin? It was you got us into it."

"I did," returned Seaver placidly. "I got you into it and I'd get you into it again, the same as I might any old friend. But who got you out of it? 'I,' said the sparrow, 'with my bow and arrow, I got 'em out of it.'"

"How's that?" demanded Mr. Clinch sullenly. "I don't quite make you—prob'ly my eyes got pushed out too far."

Seaver quit persiflage.

"Who wanted the peach—who insisted on the ripe peach? Who looked the peach over when I found one and wouldn't hear a word from me after that? Who gave me the laugh when I begged you not to blame me if the peach made trouble?"

"Ho-ho!" Mr. Clinch flung a dart dipped in deadly poison. "You built a bridge—that's all—built a bridge, like all your tribe."

"Clinch suggested that peach himself," Mr. Peck volunteered. "I remember it as well." His eyes half closed in a retrospect that distressed him. "'Got a whale of an idea,' he says, and when he'd told the silly idea he up and says, swelling all over the place, 'Cheer me, men; now, altogether!' Just like that he said it." Mr. Peck had, indeed, made a dramatic effort to swell all over the place while sitting in his chair. "But I never cheered him. Something kept telling me ——"

Mr. Clinch was now staring restively at Mr. Peck, his face color ominously deepening to a royal purple. Mr. McIntosh, noting this, wearily raised a quelling hand.

"Now, now, Paramus, what's the use, man? Who not only applauded George's whale of an idea but added the ribald raving of a senile rake? I ask you. Who said, 'Shiny stockings,' with a foul leer that insulted anything deserving the name of womanhood?"

"I—I don't remember," pleaded Mr. Peck, averting his eyes from the accusing

(Continued on Page 80)

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(Continued from Page 78)

glare of the other. "I may, at the very moment, have seemed to ——"

"Seemed to!" exploded Mr. Clinch.

"Gentlemen," interposed Seaver, "you can't suspect how it grieves me to leave at this dramatic moment when you're just getting good; but I have a hurry call. However, maybe I can save you from lifelong enmities if I remind you that you not only all applauded the peach idea but you all equally showered me with derision when I suggested that maybe fruit of this stimulating character wasn't the best remedy. Come, you know you did!"

"Paramus hasn't forgot we did; we all know we did," affirmed Mr. McIntosh gracefully. "The dumb-headedness was an affliction equally shared."

"There!" said Seaver. "Mac's man enough to say so. And you two know it as well as he does. Didn't I keep saying——"

"Oh, I ain't denied it right up and down," protested Mr. Clinch, regarding Seaver as man to man.

"Of course, I knew you wouldn't, George. And now you'll admit, maybe, that if I'd had my way this little experiment in psychotherapy would never have been ——"

"Psycho—what's that?" demanded Mr. Clinch. "I thought he was a hypochondriac."

"With a mania for sinfully disembodying his immortal soul," added Mr. McIntosh.

"Call it what you like now," Seaver cheerfully allowed as he opened the door. "And good luck! I hope you get your ante back."

"Ante back!" muttered Mr. Peck when the door had closed. "Ante back—a mere ante, when we stood to win——" He looked up. "Do you men know I haven't drawn an unworried breath of God's air for six weeks today? It ain't right a man of my years should be tortured."

"Your pangs are voluntary," suggested McIntosh. "Mine? I intend to buy free of them."

"Easy to see it wasn't Doc's six hundred and fifty thousand," observed Clinch.

"Easy to see it ain't his hundred thousand," amended Mr. Peck. He turned to McIntosh: "Angus, what time did she say she might come if she did come?"

"Three times before I've recited her words to you," replied Mr. McIntosh. "The woman did not stoop to name an hour. She wouldn't heed an hour if she had. Where's your reason, man? She was going out anyhow; if, by chance, she found herself hereabouts, she might—just might, mind you—look in."

"Oh, dear!" Mr. Peck was giving up. "The frivolity of such creatures! How have men put up with it, yes, and encouraged it, all these years? Angus, couldn't you pin her down?"

"Pin her down!" Mr. McIntosh gave the speaker a long look intended to wither, allowed the color to fade from it and glanced dully away. "You try it next," he said.

Mr. Clinch was ruminating heavily. He brightened.

"If she don't come today she'll come tomorrow. She'll come! And I'm ready to bet we work it. Because why? Because we got something. Men, I'm said to be a good poker player. Of course, I don't know about that; but I'm a steady, consistent winner, and I win on what I have, never on what I expect to have. If I draw out, that's a chance, and I never take a chance. It's a needless risk of money. Well, in this hand we got something that'll look simply too good to the little lady. I'm willing to wager a few florins on that right now, providing the matter's put to her properly. Now ——"

Mr. McIntosh looked up commandingly and Mr. Clinch paused.

"That's a good lecture on success, George, and thanks for helping to enliven a dreary afternoon for Paramus and me; but I'll be pleased if you'll let me understand once more: Am I or am I not to have the exclusive putting of the matter properly? Is it by any chance supposed that I need help? Because if any poker or even nonpoker playing individual now in the room is going to butt in and spoil my system ——"

Mr. McIntosh glanced suggestively at his hat reposing on Mr. Clinch's desk and made a slight starting movement with his shoulders.

"All right, all right, Mac. Of course, it's understood you do the fine work. I only thought, having seen the little lady in action seen her when she was good—I might be able ——"

"You wouldn't be," said Mr. McIntosh decisively. "You're a lifelong bachelor and incompetent. In such a complication a married youth of half your age would outsmart you. Myself—I began to know the creatures from an angle unattainable by you long before you learned to write George Washington Clinch in a handwriting to resemble the Father of your Country's, so that homeseekers may haply forget you're but a namesake. In addition, have not I, too, seen the little lady in action? Have you forgot what I wormed from her one afternoon, despite her aversion to revelations so delicate? Who prevailed over her native scruples? Have I, then, acquired no standing with the two of you?"

Mr. Clinch was impressed.

"Sure, Mac, sure you have! I was just going to suggest ——"

"He mustn't be in the least ruffled," warned Mr. Peck. "Keep ca'm, Angus. George means well. You don't need a single suggestion, only don't mention about his being a suicide until you ——"

"Ruffle me!" Mr. McIntosh again sought to wither the speaker. "The strain has been too much for you, old friend. You admit I need no suggestions, and immediately, with a child's vanity, you stick one into my already revolving machinery at the most delicate spot. Keep still, man, and watch me recover your pittance."

"Not a pittance; don't call it that, Angus," pleaded Mr. Peck.

"Far as I'm concerned," put in Mr. Clinch, "this crazy fool needn't bother to suicide at all. He can just keep on going his hell-bent way with the modern gas engine. Why suicide when you can go out on something fast and have it done for you?"

"Motorcycles," mused Mr. McIntosh painfully. "I never could make out how they abide on those little seats."

"That death's-head couldn't either," Clinch pointed out. "I understand he had another spill the day before this last one, and lied about it to the nurse. That's why it wasn't thought necessary to watch him."

"Lied about it to his nurse? He's afraid of her, Angus. Now ——"

"Paramus, old friend, if only you'd leave the room, distract yourself outside with some play-pretty or other ——"

The door from the outer office vibrated under a double knock.

"Men, that ain't anyone else in the world!" said Mr. Clinch in hushed tones as he stepped forward.

Mr. Peck urged himself even farther to the front of his chair and clasped trembling hands about tremulous knees. Mr. McIntosh became lightly entertained by the blue-print plan of Sunnyside Terrace.

XXVI

MISS HICKS had arrived with the thin intention of giving the old buzzards another good scaring. After this they'd let her alone. But even as the impressive door swung open that inner bell tinkled the order, "Keep still till you find what they expect you to be, then be it." She didn't understand this message. She already knew how to give them a good scare. Nevertheless, she was already obeying the order when she sank into the chair Mr. McIntosh, under the solicitous glare of Mr. Clinch, tenderly placed for her.

The gentlemen beheld an embarrassed young woman clad in a rather schoolgirlish frock of lightly patterned lawn—the pattern was a vine with young tendrils of appealing innocence—and wearing a summer hat almost childish in its lines. She was a lovely, defenseless thing, becoming momently more ill at ease in this handsome office at the mercy of three business men—business ogres!

Almost at once her great eyes began to beg charmingly for release. She had only a moment—half a moment, really, and she hoped timidly—then she found the kind eyes of Mr. McIntosh and flashed him pretty gratitude for the protection he was warmly vouchsafing her. Instantly Mr. McIntosh was sensible that this child trusted him, would be guided by him eventually, perhaps, to a course she might now deem preposterous. But he wouldn't be blunt about that, the way Peck or Clinch might.

"There, my dear, we're glad you came, even if we get no more than a look at your bonny self to press like a rose between the leaves of our musty old memories—worn, well-thumbed volumes, as you can well ——"

Mr. Clinch here coughed, not convincingly. Mr. McIntosh broke off to glare at him. Was he going to manage this woman, or was George Clinch?

"I really only have a few minutes," said Miss Hicks. "So I hope you gentlemen will be quick. The fact is I'm uneasy about leaving Mr. Billop alone."

"Alone, is he?" Mr. McIntosh became businesslike. He abandoned the lyric note. "First, what will you have noted since our last talk? If I sound too curious you'll understand later how it concerns—may perhaps concern—you as well as ourselves. That is, if it proves not to concern you, it'll be by reason of your having refused an offer such as comes to but few young women in your station of life."

"My station of life!" Miss Hicks widened her eyes in helpless appeal.

"So I'll ask again, what of suicide by the poor young man since our last talk?"

Miss Hicks put the tip of a straight finger to her slightly moving lower lip.

"Let—me—see! I can't recall anything so very, very much like it. He hasn't actually tried anything; but then I've watched him so closely. He hasn't had much chance. Of course, I felt responsible, especially to you gentlemen; and, of course, the—the—that is ——"

Mr. McIntosh unerringly read her glance of confusion.

"The conditions, you mean to say, my dear?"

"Yes, conditions—that's it; they're so very ——"

Again she was helpless.

"I see, I see. But be assured, little girl, none of us blames you for those conditions, those unfortunate conditions that aggravate his mania for self-destruction. You wish to say that they continue the same. What you're trying to tell me—you can't bring yourself to put an end to them—not even to save a human life, as it were."

"Oh, Mr. McIntosh!"

Mr. McIntosh reached out as if he would pat her hand.

"I know, I know, my dear. I respect your delicacy; we all respect it; and needless to say we all appreciate that the union, if such were possible, would—on the face of it, mind you—be ill calculated to result happily. We quite understand, little girl, you would be giving your hand where the warm little heart could never go."

"Oh, Mr. McIntosh!"

Miss Hicks glanced up, then veiled her dewy, troubled eyes under black curtains that trembled. Mr. McIntosh suffered compunction. He'd let this ugly point rest a bit; let her get back her control.

"But aside from his terrible mania, my dear, does he persist in his mad endeavor to ride things God never meant him to? Has he learned no lesson?"

"He hasn't learned a thing," said Miss Hicks firmly. "He's going on and on till he breaks some more bones or kills himself. He's not the kind that learns a lesson."

"What?" exploded Mr. Peck. "He'll be riding out again and him hardly grown together? Outrageous!"

Miss Hicks glanced at the speaker.

"If that old motorcycle doesn't kill him, those awful airplanes will."

Airplanes! The three gentlemen regarded each other with a consternation they took no pains to hide. Airplanes were an unsuspected menace.

"He's been up three times, just as a passenger, of course; but he's going in for it; take lessons so he can fly his own machine and do side slips and nose dives and loops and ——"

Mr. Peck began a moan that lengthened to a pathetic "Oh-h-h!"

"Couldn't do enough to his carcass on the ground, hey?" demanded Mr. Clinch.

"That isn't all, though," the girl went on. "He's trying to find some divers so he can put on one of those horrible rubber suits and go clear down to the bottom of the ocean the ocean, mind you—and have air pumped into his helmet by a rubber tube; and suppose he was down there and they forgot to pump, or the pump broke, or the rubber tube got bitten into maybe by a shark the water rushing in on him ——"

Mr. Peck gulped. He wished McIntosh would get to business and shut off this horrible stuff. The girl was kind of bloodthirsty herself.

"I suppose there'll be nothing else," pursued Mr. McIntosh.

"You simply don't know him. He wants to be a human fly—one of those silly things that climb up the outside of a twenty-story building clear to the top, just holding on with their fingers and toes."

Mr. Peck covered his eyes and again moaned.

"I overheard him telling that awful chauffeur he'd been looking over a big new hotel that's nearly built and he sees where it's possible for a man to climb clear to the top if he doesn't look down and get nervous. He says it doesn't take strength, only nerve; that it's no harder to climb a hundred feet than to climb three. But suppose he got almost to the top and did happen to look down, hundreds of feet ——"

"Angus," pleaded Mr. Peck. Mr. McIntosh received also an entreating look from Mr. Clinch, a look that said, "Get to it quick. Offer anything!"

"There, my dear, we quite perceive the horrible prospects. The details you've given are sufficing. My old crony, Peck there, isn't in the best of condition just at present. So now, if you'll promise not to take offense at an old man who means the best by you, I'm going to be very frank, very frank indeed."

"Oh, Mr. McIntosh, offended at you!" Confident eyes played upon him.

"There, there, child! I knew, I knew! So far, so good. The state of us, then, is just this: We invested a large sum of money in the belief that Mr. Billop would be alive three years from the twenty-ninth day of last January ——"

"A very large sum," echoed Mr. Clinch.

"A hundred thousand dollars," said Mr. Peck impressively.

Mr. McIntosh made only the slightest effort to hide his irritation.

"Three years from the twenty-ninth of last January, as I was saying, Miss Hicks ——"

"Three years and two months," amended Mr. Peck.

Mr. McIntosh gallantly controlled himself in a lady's presence, but his glance caused Mr. Peck to squirm.

"I may say that the boy was in need of funds to provide him not only with the necessaries of life but with the medical attendance—and the nursing, Miss Hicks—that he believed himself so sorely to need. I may say, also, that we three were not of the boy's opinion. We considered his case by no means hopeless. The amount we advanced being large ——"

"A hundred thousand dollars," insisted Mr. Peck in a thin voice.

The eyes of Mr. McIntosh wavered, but his voice remained calm.

"My dear old friend has again confided the exact sum to you." He shot a threatening look at his old friend. "But we felt we had a chance—I might even say an excellent chance—to secure its return. We are business men, after all; no use denying it; and the transaction was not without a certain well-defined element of commercialism. At the same time the lad in his weakness was appealing—he has a personality that might be called winning—and we were not insensible of this. While not literally casting our money to the birds, we had the satisfaction to feel that we did a good deed."

Mr. Peck again wriggled forward in his chair.

"Every cripple on life's highway should have the golden rule for a crutch," he announced.

Mr. McIntosh flashed him a murderous glance and resumed: "Now, my lass, tell me if you have the facts thus far clear."

Miss Hicks cast her eyes aloft in deep consideration.

"Oh, Mr. McIntosh, I'm sure—at least I think I have. It's something about a hundred thousand dollars. Wasn't that what Mr. Peck said?"

"It was," said Mr. Peck firmly.

"And you gentlemen gave it to poor Mr. Billop—lent, was it?—on a mortgage or something, and he was to pay you interest if he lived that long. Oh, yes, I understand; and you took Mr. Billop's word for it and didn't make him sign a paper or anything. I think that was the dearest thing—so dear of all of you."

She glanced warmly about at Mr. Clinch and Mr. Peck. Mr. Peck's lower jaw was displaced.

"Listen carefully, girl." Mr. McIntosh became every inch a business man. "Of course, we didn't take Billop's word for it, because a dead man's word has practically no weight with his executors. Most certainly we had him sign a paper, as you so lightly put it. And listen carefully, because I get nearer the bottom of the cooky jar. Billop is joint heir to an estate that he'll get but a beggarly income from for three years. If he dies before that he'll get not a penny. So we advanced him a hundred thousand dollars, which is a large sum ——"

Continued on Page 85

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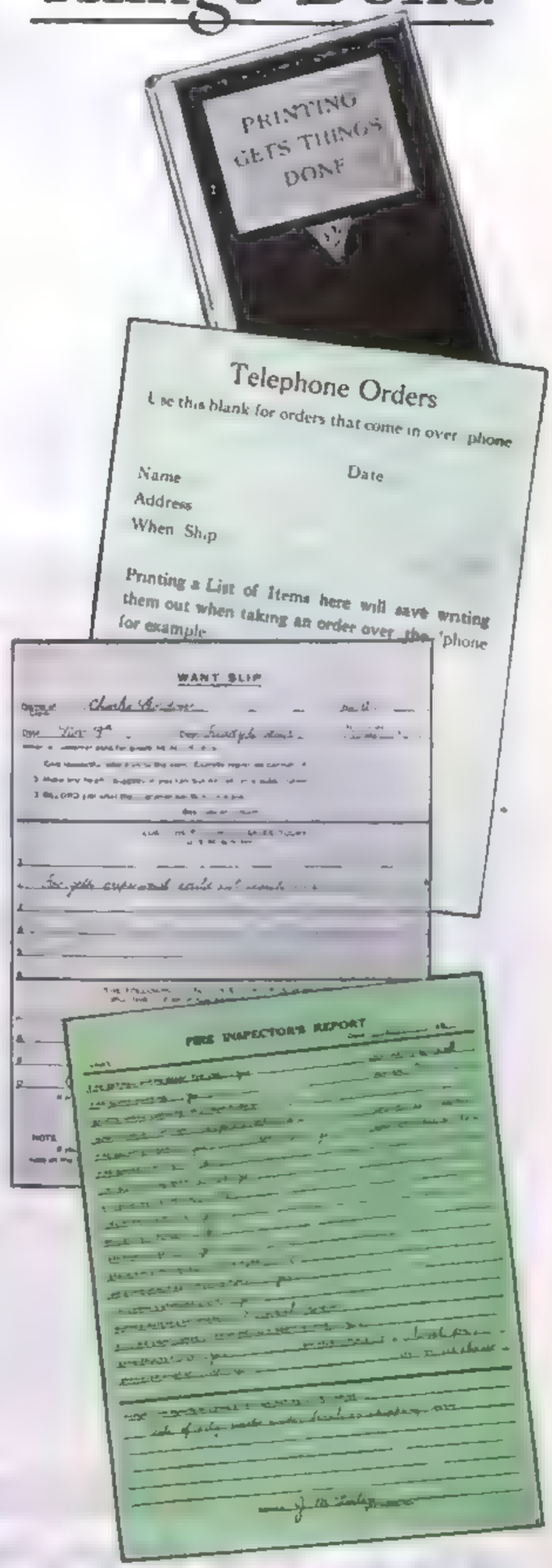
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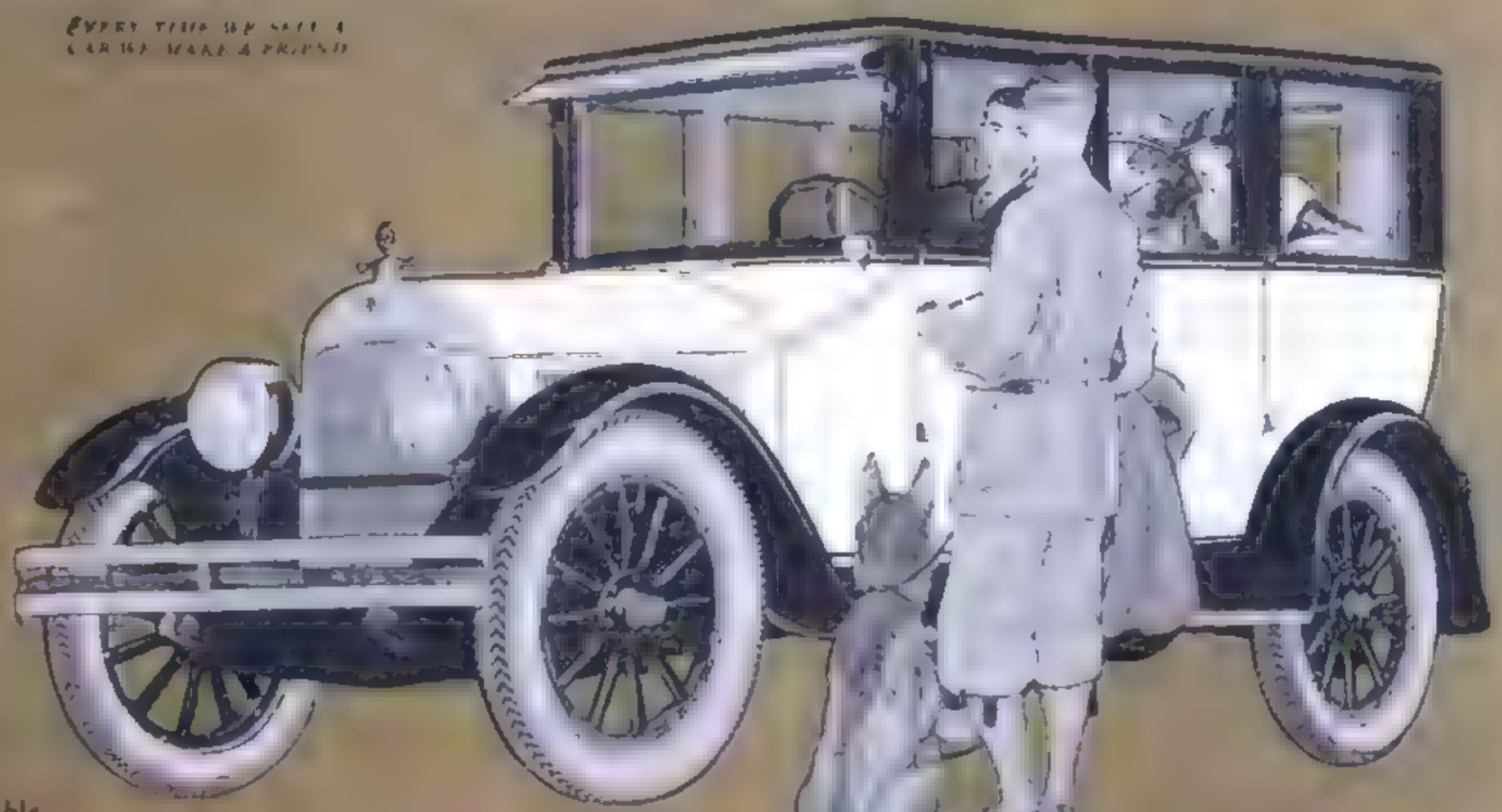

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VELIE

VALUE

(Continued from Page 60)

"A big sum," amended Mr. Peck.

"—— and, in consideration, Billop assigned to us his entire interest in this estate. Should he perish before the date I speak of, we lose our investment. Should he live three years"—Mr. McIntosh glanced nervously at Mr. Peck—"or whatever time my old friend insists on, we get the estate for ours, minus, of course, the money we have advanced. Now don't tell me, girl, you haven't grasped that!"

"Of course I have. Poor Mr. Billop has the hundred thousand and if he lives three years you get all his money."

"Good enough!" Mr. McIntosh applauded.

"But we've made up our minds ——" Mr. Peck was eagerly beginning.

He was shocked to silence by the savage eyes of Mr. McIntosh.

"Now I come, my dear, to the delicate matter that might offend a less sensible girl. First, we three of the lad's friends misdoubt painfully he'll live three years under present conditions. Should he not destroy himself by intention, he'll do it otherwise. So strongly do we believe this that we'd dispose of our investment for rather less than cost. Unfortunately, it would not be easy to find capital sufficiently venturesome."

"Impossible," said Mr. Peck dully.

"You hear me confirmed," said Mr. McIntosh with an inclination of profound deference toward Mr. Peck. "Myself, I'm a child in these matters, but my dear old friend knows. No one would take our investment off our hands. Yet all is not hopeless. It appears that another person, one having no present stake in this venture, nevertheless wields an influence that, rightly and wisely exerted, might prolong a valuable life ——"

"Valuable for three years," corrected Mr. Peck.

"Who is he?" demanded Miss Hicks.

Mr. McIntosh gazed at her long and searchingly.

"It will not be a he, my child. It will be someone who can utterly eliminate the menace of self-destruction by removing its cause, and who can by persuasive and cajoling methods perhaps reduce the other risks very materially. It will be you, little girl."

"Oh, Mr. McIntosh! But - ——"

"One moment, until I again become delicate. You have your future before you, my dear. View it one moment as it unfolds to your present eye; a future of honest, laborious toil; dignified perhaps, but grinding, and always poorly requited. But there is another future you may face, a position your bonny self would grace with the utmost felicity a future, my dear, as the wife of a quite wealthy man; a future which you have but to stretch out one of your beautiful hands to grasp. Don't tell me I have been ambiguous!"

"Oh, Mr. McIntosh, you mean me to actually marry that poor Rufus Billop? Me marry such a man? Why, only the other day you said yourself ——"

Miss Hicks broke off. The bell had signaled her.

"There, there, little girl! I'll not pretend I could suppose you to entertain for the boy those winged, romantic sentiments commonly expected in the marital relation. But you're sensible; you must know full well that many, many, many a marriage of sentiment has come to wreck on the cruel, jagged rocks of adversity; while with the other sort there has often followed true respect, and even a dignified affection, to make them tolerable, especially when offset by certain advantages of a material character. I'd not take it on myself to counsel a girl to contract a so-called loveless marriage; I'd never assume so grave a responsibility. But on the other hand, I'd be doing you, my dear child, a grave injustice if I failed to point out the advantages to flow from a certain union we have in mind: sumptuous lace garments for your loveliness, silks and rare satins, glittering jewels for your neck and arms, rings for your pretty fingers, dancing slippers" –here the enduring shadow of a fairly recent domestic calamity flitted across the speaker's visage—"dancing slippers at twenty-seven-fifty per pair; and beyond these a grand mansion, travel in luxury through many foreign lands of interest, polite servants to do your bidding instead of you being—more or less—a servant to the dreary end of your days. I'd never urge, but I should not be honest if I did not point out this grand opportunity. It may well be that you have in mind some young man that engages all your fancy ——"

Mr. McIntosh paused to note the result of this shot. Miss Hicks fluttered her eyes into his.

"Oh, Mr. McIntosh, you see everything!"

"Very well, child, it's not unnatural at your age; but consider the alternative, glittering with all delights. Consider if the reward would move you to sacrifice what, after all, may well be but a passing girlish fancy. We are convinced you could keep that young—keep young Billop alive for at least three years if you find the compensation enough. You have, I believe, the matter clearly before you. Does the reward suffice?"

Again the viewless bell that had no sound rang a helpful hint: "Be what they expect you to be—be it hard!"

"What reward?" demanded Miss Hicks coldly. She adjusted herself more firmly in the chair, ran the preening fingers of one hand along the black edge of hair and regarded Mr. McIntosh with an icy questioning that for a moment disconcerted him. That bonny face had become so incongruously calculating. It actually looked the way old Peck often looked. "What reward?" she repeated rather sharply. "I don't see all that luxury on a mere hundred thousand dollars, with a lot of that gone already. Have you gentlemen priced things in the shops lately? A mere hundred thousand ——"

It was not quite a sneer, but it won the respect of Mr. McIntosh and Mr. Clinch. Mr. Peck repeated, "A mere hundred thousand," and clucked deprecation with the tip of his tongue. Mere, indeed! Girls in his day ——

Mr. Clinch was thinking, "Aha! Now the real stuff's coming out—just what I tried to tell Mac."

"I'm glad you spoke of that, my dear," Mr. McIntosh went on. "No, a hundred thousand, already depleted, would never pay you for the sacrifice. But you were hasty; you snapped the old man up too soon. Rest easy, then; there'd be more."

Miss Hicks stiffened her shoulders and again chilled Mr. McIntosh.

"I've always said if I ever married for money it would have to be for a lot—more than I could count, and I can count pretty high. What about it, Mr. McIntosh?"

"I see I may be concise," said that gentleman.

"You can; you can also be quick. I feel so foolish in here with you old business wolves. I ought to have my lawyer."

"Consult one later if you wish," said Mr. McIntosh; "but listen to one word more from a friend and sincere well-wisher. My associates and I, upon assurance that you will marry Billop, are ready to surrender the assignment of his estate to us upon his signing a very minor document—a mere promissory note for a hundred thousand dollars payable in three years. All we now ask, all we hope, is to get our money back."

"Bearing a reasonable rate of interest," added Mr. Peck.

"Naturally, bearing interest. This is all we ask for the risk we have assumed."

"How much interest?" questioned Miss Hicks.

"Only 8 per cent," murmured Mr. Clinch persuasively.

"Twelve," said Mr. Peck, not murmuring.

"Say 10, child." Mr. McIntosh beamed; "a mere 10 per cent to reimburse ——"

"Compounded semiannually," said Mr. Peck.

"—— to reimburse my dear old friend for the unspeakable agony he has to endure when he thinks of young Billop out pleasure riding," concluded Mr. McIntosh.

"Oh, never mind the interest, then; but how much do I get?"

The words of this query were widely spaced in a way that made them impressive.

"By the time that estate is settled it will run a good eight hundred thousand."

"Dollars?" demanded Miss Hicks.

"Dollars, little girl," said Mr. McIntosh.

"You were going to take seven hundred thousand for your hundred thousand. Oh, very well, I agree. Pass over your old paper."

Mr. Peck was instant with demur.

"But we must have proof that you're going through with this, young woman."

"Haven't I said I would? What more proof do you want? What's the man talking about?" demanded Miss Hicks of her kind old friend; but Mr. Peck was not silenced.

"And your marrying Billop will only take his mind off killing himself—at least for a time—so we need assurance that you'll also use the most watchful care to keep him from ——"

"My poor old friend," broke in Mr. McIntosh. "You must really excuse him, my dear. Paramus, old pal, your mind's broken sadly in the last half hour. Again and again you've compelled me to notice the injury it has suffered. And in the present instance, where's your wits? Will this child make a marriage of convenience and then be careless about garnering all of its fruits?"

"Trust the little lady to protect her own interests," said Mr. Clinch with an odd warmth.

Miss Hicks glanced in triumph at the abject Mr. Peck.

"Give me your old paper, then," she demanded once more.

"How about it, Mac?" Mr. Clinch paused at the open door of his magnificent safe.

"There's no reason why not," said Mr. McIntosh. "She's a girl I'd trust with my all, and so's Billop. I mean I'd trust him with my all. Give her the assignment, George, and make out the note. Let her take both to Billop." He turned to the girl as Clinch handed him a paper. "Take this document, my dear, to your future husband. After he has signed the note Mr. Clinch is preparing, send it back to us. The document you hold there you may regard as a trifle for your hope chest." Miss Hicks smoothed the lawn skirt twined with its young green tendrils and rose to her feet. Mr. McIntosh kindly continued, "And I hope, my child, you'll never have cause to regret your decision. There'll undoubtedly come times when you'll find yourself depressed; but remember my former word—respect and even a measure of affection will ofttimes ——"

"Oh, give me the things," said Miss Hicks impatiently. "I've been gone too long now. Maybe I'll get back and find we haven't a chance on earth for our money."

She crumpled the note and assignment carelessly into her pale, innocently beaded hand bag under the anxious eyes of Mr. Peck.

"Young lady," he warned, "don't forget and leave that bag in a street car."

She turned sweetly to him.

"Oh, Mr. Peck, how perfectly thoughtful you are! I'll try ever so hard to remember; and good-by, good-by."

Miss Hicks had floated out. Nothing remained of her but the faintest possible fragrance of some wild-wood flower. Mr. McIntosh glanced about with cold confidence.

"Well, men, have I performed to your satisfaction—in spite of the damnably silly interruptions to which I've been subjected continually since I undertook that delicate negotiation?"

"It's little enough you got, Angus, but doubtless the best any man could have done," admitted Mr. Clinch somberly. "We simply had to have her."

"Your smooth talk about lace and jewels and other gewgaws was what won her," added Mr. Peck. "Didn't I watch? I could see her woman's heart yearning over the luscious picture you drew. You've a surprising streak of frenzy, old friend, for a man habitually ca'm."

"Me?" remarked Mr. Clinch. "I still think his streak was wasted. I know that little lady. Didn't you hear her talking about 'our' money before she left? Mac could have put the thing to her in a hundred words and saved us all a lot of honest sweat. For instance, take all that oh-Mr.-McIntosh stuff—do you know where that came from? Well, it came from just back of her teeth, that's where. Did she pull any of that when the real thing showed in her, when she began to set up and take notice? Not so! Why, that little lady—put her in a car of dressed beef and she'd have it froze stiff between here and Pasadena, which is something like ten miles. However, it's done; the frenzy stuff didn't hurt and it tickled Mac, and she's just the chilly little grabber we want on what's left of the job. Talk about your eight-minute eggs! I always said from the first we didn't want one of these mush-heads. She'll do. If that lad finds a single solitary chance to die before the time's up, I'm a Swede, men."

"After that," observed Mr. Peck, "we don't worry so much."

"After that," retorted Mr. Clinch, "she won't worry at all—not a-tall. He'll have all the chance he craves after that."

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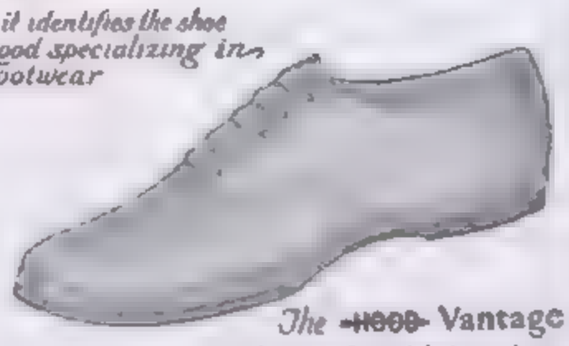

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"Men, you wrong the lass," insisted Mr. McIntosh. "Can I not distinguish sincerity? Can I not pursue the devious windings of a mind as open as yon child's? And I might add once more, you grossly underestimate the job I had to win her over, after I'd extorted from her the confession that she'd already set her heart on some young chap. I persuade her to a union repugnant to all her girlish fancies and you think it didn't take genius of a sort. I admit she has a cool head on her shoulders, but still it required ——"

"—— money," said Mr. Clinch.

"Our money," corrected Mr. Peck.

"Oh, man," said Mr. McIntosh, now in low, eager tones, "is it a degenerate curiosity, bordering on the prurient, that I could wish myself secretly present when first she permits the lad to learn he's no longer an object of loathing?"

"He's going to learn it right soon," said Mr. Clinch. "When that little lady starts she works fast."

XXVII

SHE entered the house, jubilant from her adventure, but already wondering how much of it she could tell. The jubilance must be suppressed, and many of the exciting, unbelievably funny details that had gone to making it. She couldn't tell him everything. Indeed, she must not. She saw now a new means of restraining him from foolhardy risks; a new pressure to put upon him. She ran to find him, trusting to the moment's inspiration. Her bell would still help, probably. Perhaps she could find a way to let him enjoy it all with her.

He was not in the court where she had left him and not in his room. She looked as far as the dressing-room closet where his suits hung. The pendent coats brought him close, but they were empty. She stroked the sleeve of one, then she ran to the glass door and felt alarm for the first time. The garage was empty. He was out again, after all his pretense of weariness and content when she left him. He had only waited for her to go. A slow anger burned in her. She longed to have Claude Titus there, she armed with some sharp weapon—scissors she thought of. She fed the anger, spurred it on. Perhaps she could keep it higher than the fear mounting just beneath it. If only she could have him back, to rage at him.

But maybe he would be brought back. Vividly she saw again the limp and dreadful burden she had once opened the door to, then the mutilated thing she had another day found smiling at her from the bed. She covered her eyes. While she stood so, easing her suspense with little whispered whines, she heard the spitting of a motorcycle, the hard, dry, relentless explosions that now sickened her. They reverberated in the court briefly, then ceased. The hand still shielded her eyes; she dared not look out—to see Claude Titus with a scared face afraid to tell her something.

She drew a stiffening breath at last—she must take her medicine—and lifted the suddenly cold hand from her eyes. By the garage door, doing something to the motorcycle, stood a figure distinguishably not that of Claude Titus and yet not at once recognizable. She stepped nearer the door, peering intently. The figure straightened, one hand still fondly at rest on the seat of the fearful machine. Beyond a doubt it was the tall figure of Rufus Billop. He was without a cap, the straight, stiff hair wildly disheveled; the nearest leg of the trousers showed an extensive triangular rent at the knee, and from shoulder to knee the figure was heavily incrusted with mud. The mud where thin had dried, but in spots it still glistened wet. The figure turned away from the machine and toward her, the richly mud-flecked face of Rufus Billop now being in full light. But the head was lifted and the face was not a face of suffering. It was, amazingly, somehow transfigured. The highly illumined eyes were looking far off—out there. Whatever had happened, he was already forgetting it. He came a few steps toward the court. He limped slightly, but at least he was coming under his own power; he wasn't being brought back. He stopped, his head still lifted, the eyes still aglow with his dream of out there. She divined then that he had really been out there—wherever that Carcassonne place could be.

Suddenly the fire of her anger died. She knew that she was—quite unaccountably—glad with him; glad he had fooled her; glad he had gone out there; and, unaccountably again, proud of him because he had gone. She swelled with this sudden astonishing pride, breathing deep with its realization. Then she saw his far look come back to things about him. He came again toward the court, but he was coming with head up, with long, confident strides. Despite that limp, he managed to swagger. He was coming to her as a conqueror. Now she no longer cared what had happened to him; she was proud.

She stepped from the doorway and he saw her. Instantly his conqueror's erect plumes fell limp. He became an abject, cringing, guilt-stricken child overtaken in illicit adventure. He halted a dozen feet from her, hesitating, his shamed eyes striving to meet hers, but each time falling.

"Oh, come!" she cried. He looked at her now, startled from his fear; her tone was so strange, her eyes so shining. He advanced a few steps, though he was still a coward. "Come, come!" she called again. "I—I'm glad."

He was still abjectly timid, but he instantly began his explanation, the glib child putting its offense in the best possible words.

"Now, I'm not hurt; not hurt a bit, not a scratch. It was the luckiest spill, but I was bound to be lucky sometime. I was going wonderfully and this wet place in the road hit a chuck hole, where an irrigation ditch had overflowed, and I was ——"

She stopped him impatiently.

"Oh, what do I care, what do I care?"

She ran to him now, her hands gripping his shoulders, running down his arms, then beating on his chest as if for assurance that he was whole.

"I'm all right, perfectly all right. Please don't cry and don't scold ——" He broke off with an odd little meditative pause. "You know that's no good," he at length added in a kind of cool desperation.

"I do know it, I do! I was a fool! And I don't even feel like doing either one. I tell you I'm glad. Oh"—she stopped to brush a more than commonly wild region of the hair into order—"I know I'm in for it; I won't fight it any more. I'm going to take my medicine. I tell you, I'm glad; glad you went, glad you sneaked off, glad you did whatever you did, but"—she drooped a little—"I can't tell you why I'm glad."

"I slid about thirty feet on my side, but the pavement was in splendid condition right there."

He was regarding her brightly now, a little reassured by her astounding protestations.

"It's all right, I tell you. Can't you see I'm not fussed, not at all fussed? I don't know why I'm not, I don't know at all; but all in a second I found I wasn't. I'm just—I'm proud. Proud of you—see, in my eyes?"

"Why," he said in slow wonder, "you're so—so beautiful!"

He seemed to find the word weak, to be searching for another.

"Did you go out there?" she demanded eagerly. "Did you find that place?"

He studied her face a moment.

"Here," he said, suddenly aroused, "let's talk a minute. Come in." He roughly seized her by an arm and pushed her through the doorway. "Sit down." He, still with unconscious roughness, pushed her into a chair and sat facing her on the edge of his bed. He meditated a moment, his eyes down, then looked up, glowing. "Ever been afraid? Of course not—that was silly. But you know I have. I've been afraid of everything. But now anything I'm afraid of I do, or try to do. Why, right here on this bed I was afraid of—a pork chop. Can you believe it? Scared stiff! But I downed it. I'll eat anything I'm afraid of, and I've got to try anything I'm afraid to do—try it, anyway.

"That's why I went off this afternoon the minute you'd gone. Do you know, I've been afraid of that motorcycle ever since the last spill? I couldn't let anyone know, not even Buzz Titus. But every time I saw it I'd shiver. The thing was getting me. You don't know what it put me through. It was getting me back to the old days—not so long ago—when I was afraid even to go down a flight of stairs without holding on. Can you believe that? It was hellish and I knew there was only one way to save myself—just one way. So I waited for the time. I couldn't have stood it much longer, being afraid of something. It was torture. And so I didn't stand it and I'm glad, and now—but it's so wonderful to have you glad too. I didn't hope for that. It makes me very happy. It makes me ——"

"But tell me about now; are you still afraid? But of course not; I could see you

(Continued on Page 88)

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(Continued from Page 86)

weren't. That was what made me so proud."

"No; I'm not afraid any more. I never will be again, not of that machine. I wasn't afraid the minute I felt it move under me. I saw I'd merely been a fool—the sort of fool that thought he was going to die for all those years. Oh, you don't know what fun it is to fight a fear, and beat it! Of course, you always do beat it if you fight one. It's that; that's what going out there means—that's Carcassonne, I suppose."

She drew a long, broken breath, then scrambled from her chair to the floor at his feet to get her head under his muddied hand.

"All right, all right. I'll always be glad even if—if it does come or if it doesn't."

"You wouldn't want me to be afraid of anything, would you?"

For answer she gripped the knee she leaned against.

"I'm pretty clumsy, I know. I can't really do so many things, because—well, because I was so long cheated out of learning them; but I can still ——"

"Oh, it isn't what you can do!" She became electric with impatience. "Lots of people can do things they've learned; it's only what you're not afraid to try."

"Why, why! You really do understand, don't you? I hardly expected that. How did you know?"

"How can I tell? I knew!"

"No; you wouldn't know how you knew. You've lived all the time in Carcassonne yourself, and people that live there don't know it."

"Where is Carcassonne?"

"Oh, where you are." He was stroking the smooth hair.

"But what is it, then?"

"An old town in a verse, far off beyond hills; always beyond the next hills, I guess. But yet it's a real town, very old, with a wall and gray old towers that grow pink in the sunset. People try to get to it, but they start too late. In this verse an old peasant started—he'd always dreamed of Carcassonne; some day he'd go to Carcassonne—but he put it off and put it off, and when he did start he never reached it. When I came to myself here in this bed and found you—you that woke me up—I thought of the old peasant, dying on the way, falling out by the roadside, the light fading out of his dream. And maybe I'll fall—but I can't, don't you see? I can't! I'm already there! I've made it!"

"You're not afraid to go out there on a motorcycle any more?"

"Never will be again. I've beaten that machine, I tell you. I don't even care if I never see one again. They're good fun enough when you can let them out, but they'll never be a vice with me."

"All right for that, then." She gripped the knee more tightly. "But there are other machines. I want you to make me a promise. I'll never ask you to make but this one. Think—don't make it just to quiet me. If you can't make it and mean it, I'll understand. But if you can make it and mean it, I want you to promise that when you're afraid of anything again you'll tell me about it so I'll know it too. Can you?"

He was silent a long time.

"If I found I was afraid of something and I told you, you wouldn't try to keep me ——"

"Oh," she cried, fiercely gripping the knee. "I'd want you to try it! I'd make you, make you! I couldn't have you afraid either. I'd only like to know what to expect—and when to expect it. It's not knowing when—that's the worst. That's what kills me."

"Of course I'll promise that," he said.

"That's all, then. I can take the rest when it comes, whatever it is. But if you didn't promise, I'd be afraid every hour of the day I didn't have you. And I don't like to be afraid either—not in the dark that way."

"Of course you don't. I never thought about it's being hellish for you too."

"All of that," she said quietly. "That first day, I helped the doctor with you. I got along pretty well till he was done, except for the first minute I saw you. I was all right while he kept me busy. Then I didn't know if you were going to live or not, and suddenly they said you were and I died. I died hard, but I went."

"Poor child! But that's the way to go—hard."

He was thinking again of those old arrogant kings and lovely queens long gone. He envied the ones who hadn't died meekly. He thought with contempt of the silly old king they had brought out the other day, childishly dead among his tawdry trappings; his inane striving to invest with dignity something that could have none. That king hadn't, for all his garish pomp, been worth a living butterfly that died hard and was eaten. The hand on the girl's head fastened on it with a sudden passion.

"We'll know how to do it right," he said. "We can be beaten, but we can't be fooled into liking it. We'll live hard and die hard."

The head came suddenly from under the clutching hand. She had aroused herself with a little gasp of dismay. She scrambled to her feet, her eyes narrowing under an abruptly remembered necessity she had for long moments been free of.

"Oh," she said lightly, "I almost forgot to tell you. I happened to be in Mr. Clinch's office this afternoon. Mr. Peck and Mr. McIntosh were there too, and we had a wonderful chat about you. You couldn't guess what. They think you're so well that they don't want to keep the paper you signed." She broke off to reach for her hand bag which was lying on the table. "Here, they told me to give it to you; only here's another paper they want you to sign and send back in its place." She went to his desk quickly, dipped a pen in ink and brought it to him. "There, sign on that line—wait till I get it smooth on the table—just sign there."

He looked at her, mildly bewildered, signed his name, then demanded, "But what is this? Why do I sign something else?"

"Didn't I just now explain? You're so well they don't want to take all your money for that hundred thousand or whatever they gave you, so they're giving back the first paper and you're to give them this note, a note with interest compounded semiannually, something like that. So you only have to pay them back what they gave you. And of course ——"

"But look here; wait a minute. You know that seems very queer. It was my own proposition. I hope they didn't have the idea I wasn't willing to stand by it. They took chances with their money when I didn't believe I'd last even one year, and they were entitled ——"

"Of course, but I've gone over all that. You see, they knew at the time that you only thought you were sick. I'm sure they never meant to keep that paper. You say it was your own proposition. Probably they just took it to humor you. Anyway, they've given it back."

"It's a constant marvel to me the way these Westerners do business."

"Isn't it perfectly wonderful? So sort of careless and haphazard. At first I didn't think they were at all that kind."

"And that's all they said—take back the assignment and give them this note with interest at 10 per cent ——"

"—— compounded semiannually."

"But they'll surely take more than that. I'll make them take at least twice that. They'll do that, won't they?"

"You can suggest it—perhaps they might."

He looked at her sharply.

"You're keeping something back. I can tell. Out with it! Open up your eyes!"

Instead of doing this, she appeased him with a guilty admission.

"Yes, I am keeping something back. They were worried—they're still worried—because you're so likely to kill yourself in some silly way going off to that Carcassonne with your head up and riding into a chuck hole. And it seems if you do they won't get a cent of their money back. That's what they're really afraid of back there in that office this minute. Of course, I can't expect you to be careful just because of me—you don't owe me any money. But it does seem to me, for the sake of those kind old dears, you might manage not to be quite so reckless until you have them paid back. I know if I owed them some money and could only pay it back if I didn't get smashed up in an accident, I'd be kind of careful. If I started to drive a car fast their kind old faces would come in front of me and I'd slow down. I'd think I'd be cheating them if I drove fast; cheating them like a pickpocket or something. And I wouldn't go up in an airplane and try to be funny, about a thousand feet off the ground. I wouldn't think about diving into the ocean or climbing up the outside of some hotel, like a burglar. I'd go inside and take the elevator—that's what I'd do. I'd be thinking all the time, 'Shall I have a good time and kill myself and cheat these friends out of money they trusted me with, or shall I take care of myself until—why, it's only three years, anyway?' I'd say, 'I'll be careful for three years until I've paid my honest debts,' and then—then if there wasn't anyone around that cared a rap whether I lived or died, why, I'd forget all about her and go out and ride a motorcycle straight against the First National Bank Building at a hundred miles an hour—that's what I'd do.

"But I'd wait the three years. I'd wait those three years honestly if I never got into anything faster than one of these wheel chairs. Those poor old men—Mr. Peck is especially feeble, all on account of these last two spills of yours, and one more would be sure to take him off. Of course, he's very old and can't have many years left, anyway; still, he has a right to those few. And they were so kind in the first place, and now they don't want to take so much, and they give you back the paper you signed and just take a mere note with interest compounded semiannually. I'd think it very ugly and shameful to take advantage of such dear old things."

"But look here! Wait, wait a moment, please—please! You've said enough. I never thought of that side of it. Why didn't you tell me before? Why didn't they say something to me?"

She shrugged.

"Because they were too considerate, I suppose. They might have thought it would look selfish on their part. And, really, you're a little bit self-willed, you know. They probably knew they couldn't make you change. But they did sort of hint today that maybe I might reason with you. Foolish old things! They might have known I couldn't reason with you. No one could."

"But that's absurd. I'm perfectly open to reason. I've proved it right here, because you've reasoned with me and I see your point. I do hope you assured them. Did you say they were still at Clinch's? I'll call them up at once." He quickly started for the telephone.

"Oh, another thing," she called. "Have you ever told them about us?"

"Not a word. I was keeping it—for us."

"Don't you think they might like to know it? They're so interested in all you do, poor old dears. And they'd be hurt, really, if they knew you'd kept it from them so long."

"Of course they would. I never thought of that either."

"I'll tell you, then; mention it now as if it had—you know, as if it had just happened since I came home. That will please them just as well."

"Good! I'll do that very thing."

He went on to the telephone, whistling—wretchedly off key—her favorite dance tune. She sat on the bed, hearing his distant, cheerful tones. She glanced out to the stilled motorcycle awaiting an owner who, after this last spill, would doubtless not reclaim his property until night had loosed her gracious pall. She saw again the upturned face of the conqueror, dreaming off to that fabled Carcassonne he had come to at last. Then she brought her look in to rest on his pillow under her hand. She smoothed and pressed and patted this as if his face glowed there. She was very proud and afraid. But only a flicker of mild curiosity showed in her face when he came again, whistling, to her side.

"They were still there," he announced brightly. "And they were so jolly when I told them I was going to take every care not to do them out of their money. I mean it too. I don't want you saying I'm like a pickpocket. And then I told them about us."

"Were they pleased—and very much surprised?"

"Wonderfully pleased. It was quite touching the way each one came to the phone with congratulations and good wishes and all that. Their voices were so jolly. But they weren't so surprised as you'd think. Old McIntosh called me a sly dog. I could almost feel his thumb in my ribs. What do you think he said? He said he'd seen it coming. He's great, isn't he?"

The averted eyes of Miss Hicks were now cool, dim glades, secret with shadow, far in a green wood.

"Mr. McIntosh is wonderful," she said.

Again her hand whispered above the pillow, pressing, smoothing, patting, though gently, as if she mustn't wake it.

(THE END)

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THE BIRTH OF A NOTION

Continued from Page 15

Rutherford. "You run on outside a minute, honey; I craves to make some private talk with Brother Ward."

Rutherford obeyed. The massive couple stood face to face.

"They is just one thing regardin' this weddin' supper, Albino, which I wishes understood clear."

"What 'tis?"

"No weddin', no pay."

"Wha's that you says with yo' mouf?"

"I says no weddin', no pay. The real troof of this heah thing, Albino, is that I ain't so terrible certain about Rutherford. Makin' ma'iage with me don't seem to be the fondest thing he is of."

"No-o," agreed Mr. Ward. "I c'n understan' that."

"He ain't got no money to git out of town with," continued the bride-to-be, "but I is got a hunch that maybe he is framin' to run out on me at the last minute. Does you take this contrac' fo' the weddin' supper, you is also got to guarantee to projuce the groom."

Albino chuckled evilly.

"Bring him to the weddin'?"

"Uh-huh. Once I gits him there, I does the rest all right. But it woul'n't be ladylike fo' no bride to go chase the groom herse'f ifn he was to try to run out on her the day of the ma'iage. An' since I ain't got no brothers to protec' me, it seems like I should call on you, us sort of bein' related on account we was once engaged."

"Tha's right. Tha's suttinly correc'." Albino cogitated lengthily upon the matter. Then he chuckled with no little show of malice. "Woul'n't take nothin' fo' watchin' Rutherford's face when the parson sentences him to you fo' life."

Cravanette brindled.

"I reckon there is some wimmin wuss than me fo' wifes."

"P'r'aps so, Cravanette; p'r'aps so. But you is the champeen bride."

"Huh! Times ain't what they useter be. You most ma'ied me yo' ownse'f once."

"Shuah did. But I found another way of gittin' money."

"An' tha's all you was ma'yin' me fo'?"

"Kind of."

"You hates a dollar, don't you, Albino?"

He shook his head slowly.

"Dollars is the on'iest thing in this world which a feller can trust. They ain't nothin' I woul'n't do fo' money, previded it was honest. Uh-huh, Cravanette; when you remarked that I craved money you wan't so awful far away fum the troof."

She shrugged.

"Well, you got it. You got all of yo' own an' a heap of other folkses'. Reckon you ought to be satisfried. But"—wistfully—"us could of been a real happy couple."

"Yes, we could—not. Just befo' us fixed to git ma'ied somethin' tol' me if we done so I was gwine stop bein' the boss of myse'f—an' livin' my own life is the craziest thing I is about."

Cravanette turned away.

"You suttinly done me a dirty trick, makin' me take just anything which come along. Howsomever, you has promised to projuce Rutherford at the weddin'."

"I has—alive or daid."

"I prefers him alive. He ain't got no insurance."

Darktown's weekly newspaper blazed forth the following Saturday afternoon with all the gruesome details of the approaching nuptials. In the sanctuary of his room in Cravanette's house Rutherford miserably spelled the words of his death sentence.

"Golly, golly, golly! Heaps of eatments! Chicken an' brown gravy an' barbecue meat an' ice cream an' cake an' pie an' more chicken! An' I ain't gwine have no appetite! I just knows I ain't gwine have no appetite. Dawg-gone that 'ooman! If she just nachelly had to spen' all that money on me, why di'n't she 'ply it to my account?"

He gloomed with his troubles to Bud Peaglar's place, where Florian Slappey was delighting all and sundry with an exhibition of fancy cue manipulation. Florian greeted his friend effusively, racked his cue, dusted the chalk from his hands and they sallied through the door and into Eighteenth Street.

"Who done kilt you, Rutherford?"

"Cravanette."

"Shuh! You ain't got no call gittin' skeered of that gal. You-all ain't ma'ied yet."

"We most is."

"Most is ain't absotively is."

"No, but it most is."

"I reckon," uttered Florian, "that you has been readin' what was said 'bout you in the paper."

"I has. Wigglin' tripe! Brother Slappey, it don't seem decent fo' Albino Ward to be makin' a profit offen this weddin'. Tha's the last straw which gives the camel indigestion."

"You said it, Rutherford. Cravanette don't hahdly care whose feelin's she hurts, does she?"

"She sho'ly don't. An' if she ain't got no mo' consideration than that fo' me befo' us gits ma'ied, how much will she have afterwards?"

Florian smiled. Then he laughed outright. It appeared that Mr. Slappey was vastly amused.

"What at is you laughing, Florian?"

"You."

"How come?"

"Worryin' so much 'bout a weddin' you ain't gwine be in."

"Who says I ain't?"

"I does."

"Huh! Ev'y time you opens yo' lips nothin' comes out."

"Well"—with some show of dignity—"ain't I tol' you I was gwine fix things up fo' you so you woul'n't have to ma'y Cravanette?"

"You has tol' me a heap of things."

"Ise got 'em fixed."

Rutherford stopped short. An expression of ineffable beatitude, of supreme hope, illumined his colorado-maduro countenance. "I—I—ain't gwine have to ma'y Cravanette?"

"Nope."

"An' you fixed it?"

"Uh-huh."

"How?"

Florian shrugged insouciantly.

"Nemmin', Ise got it fixed."

"But, Florian ——"

"You needn't ast me no questions. When you trus's things to Florian Slappey, you trus's 'em to the bestest li'l' ol' fixer which is. All you got to do is nothin'."

"Tha's all I be'n doin' fo' a month, an' look where it has got me to—broke, in debt, engaged to the wildest 'ooman in Alabama. Lemme do somethin', please."

"Nos-suh; you does nothin' an' you does it continuous."

Rutherford gave the matter careful thought.

"A'right," he said at length; "but somethin' tells me that if anythin' slips it ain't gwine hurt the fixer half as much as it will the feller which gits fixed. I has a hunch that somethin' is gwine happen with me on the wrong end of it."

"All you got to do is to leave it to me."

"H'm!"—doubtfully. "'Tween leavin' things to Albino Ward an' Cravanette Timkins an' you, I ain't got nothin' left but the habit."

There was, however, no little comfort to be extracted from Florian's inexhaustible fund of optimism. If Mr. Slappey was reluctant to disclose his plan of campaign, he was none the less superbly confident of its ultimate success. Day after day the harassed Rutherford Pratt besought information. Florian turned his queries aside with a bland impassive smile and extremely verbose reassurances. Meanwhile preparations for the gala matrimonial event of the season were taking shape with alarming definiteness.

Albino Ward was turning himself inside out to do the occasion proud. He promised the happy bride and the unhappy party of the second part that their wedding supper should go down in the annals of Birmingham's Darktown in vermilion letters. Cravanette was laboring fiercely over her trousseau—two gowns, a coat suit, shoes and silk stockings; a floppy hat with a large feather; a wardrobe trunk. Whatever the occasion might lack in the personability of the bridegroom, it promised to more than atone in sheer grandeur. Through her influence in the lodge, Cravanette had arranged for the services of the Uniform Rank Drill Team, Birmingham Chapter, The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise. The fife and drum corps of The Over the River Burying Society had pledged attendance, and it seemed a foregone conclusion that a good time was to be had by all—save one.

(Continued on Page 93)

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"We have used Hoovers in our offices for several years and they have always given excellent satisfaction. We consider the beating brush a very important feature in a vacuum cleaner and cannot see how it is injurious in any way to the finest rugs and carpets."

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The wonderful new light Hoover, with its easily connected air-cleaning attachments, will be gladly demonstrated in your home—without obligation—by any Authorized Dealer. Five to seven dollars a month quickly pays for a Hoover

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The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners

The HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

THE HOOVER IS ALSO MADE IN CANADA, AT HAMILTON, ONTARIO

(Continued from Page 91)

That one, Mr. Rutherford Pratt, displayed all the enthusiasm of the mouse for the brand-new cage that has trapped it Nor did he emit any huzzas when Florian exhibited to him a gorgeous evening suit recently tailored in anticipation of the event.

"Ise gwine be the best man," announced Mr. Slappey.

"An' Ise gwine be the worst," choked Rutherford. "How come you to be buyin' weddin' clothes when you is all the time sayin' you is gwine fix things?"

Florian grinned cheerily.

"Tha's my business. You just sit tight an' don't worry."

Mr. Pratt did neither. The future was cold and forbidding. No longer could he dissemble his frank distaste for the bride-to-be, nor conceal his horror of the jeers and gibes flung his way by amused acquaintances.

The morning of his wedding day found the bridegroom seated at his window; staring moodily out upon a world that wept. Birmingham was mantled by a cold drizzle. Pavements shone and automobiles skidded crazily on soaked streets. The universe appeared almost as unhappy as Rutherford. He rose and paced his room, the wizened countenance wreathed in abject misery. Thought of the impending festivities brought with it a shudder of terror. From downstairs came the sound of song from the bridal throat. Miss Timkins was making preparations for the ceremony with an energy betokening ill for the bridegroom.

Down at the lodge rooms of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise, where the ceremony and subsequent revelry were to be held, Albino Ward and his staff labored mightily to give the most decorations possible for a one-hundred-and-fifty-dollar wedding supper. Albino was chuckling as he labored. The evening promised to be hugely enjoyable and he derived an unholy delight from the envisionment of Rutherford's frightened face.

All through the dreary, drab day Mr. Pratt waited in vain hope of word from the dapper little man who had promised so earnestly and so frequently to save him. But no message came from Brother Slappey. If Florian had schemed a scheme he was entirely successful in keeping it a secret. The ceremony was set for eight o'clock. At six the door opened and a vision entered Rutherford's room.

Mr. Pratt gasped. Never had he fancied that Cravanette was capable of radiating so pervasively. Her bridal costume of white was a joy forever; the veil of sheer mosquito netting was attached to the hem of her skirt that it might not do too great duty in sweeping the floor. At her waist clung a corsage bouquet of Shasta daisies, and between the top of the short white gloves and the elbow-length sleeves of the wedding gown was an expanse of chocolate skin.

Miss Timkins placed a box upon the bed.

"Yonder is yo' evenin' suit, Rutherford," she announced. "You git dressed."

No slightest thrill came to him at the prospect of his first evening clothes.

"You hired these?" he questioned languidly.

"Uh-huh—one dollar an' a half. Maybe they won't fit you so good, but nobody ain't gwine expect you to look han'some." She turned to the door. "Ise gwine down to the hall to see has Albino got things fixed up all right. I'll send Florian Slappey fo' you in a car an' you be sure that nothin' don't happen while you is on the way there."

Their eyes met and Rutherford winced.

"Y-y-you needn't git worried 'bout me, honey. Nothin' good ain't happened to me fo' so long I ain't expectin' it to commence now."

For a brief instant she posed in the doorway; then, with a regal gesture, closed it behind her and disappeared. Rutherford heaved a sigh of relief.

"Gosh a'mighty! That is suttinly one mo' positive 'ooman."

In the grip of a horrid melancholia he set about robing himself in wedding regalia. The task was not particularly easy—nor inspiring of enthusiasm.

Cravanette's postulation that the evening clothes might not fit any too well proved well founded. With suspenders hitched to the very topmost notch, the cuffs of the pants sagged gloomily along the floor.

Rutherford surveyed the effect in the cracked mirror, then stooped and turned up a three-inch cuff. The effect was rather ghastly, but at least it made locomotion less impossible.

The stiff-bosom shirt, in addition to being slightly shopworn, was two sizes too large. It completely surrounded Rutherford's skinny neck and dropped alarmingly several inches below the top of the trousers. The black vest struggled nobly to conceal the white expanse and only half succeeded. But it remained for the coat to furnish the final touch of grotesquery.

It was a work of antique art. The gentleman for whom it had been originally tailored must have been of mammoth proportions, for it was difficult to locate the bridegroom in all that vast breadth. His own shoulders came barely beyond the collar line, while the shoulders of the coat sagged nearly to his elbows. The choker collar and a little black jazz-bo tie finished off the ensemble. Upon his head Rutherford clapped his own snug-fitting derby hat, and it was while he was inspecting himself in the mirror that the door opened and trouble entered.

Rutherford glimpsed the leering face of his visitor as it was reflected in the glass. He saw Albino's grin widen to a smile and the smile blossom forth into a throaty guffaw.

"Sufferin' tripe!" howled Mr. Ward. "Does you mean to tell me that any 'ooman is gwine ma'y somebody which looks like you?"

Rutherford turned with what dignity he could muster.

"She not on'y is gwine ma'y somebody which looks like me, Albino—she's gwine ma'y me, myse'f."

Albino sat limply upon the bed and promptly became convulsed with laughter.

"Golly! You-all is gwine make one han'some bridal couple. Gosh!"

In truth, the comparison between the bridegroom and the gentleman who was furnishing the wedding supper was slightly odious—from Rutherford's standpoint. Albino's Herculean frame was incased in an immaculate dinner coat that clung to each muscular line as though it had been pasted. Rutherford flinched.

"What you come heah fo', anyway, Albino? I ain't inwited you to sit up with my body."

The other laughed.

"Business," said he. "I promised to projuce you at the weddin', daid or alive."

"How come?"

"Cravanette soht of had the idee maybe you was fixin' to run out on her."

Rutherford shook his head slowly.

"Woul'n't be no use. When that gal gits as set on ma'yin' as what she is, there ain't no man got a chance."

The visitor lighted a cigarette.

"We depahts heah in forty minutes. Meanwhile I watches you."

Mr. Pratt seated himself on the edge of a dilapidated chair.

"Gosh!" he reflected. "I never knowed love was like this!"

Five minutes passed—ten—fifteen. Then there came a knock on the door and Florian Slappey entered.

It was a radiant and debonair Florian, a Florian strictly in his element. The evening suit fitted him like a new glove, a shiny silk hat reposed upon the crest of his head, and in his hand he carried a silver-topped walking cane. He smiled blandly upon captor and captive.

"Evenin', gentlemen," said he. "Us is all heah."

Albino chuckled and jerked his head toward Rutherford.

"'Specially him."

Mr. Pratt felt his last hope oozing slowly away. It was glaringly apparent that Florian was garbed for a wedding, and though Rutherford had from the first scouted Mr. Slappey's promises of assistance, this situation seemed to flaunt perfidy in his face.

"Yeh," snapped the unhappy bridegroom. "'Specially I. N'r neither I ain't as happy as bofe of you-all look."

"Boy," smiled Albino, "if you is as happy as you look, you is posolutely mis'able."

Rutherford glared upon his erstwhile friend.

"What you is doin' heah? Who inwited you?"

"Cravanette. I loant her my borried automobile to drive you an' this gentleman over in."

"Golly! You is suttinly thoughtful."

Albino glanced at his watch. He rose.

"Well," he announced, "it's mos' time fo' the obsequious. Us travels."

Rutherford clapped his derby hat upon his head and fell in between Florian and Albino. The world seemed dark and drear as they lock-stepped down the stairway and into the waiting touring car. He started to climb in beside Florian, but the muscular hand of Albino Ward clutched him and he found himself thrown into the tonneau. Florian favored him with a jovial wink, but the spirit of levity found no response in the withered soul of the matrimonial candidate.

Florian started his motor, let in the gears and headed toward Darktown's civic center. The drizzly rain had ceased; but the air was dank and chill, and Rutherford shivered as he huddled in the corner, as far removed as possible from the Gargantuan figure of his *bête noire*. Florian, however, turned his car down Avenue F instead of proceeding straight toward the city.

"No use of the groom gittin' there befo' the fun begins," he announced. "Us has got fifteen minutes to kill."

Rutherford shuddered.

"Anyway, Florian," he said peevishly, "it don't seem to me like you got to always be talkin' 'bout killin'."

Albino was quite willing. He was enjoying hugely the tumescence of Rutherford's acute discomfiture. Albino was, on the whole, in fine fettle. The situation appealed to him—nor was he entirely unmindful of the sizable little profit about to be pocketed by himself for furnishing the wedding supper.

They rolled slowly down the asphalt paving of Avenue F, crossed the railroad tracks and proceeded evenly in the general direction of Elmwood Cemetery. Rutherford was uneasy; somehow it seemed impossible for him to escape the innuendo of even the landscape.

Then, suddenly, there came a loud bang. The automobile jerked, trembled, halted. Florian's silk hat went back a bit on his head and he fussed mightily with levers and switches.

"Dawg-gone!" he groaned. "I b'lieve us has flatted a tire."

"Sounded so to me," agreed Albino.

"Git out an' look, Brother Ward," suggested Florian. "I think it's one of them hind ones."

Albino clambered dutifully from the car. He stepped to the rear, shook his head.

"Ain't no flat tire," he started, then paused in amazement.

Something happened. It happened suddenly and it happened unexpectedly. It happened to Mr. Rutherford Pratt.

There was a clashing of gears, a grunt from Florian Slappey, a howl from Albino Ward, and the car shot off at top speed, leaving Mr. Ward flat-footed on the still damp paving of Avenue F.

Florian slapped his gears from first to second, from second to high, and never removed his foot from the accelerator. On the back seat Rutherford cowered. The events of the moment were transpiring entirely too swiftly for his none-too-nimble brain. From a great distance he heard the sulphurous language hurled his way by the astounded Albino Ward. He realized that he was traveling, traveling fast and traveling away from that gentleman, and then a horrible thought came to him.

"Florian!" he howled. "Florian, what is you doin'?"

Came Mr. Slappey's curt answer: "I is elopin' with you tha's what."

Rutherford thought the matter over as the car whirled at Elmwood and started south across Red Mountain. Reflection appeared to confirm his worst suspicions.

"But, Florian, I ain't cravin' to be eloped with."

"Huh!" from Florian. "I ain't studyin' 'bout what you craves. I 'lowed I was gwine fix things fo' you, an' I has done it."

"O-o-ow!" howled Mr. Pratt. "You shuah has!"

Unpleasant visions presented themselves to Rutherford. He conjured a picture of the powerful Albino Ward standing alone in the road, gripped by a demoniac fury; of the vengeful bride who was even now awaiting her bridegroom; of the fear-filled future. One trembling hand fumbled with the catch on the door.

"Leave me git out, Florian! Leave me git out!"

"I ain't gwine leave you git nothin'—'cept away."

"Away fum what?"

"Trouble."

"Ain't no use, Florian; trouble travels faster'n me an' it travels on the same road."

(Continued on Page 96)

On this Rack you will find Harvey Springs

Displayed by Harvey Dealers

Supplying the spring you want when you want it is the sole purpose of Harvey Service. When Harvey Free Spring Inspection shows that you require a replacement, you will find the spring you need on your Harvey Dealer's Rack. He is supplied with the springs the car owners in his city use. Look for the Harvey Sign of Service and avoid breakdowns, accidents, and jerky, jolty riding.

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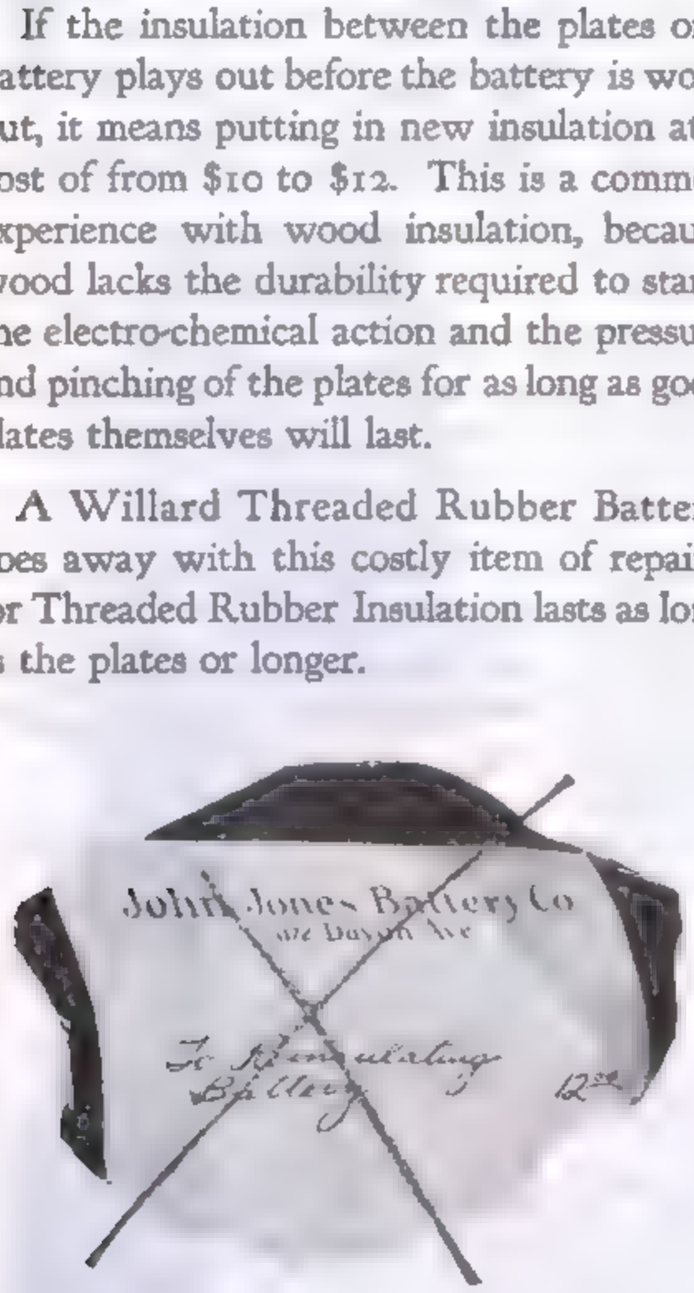
6 Good Reasons

(1) It Saves You a $10 to $12 Repair Bill

If the insulation between the plates of a battery plays out before the battery is worn out, it means putting in new insulation at a cost of from $10 to $12. This is a common experience with wood insulation, because wood lacks the durability required to stand the electro-chemical action and the pressure and pinching of the plates for as long as good plates themselves will last.

A Willard Threaded Rubber Battery does away with this costly item of repairs, for Threaded Rubber Insulation lasts as long as the plates or longer.



Rubber is a superior acid-resisting material and Threaded Rubber Insulation consists of sheets of rubber pierced by many thousands of tiny threads, reinforced and protected by five hard-rubber ribs.

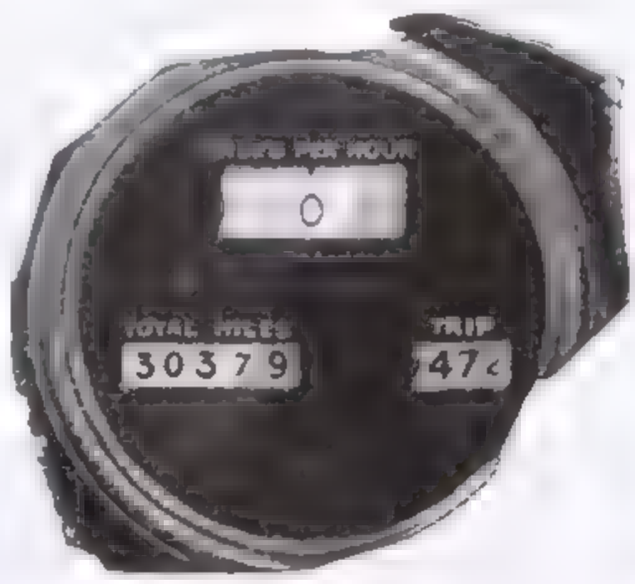
The body of the insulator has much greater ability than wood to stand up under the destructive influence of the acid-solution and the heat caused by electrical action.

The hard-rubber ribs withstand any tendency of the plates to bend, bulge or buckle, and thus to get together or to touch.

Threaded Rubber Insulation makes a Willard Battery a balanced battery — one in which long life is built into *every* part, without a single exception.

(2) It Gives You Many More Miles of Service

Different cars, different owners, different equipment, different kinds of treatment—all



of these things make a big difference in the life of a battery, so that it is impossible to say that a battery will give a certain mileage or last a certain number of months or years.

Particular instances of long life are not difficult to find in the case of almost any good battery. It is only when you come to consider battery life in terms of many thousands of cars that you can get a true measure of the way a battery stands up to its job.

From the records of 5,000 Willard Service Stations, the testimony of thousands of car-owners, the experiences of car manufacturers and dealers, and countless tests of our own, we have established the fact that *Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries have set a new high mark for battery life.*

The uniform porosity of Threaded Rubber Insulation, its ability to withstand the action of the acid solution and the superiority of the hard-rubber ribs in resisting the destructive efforts of the plates all play a part in this.

Because the insulation holds up, the plates remain longer in good condition, and this in turn tends to make the insulation last still longer than it otherwise would.

(3) It Needs Re-Charging Less Frequently

Records of Willard Service Stations prove that Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries need re-charging less frequently than those insulated with wood.

Why? Because Threaded Rubber, unlike wood, does not carbonize under the influence of the heat which is generated in the battery

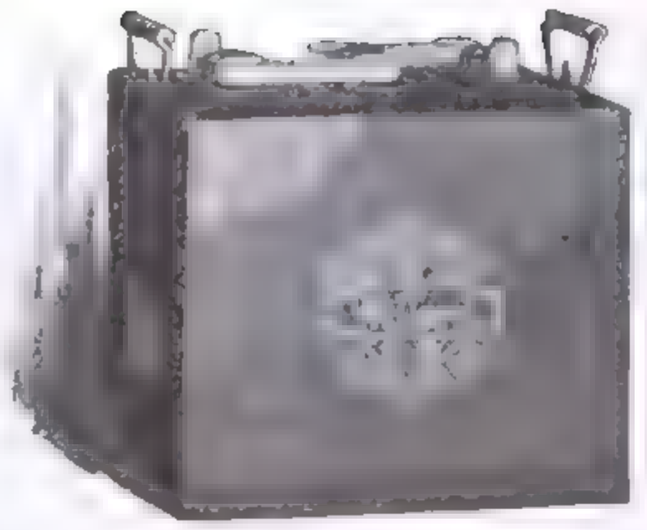
by electro-chemical action, and it is this carbonizing of wood-insulation which is the principal cause of internal electrical leakage, resulting in too rapid a discharge of the battery.

Less frequent need for re-charging means not only reduced expense but also greater assurance that your battery will be on the job when you need it.

Remember that a battery with more ability to hold its charge may keep your car running

Willard

Why it will Pay You to Buy This Battery



when one with less would not—may make the difference between getting there and not getting there—between driving and being towed.

4 It Has More Power to Start a Stiff Engine

The ability of your battery to provide the "punch" that spins your engine when the oil is stiff from cold or when you've just had the bearings taken up depends not only upon the amount of current it delivers but also upon the *force* of the current—or voltage.

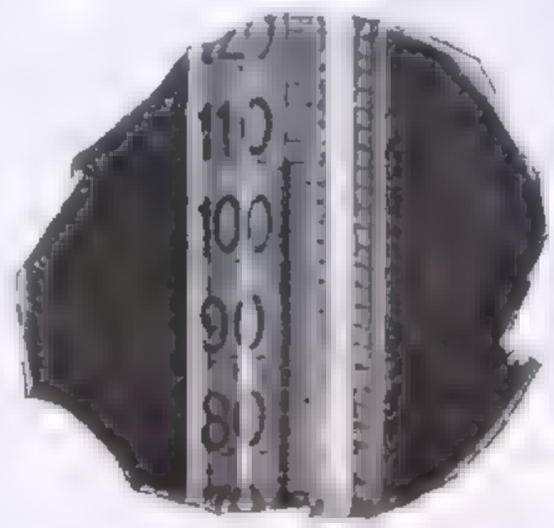
Threaded Rubber Insulation increases the voltage or current-force of any battery. It does this by permitting more active and uniform

flow of the battery solution, which acting upon the plates creates the electrical energy.

Any car-owner who has ever put a Willard Threaded Rubber Battery to the test of turning over a balky engine on a cold winter morning or after his car has been standing out all day in zero weather will back up the statement that you can't match it for "punch".

5 It is Less Likely to Suffer from Overheating

Overheating results from overcharging. It is often caused by driving the car for long distances at a time without burning the lights or without otherwise using up the excess energy which the generator produces. Sometimes it is due to the fact that for one reason or another the generator charges the battery at too high a rate.



Overheating tends both to buckle the plates and to carbonize the insulation.

Threaded Rubber Insulation withstands the effects of heat as no wood insulation can, because it does not carbonize and because the hard-rubber ribs, being harder than the plates themselves, resist the tendency of the plates to lose their shape.

And should any buckling or bending occur, the Threaded Rubber Insulator is not so easily punctured or otherwise damaged.

6 You Need the BEST Battery You Can Buy

Willard makes wood-insulated batteries—has always made them, and car owners tell us they are as good as a wood-insulated battery can be. But the cost of a Willard with Threaded Rubber Insulation is so reasonable, the dependability so great, that it surely is the most economical battery for you to use.

It doesn't matter whether yours is a fairly new car or a used one, whether you expect to keep it several years longer or plan to sell it "one of these days".

Whether you are going to need a battery for as long as it will last is not the real question. Your engine depends on its battery to provide the energy that starts it and the spark that gives it life—if your battery quits, your car stops. So long as you do need it, you need it badly

It must be on the job when you want it, day in and day out, always ready to spin

the engine with plenty of punch; to keep a good hot spark flashing from the ends of your spark plugs and to light your way with broad, bright beams.

Get the best battery made—a Willard with Threaded Rubber Insulation. It is the outstanding choice of car and truck builders as original equipment and with all its important advantages, its first cost is moderate; it is unquestionably the most economical to use

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY CO.
Cleveland, Ohio

Made in Canada by the
Willard Storage Battery Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

Willard Re-chargeable Radio Batteries save you money, reduce noises, increase efficiency. Send for the free booklet "Better Results from Radio", or ask your dealer for it.

Batteries

TAPPAN
GAS RANGES

Rare · Medium
Well Done

STEAKS! Thick, seared crisp but left deliciously rare with the juices held in—or else well done or *medium*, as you prefer—just so a steak comes onto the table from the big, roomy Tappan broiling Oven.

The home-keeper with a beautiful Tappan Range in her kitchen never thinks of frying steaks or chops—the Tappan broiling oven is so well constructed for its work and so convenient. She doesn't have to stoop to reach it and the U-shaped burner gives a perfect broiling flame.

Recipes in the Tappan cook book tell how to give new flavors to meat. Write for it and the name of your Tappan dealer.

Dealers: The Tappan franchise in your community offers some exceptional opportunities.

THE TAPPAN STOVE CO.
MANSFIELD, OHIO
ESTABLISHED 1881

TAPPAN

(Continued from Page 93)

No answer from Florian. They attained the forest fastness and there Florian flung one question over his shoulder.

"Can you drive a car?"

"No."

"A'right."

Quite suddenly they rolled to a halt. Florian leaned back in his seat and beamed upon his friend.

"Well, Rutherford, ain't I a swellegant fixer?"

"Oh!" groaned Rutherford. "Oh, my Lord!"

"I had this idea fum the fust," explained Mr. Slappey. "That big 'splosion in the road back yonder wan't nothin' on'y a back fire. An' when Albino gotten out us went ——"

"—— straight to hell!"

"Fumadiddles! You is entl'ely too pestimistic. Point is, you ain't gittin' ma'ied to Cravanette, is you?"

"No-o."

"An' tha's somethin', ain't it?"

"H'm! Not so much."

"How come it ain't?"

"What happens to me when I gits back to Bummin'ham?"

Mr. Slappey chuckled.

"You ain't gwine git back to there."

"You utters words, Florian, but they don't say nothin'."

"Suttinly they does. I an' you has be'n good friends, Rutherford, an' I aims to do you a favor. Day befo' yestiddy I won a ticket to Johnson City, Tennessee, fum a feller which was fool enough to shoot pool with me, an' right there is where I gotten this swell idea fum."

"I always knowed you shouldn't ought to shoot pool."

"We drives out heah a li'l' ways an' you gits on the Southern train headed north. At Johnson City you gits off, an' there you is."

Rutherford shook his head sadly.

"Yeh, there I is; but I ain't cravin' to be there. I like this town pretty good."

"Likin' don't matter. Bummin'ham ain't so awful healthy fo' you, 'cause somethin' tells me that Cravanette is gwine be real peeved when she finds out that you don't show up to git ma'ied."

"I reckon you means well, Brother Slappey," said Mr. Pratt earnestly; "but you has pulled a bone this time. Best thing you can do is to ride me back to Bummin'ham an' let me 'scuse myse'f fo' bein' late."

"Nothin' stirrin'. I said I was gwine keep you fum makin' ma'iage with Miss Timkins, an' I does same."

"But, Florian ——"

"Don't but me, Rutherford. No matter whether you uses this railroad ticket or not, you don't git back to that weddin'. Even if you tries to walk, you woul'n't git in until ten o'clock, and that'd be too late."

There was nothing for Rutherford to do—and he did it. His mind was busy with a picture of what he knew was transpiring at the lodge rooms of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise. He thought of Cravanette's devastating wrath, of the abandoned Albino Ward. But his mental picture was as nothing in comparison with what was actually occurring. Left alone on Avenue F, Mr. Ward stood motionless for some minutes, spurting anathema upon the chill night air. Then, profanely, he turned and trudged toward the city.

Mr. Ward had a hunch that matters were becoming exceedingly complicated. Above all, he dreaded to face the deserted bride and explain to her that her husband-to-be was joy-riding somewhere in Jefferson County with the best man, and would in all probability turn up missing when the Lohengrin strains were loosed by the Over the River Burying Society fife and drum corps.

A half hour later Albino struggled into the hall. A scene of unrestrained gayety met his eyes. The élite of Darktown were there - mostly personages of importance who had come to scoff and remained to play. Miss Timkins was standing in the lobby, and her eyes blazed as they fell upon the lonesome figure of the groom's convoy. Immediately she descended upon the trembling Albino.

"Fine feller you is," she sizzled, "showin' up thutty minutes late. Ain't you got no brains in yo' haid at all? Don't you know my gues's is hungry an' that they ca'n't eat until after I an' Rutherford is one?"

Mr Ward nodded unhappy affirmation.

"Say all what you like to me, Miss Timkins, on account I deserve all of it an' mo' Miss Timkins, I regret to inform you that an accident has done happened to me."

"Accident? What kind of words is them what you says?"

Albino broke the news gently.

"I has lost Rutherford."

Cravanette staggered.

"No!"

"Yeh."

"Lost him?"

"Complete! Or else maybe you'd say he lost me."

The bride struggled to adjust herself to this amazing development.

"Y-y-y-you mean Rutherford ain't gwine be heah to atten' the weddin'?"

"Uh-huh. Them's my meanin'."

Their eyes met and held. Cravanette's narrowed slowly. Something in their menacing blaze betokened evil days ahead for Albino, and when she spoke her words brought no comfort.

"Albino," she queried icily, "how much this weddin' supper cost you?"

"Hund'ed an' twenty dollars. I wan't aimin' to make much profits offen you, Cravanette."

"Tha's good. Because, Brother Ward, you loses just one hund'ed an' twenty dollars on the evenin'. Since there ain't gwine be no weddin', I inwites the gues's to go ahead an' eat the weddin' supper—at yo' expense."

"What?"

"At yo' expense," she repeated firmly. "Part of our contrac' was that shouldn't there be no bridegroom you get no money. You 'lowed Rutherford to 'scape away fum you ——"

His trembling hand fell upon her arm.

"Wait a minute, Cravanette," he pleaded pitifully. "Leave me think."

The situation presented itself to him in horrible colors. He knew that he didn't have a legal leg to stand upon. He had agreed to furnish wedding supper and bridegroom, and had fulfilled but half his contractual obligations. Thought of the financial loss terrified him.

"Ain't there no way us c'n compromise, Cravanette?"

"No weddin', no pay."

"But, Miss Timkins ——"

"I ain't aimin' to argufy with you, Mistuh Ward. Does I not git ma'ied t'night, this weddin' supper is yourn."

Mr. Ward inserted a cigar in the middle of his face and puffed furiously. The exigencies of the immediate present demanded prompt and efficient action. He gazed reflectively upon the rainbowish Cravanette. After all, she was a competent and hard-working woman, and save for fortuitous circumstances would long since have been Mrs. Ward.

"You sure you ain't gwine change yo' mind?" he asked.

"Nos-suh."

"A' right"—he took the plunge nobly—"I also furnishes a bridegroom."

"Huh?"

"Yas-suh. You ma'ies me."

An expression of radiant happiness crept slowly over the face of the à-la-carte bride. After all, she was really to wed the man of her choice.

"Oh-h-h! Honey, does you mean it?"

"Yeh."

"You ma'ies me t'night?"

"Right away."

She flung ardent arms about his neck.

"Albino, you suttinly is a wonderful business man."

"Oh, I ain't so wuss. Of course, you understan' that when us gits ma'ied you pays me fo' this weddin'?"

"You said it, Albino. Le's us go."

Lawyer Evans Chew was pressed into service as announcer extraordinary. To the excited crowd he proclaimed the substitution of bridegroom and his announcement was met with cheers of approval. Then, after a new license had been hurriedly obtained, and amidst an audible silence, the Rev'end Plato Tubb, of the First African M. E. Church, united in holy wedlock the Amazonian Cravanette Timkins and the muscular Albino Ward. Immediately thereafter the guests gathered around the festive board. At the head of the table sat the newly married couple. Albino was fidgety and ill at ease. He experienced a hunch that something had happened to him, and he wasn't quite sure what that something was. He bent his lips to his wife's ear.

"Honey, you remember yo' promise?"

"'Bout which, Albino sugar?"

"Payin' me fo' this weddin'."

She smiled.

"I sure does. You craves to git paid right now?"

"I does."

From the upper recesses of her dress she extracted a carefully folded document. This she presented to her spouse. He frowned.

"What this is, honey?"

"Tha's payment fo' this weddin' supper, Albino."

The man shook his head.

"Don't look like no money to me."

"'Tis, anyway," she responded. "Tha's an assignment fum Rutherford Pratt fo' the hund'ed an' seventy-five dollars you owes him. So now us is all square 'ceptin' fo' the fifty-five dollars change you owes me."

Albino turned angry eyes upon his wife. In her countenance he read a message of grim inflexibility. He opened his lips to speak, but no words came. In that instant Albino established his family status as the party of the second part.

Meanwhile Florian Slappey was driving slowly eastward toward Irondale, where the northbound local was due to stop. Seated beside him was an extremely apprehensive and fearsomely overdressed little negro who trembled at the thought of the dire fate yet so close upon his heels.

Despite the imminence of his exodus from the scene of danger, Rutherford Pratt was far from being at ease. He was a firm believer in the adage that the world is a small place, and he fancied that whenever and wherever he met either Cravanette Timkins or Albino Ward there would occur a sudden act of extinction with himself in the rôle of extinctee.

Besides, he had developed a fondness for Birmingham that persisted despite the harshness of his treatment at the hands of certain residents of that town. The garish glitter of Eighteenth Street, the wide-flung portals of the Champion Theater, and the Famous and the Frolic; the seductive odors of frizzling barbecue at Bud Peaglar's place; the elaborate social functions—Rutherford was distinctly averse to his exodusing.

Florian pressed upon his friend the ticket to Johnson City and ten dollars in cash, returnable at leisure. Seated side by side, the two men awaited the coming of the train. From the woods near by came the derisive croaking of frogs and the softer night sounds of the countryside. Then, far off in the chilly night, came the shriek of a locomotive whistle and the headlight glare split the gloom. Florian rose.

"Yonder comes yo' train, Rutherford. Heah's where us parts."

Mr. Pratt extended his hand. After all, he was charitable by nature and could not find it in his heart too strongly to condemn Mr. Slappey for that gentleman's misplaced energies. Wordless, they stood side by side as the long train grumbled protestingly to a halt. Then Rutherford entered the Jim Crow car by a rear door and sank into a corner seat, acutely conscious of the incongruity of his wedding garb.

One or two travelers stared at him with some curiosity, but for the most part they paid him little heed; and gradually, as the train rumbled through the night, Rutherford reacted to the strain of the day and a persuasive drowsiness crept upon him. He snuggled into the corner of his seat, drew the folds of his voluminous coat across the screaming whiteness of his evening shirt and drowsily meditated upon the unexpected vicissitudes of the life of a soldier of misfortune.

After all, he was free from Cravanette and from the homicidally inclined Mr. Ward. Ahead of him lay the future—a great deal of it. Life, when all was said and done, was distinctly preferable to permanent residence in a cemetery, or even an existence as the husband of Cravanette; and now that escape had been thrust upon him willy-nilly, Mr. Pratt mused with less distaste upon the days to come.

His one regret was upon his departure from Birmingham. He liked the city, and perhaps ——

The whistle of the train; the incessant rattlety-clack-clatter of wheels on steel rails, the patter of flying cinders against the panes, the croaking of frogs in adjacent woods, the soft hum of conversation from other passengers; and then, apparently without rime or reason, Rutherford found himself sitting bolt upright, his soul wrenched with a premonition of disaster.

He became violently hot, then icy cold. His eyes focused upon a large floppy hat decorated with a triumphantly waving plume. Funny he hadn't seen that hat before. It was so flagrant there in the middle

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TONCAN

Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, Canada
A Canadian Pacific Hotel

Toncan Metal was used in remodeling the Chateau

Toncan Grain Elevators

This is the big elevator owned by the Schreiber Milling and Grain Company, Minneapolis, Minn

Toncan in Mines

Pit mine of The Cleveland-Cliffs Iron Company, at Negaunee, Michigan. A large quantity of Toncan Metal Sheets used in 1911, are still in good condition

Toncan in Factories

In the Bevo Building, of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association, St Louis, Missouri, they use Toncan in steam condensers.

Toncan in Public Buildings

All the interior sheet metal work in the California Institute of Technology, Pasadena, California, is Toncan Metal

Toncan for Culverts

Toncan Metal pipe is in the Canadian Provincial Hydro Electric System at Chippewa and Niagara Falls. This system is by far the largest in the world.

Canada:

Toncan in Canada is fabricated by the Pedlar People, Ltd., Oshawa, Ont., and Galvanized by Dominion Sheet Metal Corporation, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

"It stands, like a guardian, over old Quebec"—

CHATEAU FRONTENAC! A hotel now, beautiful and imposing—but to a Canadian it is a living page of his country's history. Here stood the old fortress and at its feet the town founded by Champlain in 1608.

This building grows as Canada grows. It changes to meet the needs of the times. The Chateau was remodeled in 1915 and this present year saw the erection of the new tower which dominates the building and Quebec itself.

The Toncan Metal that was used for roofing and flues, when the Chateau was remodeled in 1915, is in excellent condition and will remain so for many years to come.

For Toncan Metal is rust-resisting and anti-corrosive. It fights the natural forces that continually seek to destroy metal made from iron ore.

Toncan Metal serves in great buildings, in homes, on farms, in factories, railroads, mines—in almost every phase of human activity.

If you make, buy, or use any product of iron it might help you much to write to us. Our metallurgists will tell you if it is possible for you to use a better iron or alloy. Be sure that any sheet metal you buy or use is Toncan Metal.

UNITED ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION, CANTON, OHIO

Branches in Large Cities—Distributors Everywhere

TONCAN
METAL

Commercially pure iron alloyed with copper to obtain the greatest possible resistance to rust and corrosion.

U-LOY
STEELS

Special analysis and alloy steels made to your specifications or ours for any required purpose.

MADE BY THE OLDEST AND LARGEST PRODUCERS OF HIGH-GRADE ALLOY STEEL

UNITED ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION

A woman discovered this new use

She and her husband were motoring cross-country. They landed in a town one evening after a hard, dusty, all-day drive.

The hotel could accommodate them, but there wasn't a bath to be had for love or money.

She was a fastidious person. The room without bath was almost a tragedy. She simply *had* to freshen up before dinner.

Listerine—occurred to her. She doused a towel with it and in a jiffy she felt almost as refreshed as though she had had her tub.

So often, time or circumstances do not permit a bath or shower. Maybe after a hot shopping day; when traveling; after summer sports.

On many, many such occasions you'll find Listerine a most refreshing, exhilarating substitute.

A new use for an old friend that we thought you'd like to know about—if you had not as yet discovered it for yourself.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE —*the safe antiseptic*

(Continued from Page 96)

of the car, and it must have been there when he boarded the train. Something about the hat—the plume—was vaguely reminiscent of trouble and a prophet of anguish to come. And even as Rutherford gazed in dawning terror, the wearer of the hat turned slowly, and ——

Rutherford Pratt found himself staring into the amazed eyes of the large lady whom he had but recently abandoned at the altar. At almost the same instant Cravanette's escort turned, and the eyes of Rutherford Pratt and Albino Ward met across the tops of the seats.

The instinct of self-preservation counseled Rutherford to stand not upon the order of his going, but his paralyzed muscles refused to permit him to go at once. The speed of the train bothered him not a particle; better a demise by plunging from a fast-moving train than one between the powerful fingers of Albino Ward.

It was all clear to Rutherford now. He decided instantly that they had known he would lie in wait and board this particular train.

"Oh, lawsy!" he groaned. "They is aimin' to ma'y me to Cravanette an' then make her a widow!"

That explanation was the only one possible—they had outguessed him, trailed him, and were now preparing to commit extermination. He saw their heads draw together in eager conversation, and then, to his horror, they rose and started slowly down the aisle toward him.

He opened his lips to shriek, but no shriek came. He struggled to gain control over his muscles and dive through the car window, but those muscles had long since ceased to function. His jaw dropped, his eyes distended, cold perspiration oozed from every gaping pore. They towered over him; Cravanette spoke:

"All right, Albino, do yo' duty."

Rutherford cringed, awaiting the lethal blow. Albino stared once at the lady and slowly his right hand disappeared in a capacious pocket. So this, then, was the end! A knife, perhaps, instead of the more merciful revolver. Rutherford was sorry for that—he had always held a preference for not being carved.

Albino's hand reappeared. But it contained no knife. Instead there was a pocketbook. Not without a tinge of regret Mr. Ward counted out twenty-five dollars, which he handed to the astounded Mr. Pratt.

"That," announced Albino, "makes us even."

"And," finished Cravanette, "neither of us don't owe nobody nothin'."

They returned to their seat. Rutherford, utterly limp, sat slumped in his place, staring at the wealth that had been thrust upon him in lieu of a funeral. He gazed first at the money and then at the figures of the two persons in the world whom, until a moment since, he had most feared. He shook his head slowly.

"I—I don't hahdly understan' all I know about this," he mused.

But he did understand that the train was slowing down and that the brakeman was bellowing the name of a station which meant salvation to Rutherford. One thought came crystal-clear to his mind—he must not tempt fate too far.

Ten minutes later the train, still bearing Cravanette and Albino Ward, sped off into the night. Rutherford Pratt, possessed of thirty-five dollars and no slightest hint of the fact that he had but lately conversed with a not-unhappy honeymoon couple, sauntered into a lunch room—colored only—and inquired the schedule of the next Birmingham-bound local.

"There's one comin' along in 'bout a half hour," proffered the overalled negro who sat beside him. "Why?"

"Because," answered Rutherford happily, "Ise gwine to become a cash passenger."

Now that his troubles had vanished—however miraculously—Rutherford Pratt found himself yanked from the nadir of despair to the zenith of beatitude. He ceased speculating upon causes and took cognizance only of effects. Nor did he resent the amusement caused by his bizarre costume and the frank curiosity rampant among his colored brethren at the lunch counter.

He consumed a stack of wheat cakes and gustily inhaled a cup of steaming coffee. Then pridefully he purchased a ticket for Birmingham. He stood upon the platform in solitary grandeur, oblivious of the group of negroes who were eagerly discussing him. This magnificently dressed stranger had dropped in from nowhere and was apparently going back.

They deputized a large and very dark gentleman to discover the whys and wherefores. That person fell into step beside the almost-bridegroom.

"You furn Bummin'ham, brother?"

"Uh-huh"—contentedly—"furn therean' goin' there."

"H'm!" The other was silent for a moment. "What you doin' with them fancy clothes on?" he queried boldly.

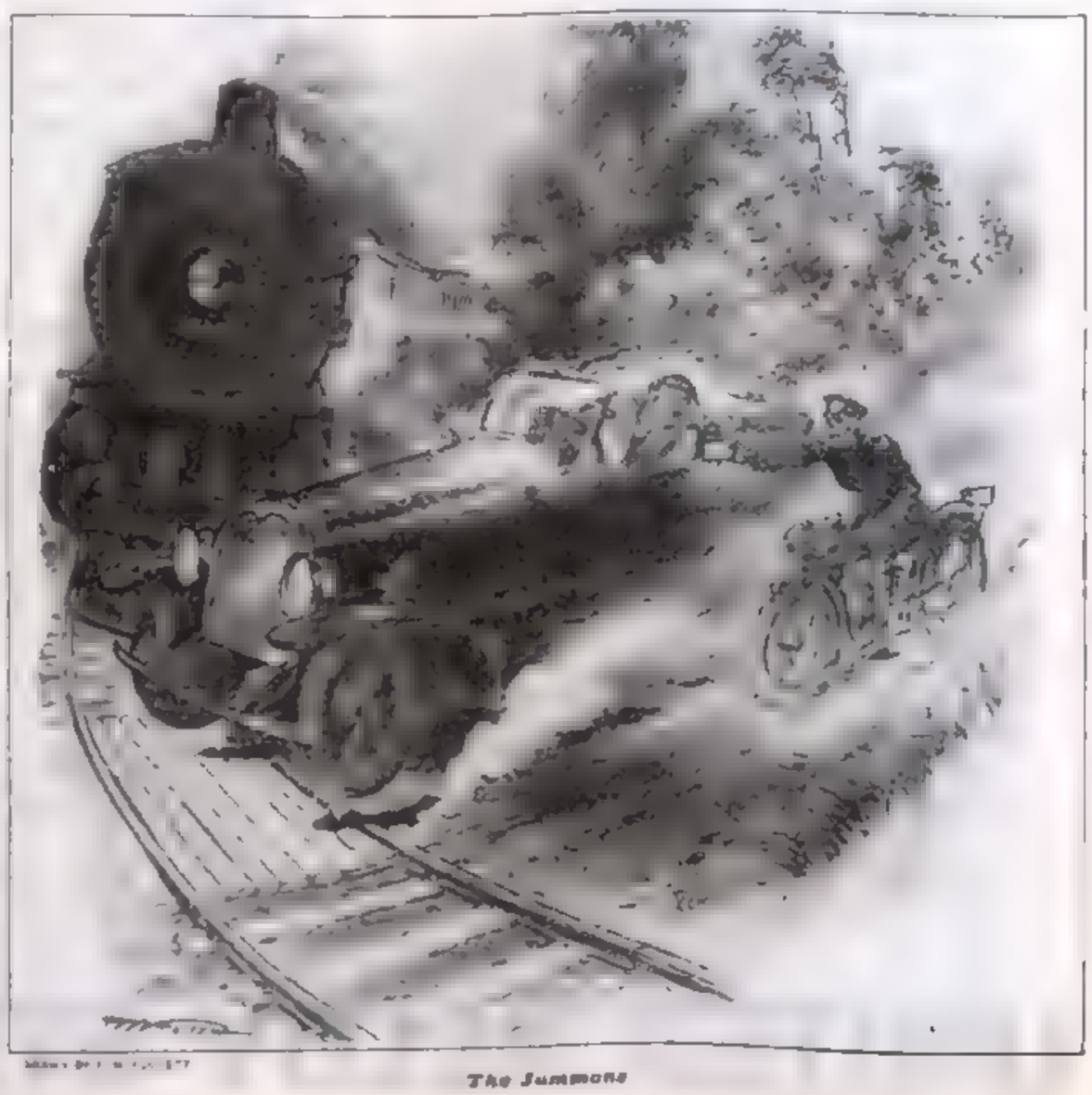
Rutherford arched his eyebrows.

"Me? Why, Ise celebratin' a weddin'."

"Whose?"

The little man did not answer immediately. They walked half the length of the platform as he gave the question careful thought.

"To tell you the troof," admitted Mr. Rutherford Pratt finally, "tha's one thing I ain't exactly figured out yet."



The Summons

LINCOLN ELECTRIC MOTORS

The Outward Symbol of Inward Quality

Do not think of the motor under water as simply an advertising stunt.

It has a deeper meaning.

It is the outward symbol of inward quality. It tells in a few seconds a story of the Lincoln Motor which would otherwise be revealed only by many years of service.

How can you, as a motor buyer, know for instance, that the insulating varnish developed by Lincoln is used by no other manufacturer—that it covers coils and windings with a protective coating through which the electric current cannot penetrate even when the windings are soaked in water?

Here is a thing that cannot be seen in the finished motor.

This vital insulating work could be done in the usual way, at a saving of at least 90%, and for a while no one would be the wiser.

Yet it is the secret of the long life of Lincoln Motors and their well-known ability to stand up under moisture, dust and fumes.

The motor under water is the visible evidence of this hidden quality.

"Link Up With Lincoln"

The Lincoln Electric Company
General Offices and Factory: **Cleveland, Ohio**
The Lincoln Electric Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto–Montreal

Manufacturers also of the Famous

LINCOLN WELDER

Branch Offices
New York City
Buffalo
Cincinnati
Chicago
Detroit

Branch Offices
Pittsburgh
Philadelphia
Boston
Charlotte, N. C.
Minneapolis

Keeping Faith

FOREMOST among the obligations of The Consolidation Coal Company is that of keeping faith with those who rely upon the cleanness of Consolidation Coal.

That this faith may be kept, a far-reaching system of preparation and tests was long ago created.

It is a system which begins with the blasting of the coal in the mine, so that much clay and other incombustibles may not fall with it; a system which includes the removal of slate, sulphur, rock and other visible impurities; a system which ends only with laboratory analyses that determine the chemical composition and heat value of the coal.

All the resources of the mining engineer and the chemist are thus applied in keeping faith with the consumers of Consolidation Coal.

THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY
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WASHINGTON, D. C. *Union Trust Bldg*
CHICAGO, ILL. *Illinois Merchants Bank Bldg*
CINCINNATI, OHIO *Union Central Bldg.*
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MY CRYSTAL BALL

(Continued from Page 21)

very few exceptions—who has never been on the amateur stage is a more docile and elastic pupil than one who has.

The stage is a hard profession. Work, and constant work, humility, perseverance and great physical strength are all essentials to success. The road is long and bleak. Each step forward must be with bleeding feet. I have felt more heart throbs through sympathy with the disappointed and discouraged members of the profession than I have ever experienced by contact with the victims of material poverty. The latter may starve with their bodies, the former with their souls; although I might add both at times go hand in hand.

The uncertainty of enduring engagements, the long lapses of weeks with nothing to do, the wearing rehearsals which only lead to the brief run of a failure, the jealousies, the injustices, the disappointments—are all heartbreaking. The salary when received may seem large, but how quickly it melts during the periods of enforced idleness.

And what shall I say of the traveling which even the greatest stars cannot escape. Life on a train is a wretched existence under the most favorable conditions; a three-room modest apartment in a side street of a small town is preferable in my opinion. How many of our actors and actresses when they do establish homes for themselves live in them only in retrospection. The doors are locked and the keys are with them as they travel from one city to another.

In the case of Miss de Wolfe and myself, when she was on the road I always lived in our little home, save when I joined her, which I did as often as was feasible. Many a time she felt like giving up the whole thing, but stuck to it with a pluck which carried her through thirteen years. She finally left the stage after reaching the position of being starred with a salary which in those days was considered very large—namely, four hundred dollars a week.

Though she was never a great actress in any sense of the word, she had a distinction and a diction which were admirably suited to the parts which she played. She was a very hard worker and an extremely apt student. Her talent was indisputable, though she gave no evidence of genius. When she abandoned her histrionic career and adopted her present profession she came into her own, and the success which she has made as a decorator effaces even the memory of her dramatic experience. The moment Elsie de Wolfe turned her back upon the theater the golden gates were flung open and the angels who had stood at the cradle of her birth, but who for a while seemed to be standing aloof, came forward waving their magic wands.

Fame and Fortune

The triumph denied her on the stage became hers in the field of art. Fame and fortune were at last actualities, and I who had stood by her in the former struggle rejoiced beyond expression at her drastic determination, and gloried with delight at the results of her decision.

Her début was in Thermidor, by Victorien Sardou, under the management of Charles Frohman. The success of this drama was nil, but Miss de Wolfe became a member of Frohman's stock company, with which she was identified for many seasons, and until she decided to become her own producer. In this last venture she practically lost all the money which through hard work and stringent economy she had saved.

Her story has been duplicated hundreds of times. Rich actors in their maturity are few and far between, and the slogan of professionals is usually "I am stony broke."

I cannot leave this portion of my recital without a reference to the dear little house on the southwest corner of Seventeenth Street and Irving Place in which we lived for many years. This originally belonged to Washington Irving, and when it was first built there were no other dwellings between it and the East River. In one of his letters he referred to the long stretch of meadow before his windows.

It was quaint and inconvenient, yet charming withal. It had atmosphere and became the meeting place of people of artistic, literary and social distinction. Our Sunday teas developed into considerable popularity, and when there was a dearth of chairs, the stairs would serve, even to our attic floor. We were joyous and young, and able to earn enough for our needs and incidentally for our pleasures. How often we quoted Béranger, who said, "How happy one is in a garret when one is twenty."

Many an amusing anecdote can be told about the little Seventeenth Street house. During the campaign of William Jennings Bryan and William Howard Taft, in 1908, we had one afternoon as visitors Charles Bryan, who was then our minister to Portugal, and Henry Taft, the eminent lawyer, a brother of the presidential candidate.

A slight fire broke out in one of the servants' rooms, which was quickly extinguished. The fire inspector presented himself to make the habitual inquiries. After jotting down my answers to his questions he, hearing voices in the drawing-room, said, "Who are your callers?"

I promptly replied, "Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan."

He looked at me indignantly and exclaimed: "Say, lady, I ain't here to be kidded! I want to know the real parties."

I again repeated the names of our visitors. This further irritated the inspector and he demanded that I should produce the two gentlemen at once. I asked them to step into the hall, and when they confirmed my statement as to their identity the man cried out angrily, "You guys can't put anything over on me like that! Don't I know how Taft and Bryan look? Ain't I seen their pictures?"

With this he slammed out of the door and we all had a good laugh at his expense.

A Glorified Ellis Island

It was in this house that I met the young and brilliant journalist, Arthur Brisbane. He was brought by Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor, of Chicago, to take a simple supper with us after the play. His personality then was as marked as it is today. At that time we had heard little of W. R. Hearst. It was Brisbane who was the high light of the new school of journalism. I had known all his seniors, and can recall hours spent at Dosoris, personally conducted over the estate by the owner, Charles Dana, the able and feared proprietor of the New York Sun, who delighted in Oriental porcelain and who spent a fortune on exotic shrubs. I could write chapters about the celebrities who frequented our little drawing-room in the old Washington Irving house, and could recall many associations connected with the distinguished men and women from abroad who passed our way. It was a glorified Ellis Island, and to many of our good friends it became the real Port of New York.

At the time of my fateful decision in Havre, which I have already described, Elsie de Wolfe was in Paris. She had gone there for a visit and was living modestly at a small hotel. It was natural that I should join her, and I doubt whether I was ever so glad to see anyone as herself at the end of my journey, for as I neared the city I confess to feeling rather awed at my temerity. How could I impose myself in this strange land? How was I to plead my cause with French authors, alone and unaided? My knowledge of the language was meager, and only connected with a classroom. However, after a few weeks of persistent effort I acquired a certain facility of expression, so that I soon earned the reputation of making myself always clearly understood, which is an essential in business.

There was a rather conspicuous actress on the American stage whom I had met. Her name was Kate Forsythe. She had played lead with John McCullough for several seasons. I had been taken to see her in her apartment in New York so that I might inspect her wonderful bedstead, made entirely of repoussé silver. It stood upon a platform eight inches high. I remember that she explained its existence by saying that she had invested in some silver mines which had developed so wonderfully that the directors had presented her with this bedstead, as they regarded her as their mascot.

She was an amiable person, and so when I ran across her in Paris I found her only too willing to furnish me with the information for which I was sorely in need. It seemed she had had some dealings with the French Society of Authors, which afterwards I learned was the close corporation of the dramatists I was so anxious to reach.

Its president was Victorien Sardou, with whose plays I was more or less familiar. His Fédora and Dora had already been very successfully produced in America.

As I learned more of the men who were then writing for the stage, I decided that unless I could enlist Sardou's interest in my undertaking it would be a sheer waste of time, for he was not only the president of the Society of Authors but its ruling spirit. His word there was law. It soon became evident that in order to accomplish anything I must have his support and his indorsement.

I knew that up to that time selling plays in America upon a royalty basis was an unknown system, so far as the French authors were concerned. They had never found anyone they could trust to look after their interests at such a distance.

Though this was the method followed in their own country, to adopt such a hazardous system abroad was quite another matter, as it involved the author receiving a percentage of all the gross receipts at each and every performance of his play, which gross receipts should be duly checked up.

The other system was to sell the dramatic rights for a fixed sum, according to the territory to be covered. It was the latter method which had always been followed by Sardou and his associates in our country until I appeared on the scene with my project.

Of course there was a certain risk attached to it, for if the play should fail, the percentages or royalties would be very small, whereas the fixed sum, even though not large, might prove to be the proverbial bird in the hand.

On the other hand, if the play scored, the amount earned in royalties would be infinitely larger. That no argument was necessary was due to the fact that this was the accepted procedure in France.

But how was I to reach Sardou? That was the burning question. Who could give me a line of introduction to him? I cast about, but the situation only grew more hopeless.

I found that he lived in the Rue du Général Foy, but how to get an interview with him was my haunting and hopeless preoccupation. I again put on my thinking cap. The atmosphere was cleared. Why wait for any intermediary? It was up to me to write him a letter which would compel his attention. I must interest him enough to see me, and this in as few words as possible.

It is pertinent for me to interrupt my narrative here by urging all those who seek a hearing from strangers to realize that nothing exerts such a prejudice against them as do long-winded epistles. Such appeals are usually thrown into the wastebasket, to remain unanswered and even unread. Hundreds of such communications have been destroyed by me. Busy people must economize their time, and when one faces fifty letters of a morning, pages of family or personal history written by someone unknown provoke irritation rather than attention.

My First Meeting With Sardou

I sent my letter to Victorien Sardou asking him to accord me a little of his valuable time. This was posted on a Friday. On Monday morning I received his reply saying that if I would call upon him at nine o'clock on the following day, he would see me for fifteen minutes. He had taken my request literally. I was there ahead of time. Sharp on the tick of the hour, his study door opened and I saw this great man. He greeted me affably. I felt then, as I felt during the many years of our subsequent friendship, that Sardou's personality was one of the most vibrant I had ever encountered. His face suggested a Voltaire touched by human sympathy. It was mobile beyond description. His eyes were illuminated with intelligence. His glance was direct. He was incapable of evasion. His smile was most magnetic, although these same features could at times seem cold and severe. He spoke with decision and invariably in short staccato sentences.

The one quality which he demanded from all those with whom he came in contact was honesty. His patience was inexhaustible once he had confidence in the individual who taxed it for advice and for help. He could be sympathetic and tender as a woman; on the other hand, I have seen him unforgiving and relentless. If he made up his mind as to the integrity of a cause, nothing could prevent him from throwing himself into it with a zeal and an intensity that carried his enemies before him. He was a splendid fighter and a good loser.

I may in this summing up of Sardou's chief characteristics have amplified somewhat the initial impression I had of him, but as I found him that morning, I found him through the years of our long friendship. The man was revealed in that first flash of acquaintance.

It was a rare thing to see him without the little black velvet biretta, or cap, which he always wore for fear of drafts. A loose coat, baggy trousers, felt slippers, soft shirt and bow tie completed his working costume. His desk was long, covered with pamphlets and papers, neatly sorted and in piles. Disorder with Sardou was unknown. He had a precise mind.

He asked me to be seated and swiftly demanded the object of my visit. I plunged into my subject; told him that I wished his aid in revolutionizing the method of selling French plays in the United States. I pointed out convincingly that he himself would have reaped an infinitely greater harvest had he been paid royalties. All the while I was conscious of one thing—namely, that I had to make good with Sardou in those fifteen minutes and that unless I captured his interest then, all opportunity of my doing so would be lost. This recognition of the situation did not produce nervousness; on the contrary, it clarified any haze which was in my mind. I was perfectly cool and collected. My mental machinery was working with regularity and at top speed. At the end of the time allotted to my visit, I arose promptly to the minute, thanked the great man for his attention and proceeded toward the door. He called me back, said he had fifteen minutes more at my disposal if I would sit down again.

Accepted on Faith

I knew then that my battle was won. At the end of the half hour I was urged to come back the following morning, which I did. This was followed by several other conferences.

I purchased and brought with me a map of the United States. I showed my listener the relative position and population of each of our big cities. I described the method of touring four companies in a successful play at the same time. I showed conclusively what the gross receipts from this aggregate of companies might be.

My victory was complete. Soon Sardou introduced me to the leading dramatists of the day. I was taken to the Society of Authors and was there indorsed before the general agents, Georges Pellerin and Gustave Roger, who were at the head of this organization.

At the end of three weeks it was evident that I would be appointed the sole representative of the majority of the French dramatists. One after another either sought me out or wrote for an interview. Messrs. Pellerin and Roger were ready to give me their official coöperation. Oddly enough it was I who insisted upon presenting credentials, as no one, not even Sardou, had asked for them. I was taken on faith. However, our minister to France at the time was Mr. Whitelaw Reid, a friend of my father's.

I think he must have been most generous in his recommendation, for when Miss de Wolfe and I dined with Mrs. Reid and himself in their imposing residence in the Avenue Hoche, the ambassador told me with some amusement that he had been happy to give me a "character."

Thus was the last obstacle removed, so that for sixteen years I was the official agent for the French dramatists in all English-speaking countries.

During this long period practically every French play which appeared in English form passed through my hands. I knew personally all the leading authors, and many a happy and congenial hour was spent in their gay, illuminating and instructive society.

Prior to leaving America I had watched with considerable interest the beginning of Charles Frohman's career as a theatrical manager. He was the younger brother of Daniel Frohman. It was the latter who first introduced him to me. I had heard of his sensational purchase of Shenandoah, a play by Bronson Howard which was produced at the old Boston Museum. All the prominent managers had gone over from New York to see its first performance. At the end of the third act they were convinced

(Continued on Page 104)

Teeth You Admire in Women

Clean and pearly—free from dingy film
All men should have them, too

A vast change has come in late years in respect to pretty teeth. Now you see whiter teeth everywhere, and everyone admires them.

A new method of teeth cleaning has come into vogue, and millions now employ it. It combats the film—the cause of dingy teeth. If you don't know it, the test we offer will prove a revelation.

That cloud is film

You can feel on your teeth a viscous film. It clings to teeth and stays. Unless removed, it becomes discolored. Then it forms dingy coats. It particularly discolors teeth of men who smoke.

That film is the teeth's great enemy. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They cause many serious troubles, local and internal. So teeth which show a film-coat are unsafe.

A solution found

Dental science has found two ways to solve this great film problem. One way is to disintegrate the film at all stages of formation. The other is to remove it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created to apply these film combatants. The name is Pepsodent. The use has now spread the world over. Careful people of some 50 nations employ it, largely by dental advice.

Also fruit effects

Research also proved that certain peoples who eat much fruit are more immune to tooth troubles. Many of them are famous for beautiful teeth.

The reasons are now known. Fruit acidity multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. And those are the agents on which Nature depends to combat acid and starch deposits.

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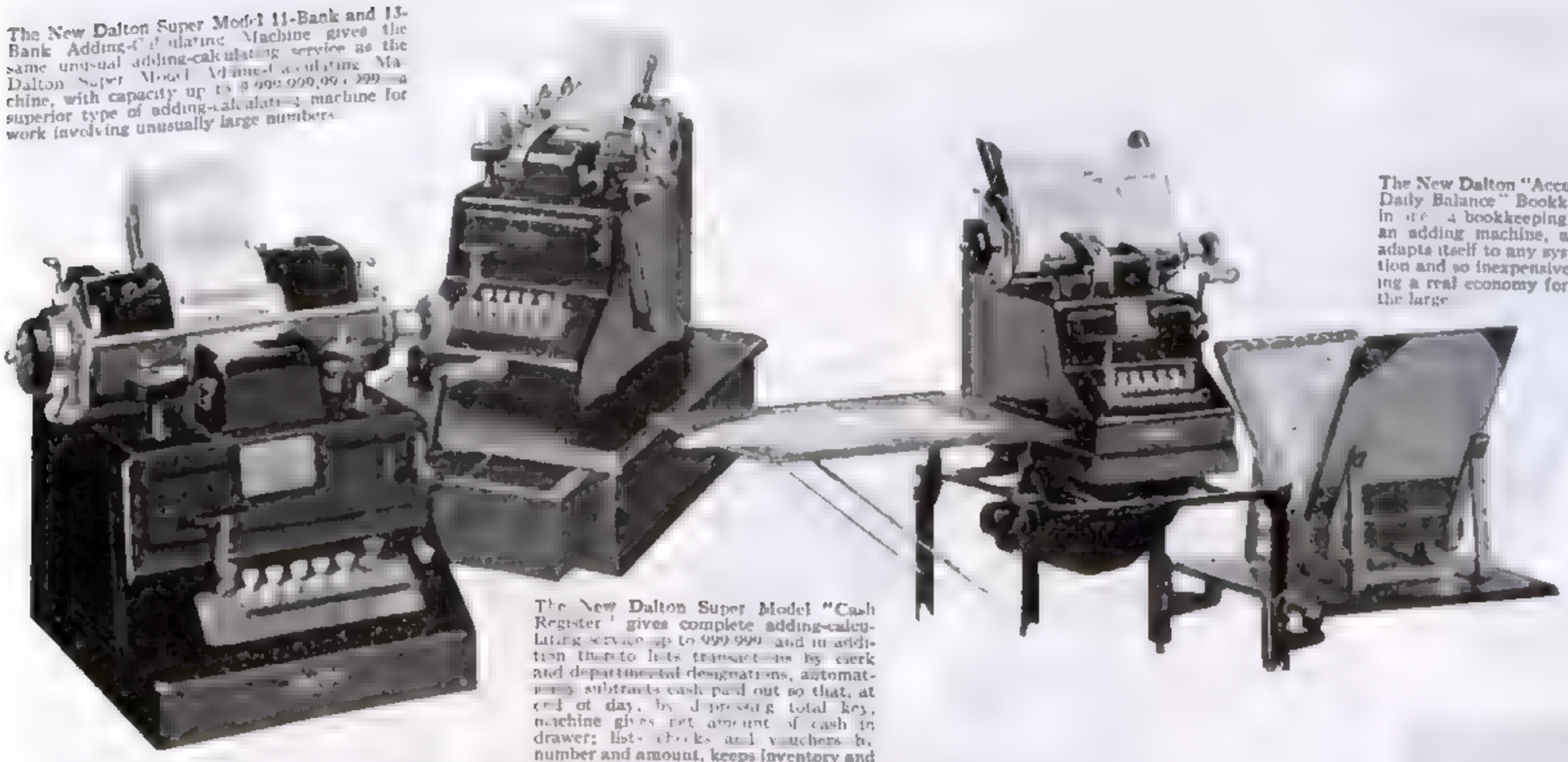

The New Dalton Super Model "Cash Register" gives complete adding-calculating service up to 999,999 and in addition thereto lists transactions by clerk and departmental designations, automatically subtracts cash paid out so that, at end of day, by depressing total key, machine gives net amount of cash in drawer; lists checks and vouchers by number and amount, keeps inventory and stock records, and makes out statements, thereby rendering a "cash register" as well as statement and figuring service for the retail business.

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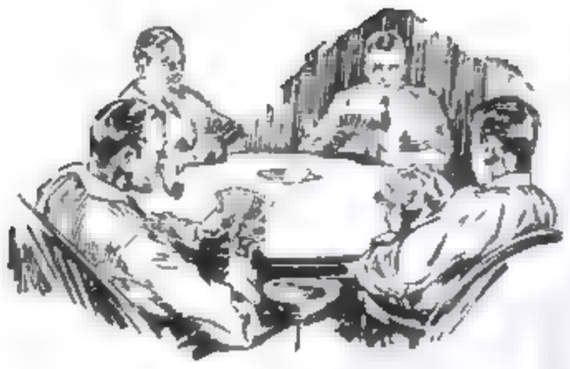

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You'd never fumble through a hand of playing cards in a box,
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—or leave them in a solid pile.

You "fan them out" so that just the index items show—every title in sight.

Don't make your clerks fumble through blind cards in boxes, or loose leaf books for records when you can "fan them out" in Kardex—every title in sight. Save 8 out of every 12 motions; stop mistakes and delays. You can simply transfer your present record cards without recopying.

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To KARDEX, 448 Kardex Bldg., Tonawanda, N. Y.
☐ Send Kardex card forms or systems that will improve our methods of record keeping
☐ Send Booklet "Business Control"
☐ Send Booklet "Perpetual Inventory"
☐ Have salesmen demonstrate use of Kardex

KARDEX

(Continued from Page 101)

that the play was so poor that they would have none of it. The embarrassing feature of their adverse verdict was that they knew the author intimately and felt that he expected one of them at least to bid for the control of the property. In those days a production at the Boston Museum meant merely a local leasing of the play.

Under the circumstances, to meet Howard at the fall of the curtain was the last thing that these gentlemen wished to do. No explanation of their pocket inertia would then be possible, save by admitting the ghastly and unflattering truth. Suddenly A. M. Palmer suggested the happy solution of their problem: they could take the ten o'clock train back to New York on some plea of urgent business. This brilliant idea was adopted with enthusiasm. They ran from the theater in a body, congratulating themselves upon their escape from an obviously disagreeable situation.

However, there was one young man from New York who remained. This was Charles Frohman, whose earnings were then very modest. As the curtain fell he approached a friend in the audience who had come on from San Francisco, a man who had built several theaters through the West and on the Coast; who had been financially successful and who was looking over the Eastern field with an idea of extending his activities. His name was Al. Hayman. While traveling with the Haverly Minstrels, Charles Frohman had run across him. He knew that Hayman stood ready to back his judgment when the proper moment arrived. Frohman had not only an absolute confidence in the value of Shenandoah but also the vision which anticipated its success.

Assured by Hayman and his friend Hooley that they would lend him enough capital for the venture, Frohman bounded upon the stage, accosted the author and said, "Mr. Howard, I want your play."

Howard, who was expecting the powerful fraternity from New York, was a little embarrassed by the abrupt method of the unknown visitor. Who was he? Where had he come from? His ignorance was quickly enlightened.

"I am Dan Frohman's little brother," said Charles, "and I am here to buy your play. That is all there is to it. How much do you want for it, sir?"

At that moment, as all through his life, Charles Frohman's magnetism, his wonderful personality, his dominant individualism won the day. What he wanted he got.

That very night the contract was signed. Soon Frohman made the production of Shenandoah in New York. Its success was overwhelming and demonstrated that the group of astute managers who had run away from Boston on an early evening train had also run away from thousands of good dollars.

Thus the foundation was laid of Charles Frohman's subsequent career. His next step was to establish his stock company in West Twenty-third Street, of which Maude Adams was a member.

Charles Frohman's Ambition

The control of one theater after another followed. Charles Frohman and I became warm friends. He proved his confidence in my judgment, not once but a hundred times. He became my best customer, purchasing through my intermediary the majority of the plays he produced. He was the soul of honor. His word was literally as good as his bond. He never forgot a friend and he never betrayed a trust. He was fearless and prompt in his decision. He thought quickly and acted speedily. He relied upon his first impressions, which as a rule were right.

I have always insisted that had he been brought up in Wall Street instead of on Broadway, Charles Frohman would have been as conspicuous as an arbiter of the world's destinies. Frohman's brain and character were those of leadership. His mistakes were never small ones. When he lost money he never winced. The episode was closed. When a play failed he put another into immediate rehearsal.

Once a box-office success was established, Frohman's interest in it ceased. There was nothing more for him to do. He passed on to the next effort. It was this overmastering ambition to achieve which was ever his guiding influence.

To go on, never to go back, was Frohman's unconscious slogan. It was this which made him conquer London as he had conquered America. His name over a theater or presenting a star or producing a play was the only way in which it seemed to him of any value. If this sentiment sprang from egotism, the ego was so superb in its forcefulness that one could easily forgive it. It was the egotism of a great man, a man of power and of accomplishment, and an egotism far removed from petty vanity, from vain conceit and from self-centered satisfaction.

The old Boston Museum was an institution in its day. R. M. Field was its manager, and a good judge of plays. Many a success owed its original production to his astuteness. I remember how Shore Acres, by Herne, was hawked about in New York, refused by everyone, until we succeeded in persuading Mr. Field of its merits. The reason that the theater was called a museum was due to the fact that glass cases lined the lobby and entrance hall, in which was a varied collection of stuffed birds and animals, with an occasional exhibit of insects and butterflies.

Here and there a dilapidated plaster cast covered with the dust of ages shared the honor. It was a quaint place, and one that only Boston would have retained in its midst for so many years.

The Dame Filled Her Dates

Another conspicuous theatrical manager in that city was John Stetson. His business interests were varied. The leasing of theaters involving managerial oversight was merely an incident. In those days schooling was a luxury and one which was unknown to many of our citizens. Stetson had learned to read and write mildly. He presided over the destinies of the Globe Theater, on Tremont Street, where Charles Schroeder was his business manager.

One day as I was walking past, Schroeder hailed me from the doorway, asking whether I spoke French.

"Enough to get along," I answered.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Schroeder. "Come right in and help the old man out."

I found Eleanora Duse's manager with Stetson, but as he could not speak English and Stetson could not speak anything else the conversation was halting.

This was Duse's first tour in America and she was just about to begin her Boston engagement.

When I entered Stetson's office he was at his desk, red-faced and explosive. In front of him stood a little Italian who was talking in French with his lips, head, arms and legs, but all to no purpose. I was hailed by Stetson with delight and relief.

"Gosh! Find out what this Dago is saying. He don't speak nothing."

I discovered that what the foreigner was trying to convey was the fact that Madame Duse was ill and overworked, and that she couldn't possibly give the extra matinées which Stetson had advertised. He had engaged her on a guaranty and was taking no chances of a deficit. I explained the position to Stetson, but this only infuriated him the more.

"Who's going to pay if the madame doesn't play? Ask him that," roared Stetson.

Further explanation with many gestures and much volubility on the part of the Italian ended with the assurance that Signor Stetson need fear nothing, as madame's trunks were already in his theater.

This I translated, whereupon Stetson cried out, "I don't want them trunks of hers; they ain't worth nothing. Tell that fellow I want money, not trunks, unless that dame fills her dates."

I poured further oil on the very troubled water.

Finally Stetson felt that I was talking quite as much as the Italian. So bursting in he exclaimed, "Cut out that talk and get down to business. What I want to know is, does Doose play or doosn't she?"

I couldn't stand any more, so beat a retreat, leaving the gentlemen still at it. However, I noticed that Madame Duse did play the matinées.

Another man whose managerial successes were associated with Boston as well as New York was E. E. Rice, frequently referred to by his contemporaries as Edward Elusive Rice. It was he who produced Evangeline, a popular extravaganza made famous by the character of the lone fisherman who never uttered, but who sat fishing silently throughout the evening.

It was I who sold the rights of 1492 to Rice, which enjoyed a long run at Wallack's Theater, on the corner of Thirtieth Street and Broadway.

I tried after that to get Rice to produce real dramas, and urged him to buy Madame Sans-Gêne, by Victorien Sardou and Emile Moreau. This, however, was beyond him, so it fell into the hands of Augustus Pitou and of Kathryn Kidder, who ultimately gave a wonderful, historically accurate and most successful production of this delightful comedy.

When in the full tide of its glory I happened to meet Rice in front of the Broadway Theater, where it was packing the house; he stopped me, shook hands and exclaimed, "Say, lady, I made a big mistake not to have bought that Sanz Geney piece from you!"

Those were wonderful days, when the present high-browed theater was unknown. We had no problems which the playhouse was supposed to solve. We understood farces, melodramas and burlesques, with an occasional polite comedy or a romantic drama thrown in, but the sailing was plain and straight and devoid of complications resultant from too much culture.

Bernard Shaw had not begun to write with his pen in his cheek, and the present dull triangle had still to be imported. Those were very happy days for the purveyor of plays.

But to return to my opening up of the French market as previously described: Charles Frohman was my first customer. The most conspicuous success running in Paris at the time I met Sardou was a farce by Alexandre Bisson called Feu Toupinel, or The Late Mr. Toupinel. The story was side-splitting, written around the marital adventures of a hero who was juggling with a wife and a mistress at the same time, who were brought face to face in the same scenes.

Not an American manager who saw it would risk its purchase. Bisson had had no bid as yet for the American and English rights. I remember my admiration of this cleverly constructed farce. Surely there must be some way of putting it through a moral laundry. Suddenly a bright idea came to me. Make Toupinel a bigamist who had deceived two honorable ladies instead of one, and the problem of adaptation was solved.

A French Play Nicely Laundered

I rushed to Bisson to explain my inspiration. He was horrified beyond expression. He could not believe that any public would tolerate the capering of a Lothario who had trifled with two blameless and confiding ladies, rather than with one legitimate wife and with a temptress of experience who knew exactly what she was doing. I could not change his Gallic viewpoint, but received his consent to make any changes I felt might sell the play.

I wired to Charles Frohman, who accepted my indorsement of the property and my assurance that despite the attitude of Augustin Daly, A. M. Palmer and others I had found the solution of the difficulty. The contracts were signed, a deposit was paid to the French author on account, William Gillette was engaged to make the English version, and the despised and discarded Feu Toupinel enjoyed a long and prosperous career in this country and in England, under the title of All the Comforts of Home, which was a wholly innocuous entertainment.

Bisson incidentally made fifty thousand dollars in royalties from this production, instead of the small sum of four thousand, which was the original amount he expected had he sold the play upon the old system of a cash payment. Of course my successful manipulation of this farce gave me a prestige beyond words. It was a clear case of money having talked, so that for years I had no rival where French authors were concerned.

One play after another was sold by me. I represented such authors as Meilhac, Halevy, Blum and Toche, Richepin, Henri Bataille, Pailleron, Moreau, and others as they came along; in fact, every man who wrote material that was marketable for the English-speaking stage.

Many an anecdote recurs to my mind connected with these writers. I recall a general rehearsal of Pailleron's La Souris, which was a dull contrast to his comedy Le Monde où l'on s'Ennuie—The Society Where One is Bored. Francisque Sarcey, the eminent critic, came to me as the curtain went down, and in reply to my adverse criticism said, shrugging his shoulders as only a Frenchman can, "Ah, mademoiselle,

(Continued on Page 106)

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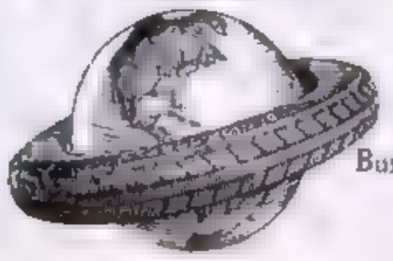

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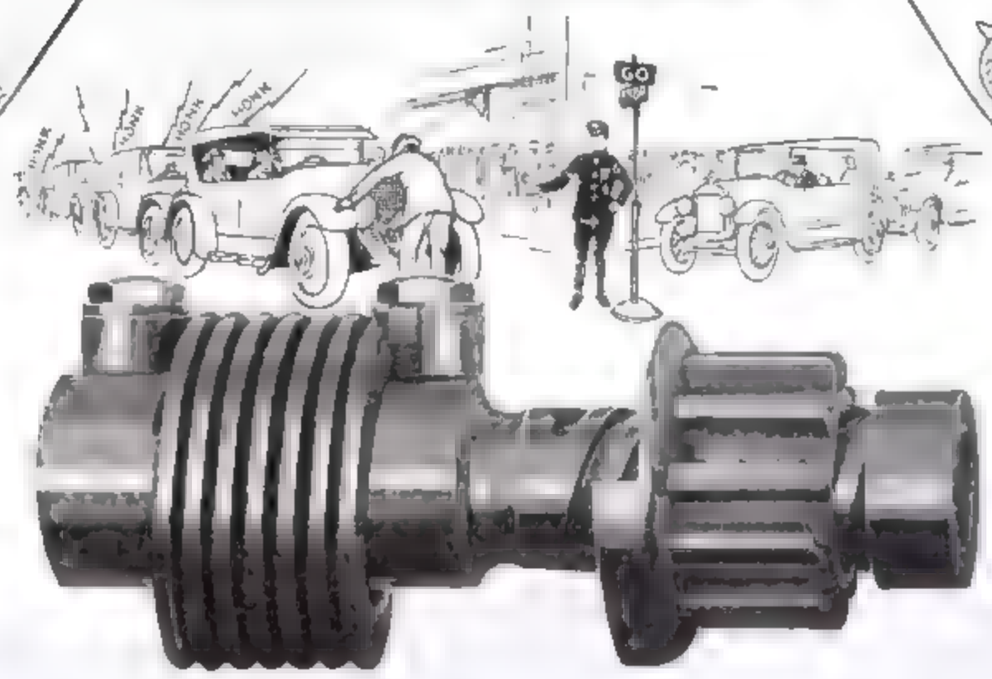

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(Continued from Page 104)

do not be too hard on poor Pailleron. In some ways he is greatly to be envied. Do you know any other author who could have two plays running at the same time in the same theater? Yet this is what we have witnessed tonight. We have had La Souris on the stage and Le Monde où l'on s'Ennuie in the audience."

Neither Miss de Wolfe nor I was rich in worldly goods at that time. We had made our budget, which called for an expenditure of six francs a day. We could afford no more. We owned bicycles, and when it became too warm in Paris we determined upon a trip on wheels. Of course Touraine was then the paradise of sightseers; besides, it had a special attraction for us in the fact that the country was flat, so that there would be no hill climbing. Off we started, and I very much doubt whether any girls ever had a better or a more healthful time than ourselves. We could not see enough châteaux, yet we saw them all. Each with its traditions, each with its architectural beauty, each full of romance, each rich in inspiration. We rolled along over the hot, dusty roads, delighting in everything we discovered and amused with every obstacle we encountered. It was indeed a holiday.

Later we found ourselves in Brittany, where, at Pont-Aven, thanks to Mère Julia, we lived well within our means, if you could dignify our monotonous eats as food. We had sardines, cooked and uncooked, at practically every meal. There were no toilet facilities of any kind. Hot water for one's ablutions and hot coffee for one's breakfast were served in the same well-worn pewter jug. Milk was an extra, whereas wine was included in our board. But we found several artists there who, like ourselves, were seeking atmosphere and economy, and many a merry outing did we all have together. In 1919, out of sheer curiosity, I went off my route to revisit Pont-Aven and the little inn where I had passed such happy days. Mère Julia was still alive; the inn showed no changes.

We were not the only women who enjoyed bicycling. No one was a greater expert at it than Madame Melba, who was then Nellie Melba to us. She left the rôle of prima donna behind her when she came to France in those early days of her success. She was like a rollicking schoolgirl, full of fun and enthusiasm, so that we enjoyed many a good time. As I grew older I developed a rooted distaste for grand opera, from which prejudice I have never recovered. I agreed with Alphonse Karr, who described singing as an expensive kind of noise. It seemed to me senseless to hear fat Italian gentlemen who could hardly be squeezed into their velvet doublets repeating over and over again to the sobbing sopranos, that they loved, loved, loved them. There never was the slightest secrecy about it, for it was literally shouted from the battlements and listened to by the lady companion who had a contralto voice, which came in handy for a quartet, as well as by the choral mercenaries who stood without, guarding the parapets with flashing steel.

Mme. Alda Ignores Advice

Oddly enough, I knew personally all the great singers, and succeeded in retaining their friendship despite the fact that not even wild horses could drag me to hear them. Melba once persuaded me to attend a performance of La Bohème in Covent Garden, and although she was applauded until the old rafters rang, I infinitely preferred her as my everyday companion on the bicycle. In recent years Mme. Frances Alda, that delightful artist, insisted on one occasion that I should attend a rehearsal of Prince Igor. It was an awful experience which I shall never forget. It was depressing in the extreme. The opera house was as gloomy as a morgue, the singers were without make-up and costume, the shrieking light of day forced itself through the upper borders, the music without melody of any kind groaned on, while poor Alda seemed tossed about from one Italian gentleman to another in such tragic fashion that it was evident that happiness could never be her lot. She was foredoomed to relentless misery. I urged her at the time to quit and to end her days amidst the cheerful surroundings of effervescent musical comedy.

However, she would not take my advice, and so is still slumming amidst the sordid and depressing environment of the Metropolitan Opera House. It seems such a pity, because she is really a genial and gregarious soul who knows how to laugh, who loves to dance, and who is a real human being outside of her imposing frame of grandeur.

But to return to those vagabond days in France. Sardou became our very dear friend, and whenever we were in Paris never a week passed that we did not lunch with him there, or if he had removed to his beautiful château at Marly-le-Roi, we would go out to dine with him and his three sons and one daughter, Geneviève, who is now the Marquise de Flers, wife of the well-known dramatist whose brilliant comedies, written in conjunction with de Caillavet, are known the world over.

The Sardou estate at Marly-le-Roi stands on the left of the road, opposite the little village church. It is historical and full of reminiscences. Sardou himself was always an ambulating encyclopedia. He knew everything, and more. He talked incessantly, but held one spellbound, as his rare sense of humor, mingled with fascinating anecdote, produced a wonderful combination. His talent for reconstituting a historical ruin was without rival. One could see the folks of long ago as they moved about in silk and crinoline. The stately minuet was danced before our very eyes. I remember being taken by Sardou to visit the *pavillon* at Louvecienne, which had belonged to the Comtesse du Barry. There was the very gate through which she was dragged, shrieking with fear, to face the guillotine in Paris.

More Talk, Less Spinach

Another famous dwelling near Marly was Le Cerf Volant, the *châtelaine* of which was a Madame Aubernon. She prided herself upon the coterie of eminent men who always gathered around her table. In order that nothing should be lost of the wit and talent which assembled, she insisted that each guest should speak in turn. To control this she had a little silver bell by her plate which she rang as she accorded the right of speech. I remember one very brilliant dinner in this interesting house at which many illustrious people were present. Ernest Renan, one of the guests, tried several times to interrupt, but was prevented from doing so by Madame Aubernon, who raised her hand in a gesture of reproachful protest.

Finally when Cabanel, who was speaking, stopped, the hostess graciously turned to Renan, saying, "Now, monsieur, we shall be glad to hear you."

"Ah, madame," answered Renan, "it is, alas, too late. I merely wanted a second helping of spinach!"

The only time I ever met Alexandre Dumas, fils, was in Sardou's vegetable garden at Marly. The master, as we called Sardou, was bending over his melon patch with a feverish interest. He had planted some seed which he had received from a friend, and was anxiously waiting for his melons to grow. Suddenly I looked up, and there, coming down the path, was Dumas, whom I knew by sight. We were introduced; then Dumas, who was a pessimist, gazing at his friend Sardou, the optimist, exclaimed, "How I envy you who can feel such enthusiasm over a mere melon!"

To which Sardou replied, "How I pity you, my friend, who are incapable of such a sentiment!"

The opposite characters of the two men were exemplified at this meeting. Nothing ever depressed Sardou, whereas Dumas' black moments were chronic. I never saw Dumas again, for he died shortly after this.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Miss Marbury. The next will appear in an early issue.

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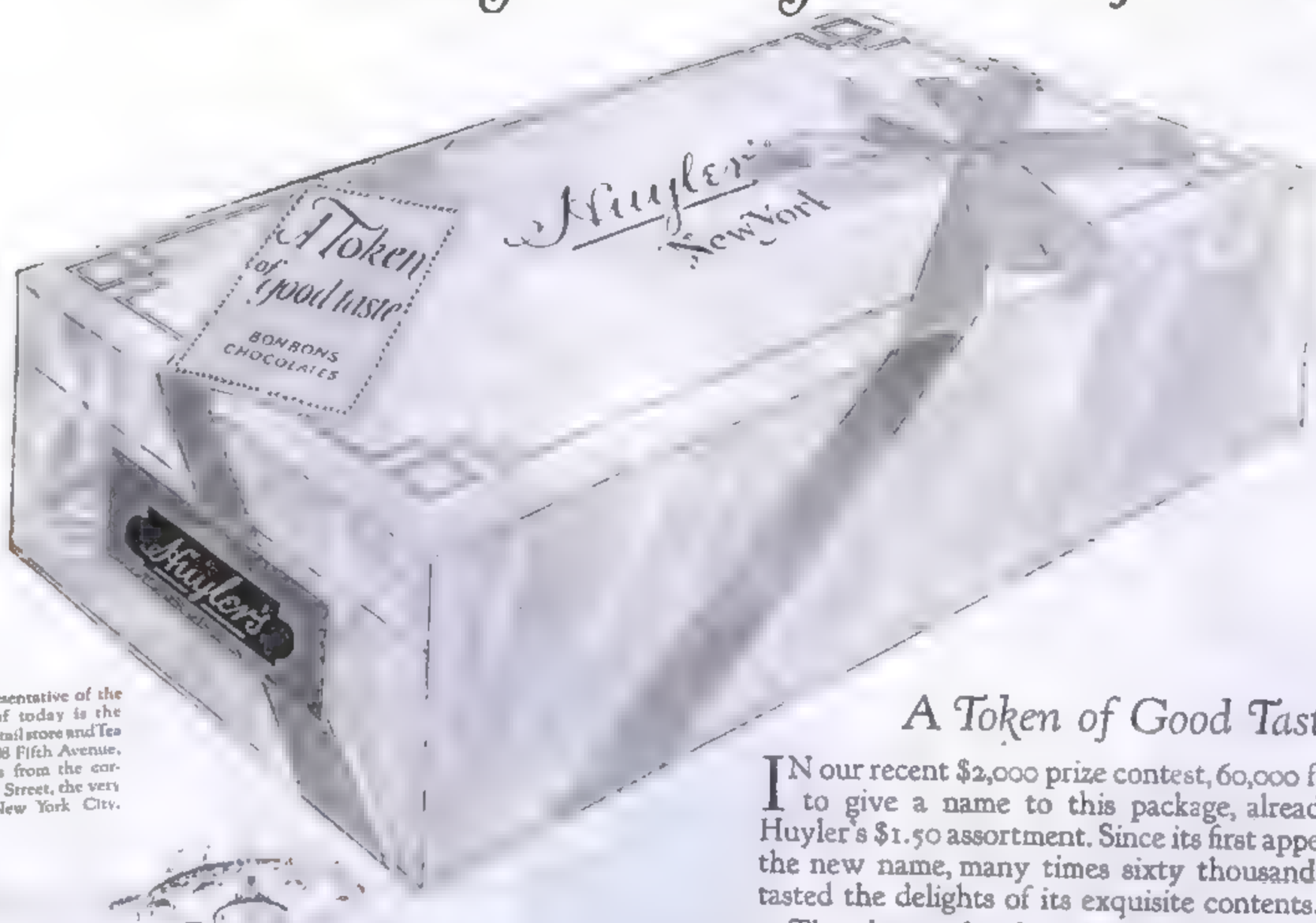

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FOX BOG

Continued from Page 9

edge of the woods. He started in that direction. Water appeared in the depressions left by his feet among the grass roots; he was glad he had worn boots. Grant, when Denby came nearer, stopped the swing of his scythe and rested, waiting. He took off his hat and mopped his bald white head.

Denby, within speaking distance, lifted a hand in greeting and asked, "Mr. Grant?"

He had received from Hawthorne the impression that there was something morbid or forbidding in this man, but Grant's voice was mild and friendly when he replied.

"Yes," he said.

"I wanted to ask if you'd mind my trying for a duck."

Grant's eyes swung across the bog; they were, for an instant, the eyes of a mystic.

"No, no. The ducks get the good of it; I don't know why we shouldn't get the good of them."

Denby was attracted by the man. He tried to guess Grant's age. The farmer's hair was white, but his face was not elderly.

"Where's the best place?" the young man asked.

"You can walk across the bog anywhere," Grant explained. "No sink holes or anything. I'd get out along the brook and hide. They mostly come upstream."

He prepared to use his scythe again. Denby nodded.

"Thanks," he said, turning away.

"That's all right," the other assured him.

There was, Denby thought as he worked his way across the yielding surface of the bog, a vague and wistful humility in his tone. But he forgot the farmer in the task of crossing the marsh. Often he sank to boot tops; it was a struggle to advance at all. The earth quaked alarmingly beneath him. He made his way toward the outlet of the pond, saw there a wide expanse of shallow water half hidden by pads; then he turned and followed along the brook through the bog. He came almost at once upon a row of slabs, upright, driven into the soft bottom and close together so that they served as a wall, turning the current from an old channel and sending it straight ahead. Looking across the marsh downstream, he saw the tops of other palings, relics of attempts to straighten the channel. He thought Grant must have put much time and effort into the futile undertaking. But—he had come for ducks, not to inspect the farmer's work. He sought a suitable hiding place.

At sundown, with a duck dangling from his hand, he worked toward the solid ground. Grant and his son were waiting there beside a cart loaded high with the marsh grass. Joe Grant was a sleepy-looking young man with an aristocratic nose.

Grant said calmly, "Well, you got one. I saw you drop him."

Denby held up the bird.

"This is a great place for them," he said.

Grant's eyes moved slowly across the level expanse. "Yes," he agreed slowly.

"They nest in here," Joe explained. "There were three flocks that I know of this summer." He eyed Denby. "Live around here?"

"I'm working on the road—helping Hawthorne."

"He's in charge, ain't he?"

"Yes."

Joe commented philosophically: "Folks come through the road past the house sometimes. Kind of a short cut, and no hills. But I guess when the other road is fixed up they'll all go that way."

"When I get the bog drained," the older man remarked in the tone of a dreamer, "we'll grow stuff that will make them come to us."

Denby looked at him.

"Can it be drained?"

Grant's reply was assured. "Oh, yes," he replied. His son caught Denby's eye and nodded warningly, and Denby said no more.

Dusk was already upon them; the bog seemed settling to slumber. Frogs croaked in a sawmill chorus. They turned their backs on it and went up the lane through the shadowed woods, the horses drawing the cart ahead of them without guidance.

In the barnyard Grant asked Denby, "Where you staying?"

"At Worthen's."

The farm lay three miles away, near the center of activities upon the new road.

"How'd you come in?"

"Walked."

"Better stay to supper."

"I wouldn't want to bother you."

"We don't see many folks."

Denby perceived he would please the man by staying; himself was not unwilling. He was accustomed to the ways of the countryside; his own home was a farm near Augusta; his own father was such a man as Grant, who had worked hard that Denby might go to college.

He said, "Why, all right, Mr. Grant."

Mrs. Grant, a woman full of speech, made him welcome and plied him with food. After supper the three men sat on the porch, smoking their pipes. The night was still, moonlit, not too cool. From the valley where the bog lay they could hear the faint calls of feeding ducks; the bog itself was cloaked in a light mist which the moon silvered. They spoke of Denby's success in the afternoon, and Grant said mildly, "Some day that bog's going to be worth a lot of money."

Denby, willing to provoke the man to further speech, remarked, "It's a good place for ducks. I don't see how anything else could get much good out of it."

"Muskrats," Joe suggested, "and mink."

"Well, that's right," Denby agreed.

But Grant shook his head, said they were blind.

"It's been growing grass and rotting it for hundreds of years," he insisted. "It's rich as gold. You can spread that muck down there on a piece of land and it's as good as a load of dressing. Get the water out of it and it will grow anything, and lots of it. I've tested it. I've had samples, in boxes, up here. Why, it will grow four hundred bushels of strawberries to the acre! That just shows you."

"But you can't get the water out of it." Denby's professional interest was caught.

"I'm working on that," Grant insisted, his tone eager as a fanatic's. "Been getting the brook straightened for seven years now; little bit every year. The ice bothers in the spring; but we'll do it. Then there's some big ledges to take out at the lower end, and she'll drain herself. Lower the water about two feet—that's all we have to do."

He elaborated his theme, and Denby listened, and his eyes rested on the sheet of silver mist in the valley below them where the bog lay. Once they heard wings whistle as a flock of ducks dropped over the hill toward their feeding grounds. Grant talked on, with the stubborn persistence of a mild man. The bog was, Denby perceived, his obsession; he felt awakening within himself a curiously poignant pity.

He came again and again during the succeeding weeks, so long as there were ducks in the bog; and with each visit his interest in the birds decreased; he became more attracted to the man. Grant led him about the bog and demanded his expert opinion of the problems it offered.

"I know it will grow anything at all," Grant assured him.

Denby spoke of a matter that had been more and more in his mind.

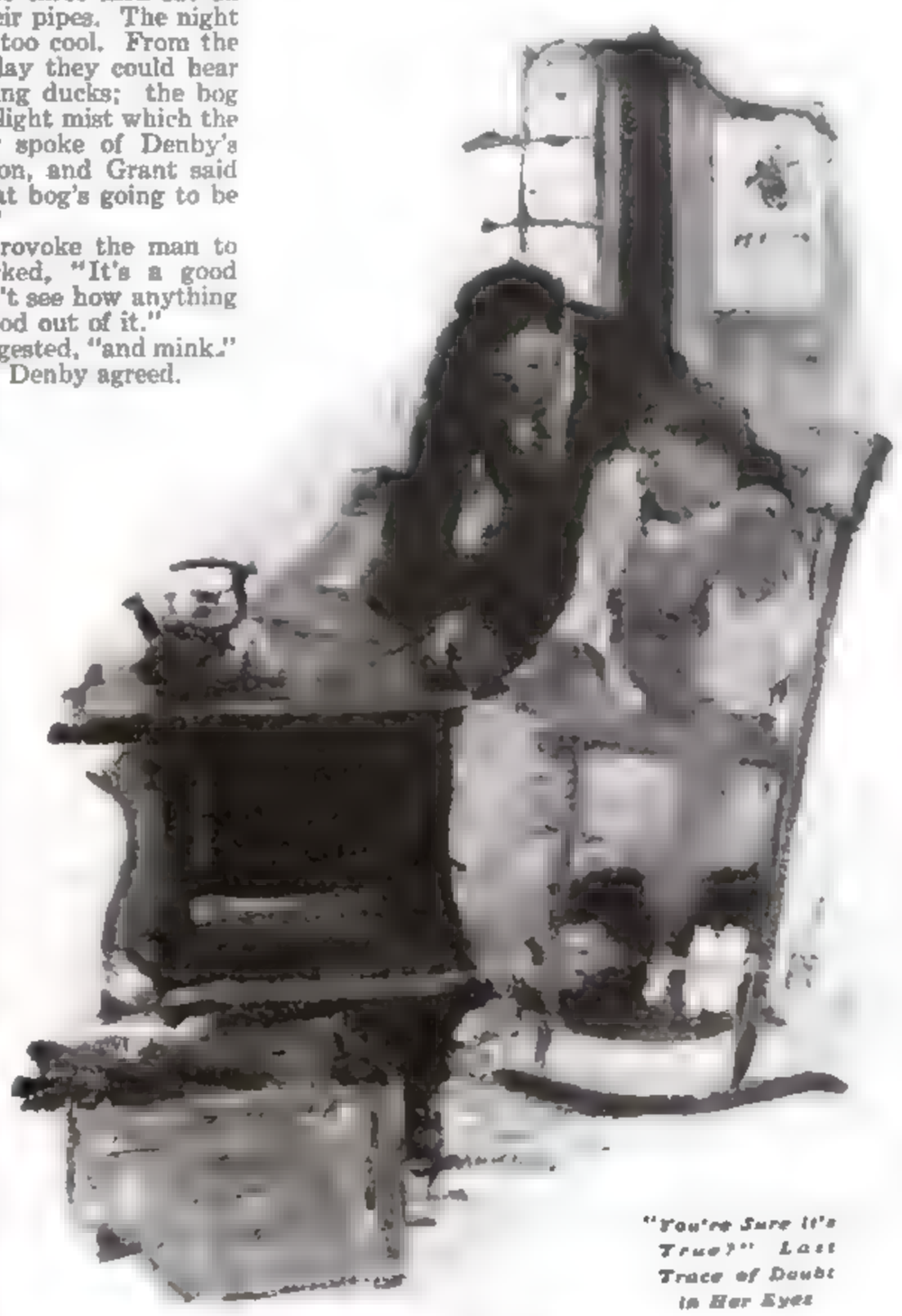
"Maybe you're paying so much attention to the bog that you're overlooking something else that might be profitable," he suggested. "That knoll above your house is all gravel. Did you ever try to sell that? We need good gravel, building these roads."

Grant shook his head. "There's gravel everywhere up here," he said. "Too long a haul from this farm to the main road." He dismissed the subject, returned to his pet theme; and Denby listened, wondering at the man. The old farmer's obsession seemed to him a vaguely tragic thing. He got other angles of the situation from Joe and Mrs. Grant. Joe was an easy-going youth.

"Pa's always had this notion about the bog," he said indolently. "I reckon you can't change him. He likes fooling around down there, and you can't raise anything on a farm like this anyway. Might as well work there as anywhere."

But in Mrs. Grant, Denby found a different spirit.

"It ain't so much the money he puts into it," she explained. "Though that's bad enough, goodness knows, with us needing new paper in the dining room and new shingles on the house, and all. Nor I don't mind knowing that folks laugh at him for being so foolish about it. But I hate to see it get such a hold on him. Days he can't think of anything else but the bog and the things he could do with it if he could do 'em. Land knows, I've argued with him; but you might as well argue with a cow. He just sets and chews tobacco and smiles till a body'd like to yell at him."



"You're Sure It's True?" Last Trace of Doubt in Her Eyes

"He must have put a lot of money and work into it," Denby agreed.

"Why, them cranberries cost him over eight hundred dollars, counting everything," she replied. "And there ain't a year he don't spend close to a hundred dollars hiring men to help him, or buying lumber or something. That ain't much to you, prob'ly; but with us, if we get two-three hundred dollars out of the place in cash money in a year we do right well."

"I saw where he'd been straightening the brook," Denby assented. "But he can't drain the bog without blasting out that ledge at the foot; and that is a big job; take a lot of money."

"He'll do it," she insisted hopelessly. "He'll keep at it till he does it. He's that stubborn. You wouldn't believe it of such a gentle kind of man."

"I know," Denby smiled.

"It's aging him too," she explained. "That's what worries me. He's getting old, but he looks older than he is. He ain't but fifty-five. You'd think he was seventy, sometimes, when he comes in tired of a night. It's like as if he was pouring his strength into that place down there. There's days when I go out on the porch and look at it and feel like screaming at the thing, lying so sleek in the sun, like a lazy, yellow snake with its belly full—full of my husband's strength and youth."

He nodded again. "Sand in a rat hole," he agreed.

She said wearily, "I wish there was some way to make him forget it all. I wish he could have it easier, now he's getting old. You'd ought to talk to him, Mr. Denby. He sets a lot of store by what you say."

"I will."

"It won't do any good, though," she confessed. "He's had that idea for close to twenty years, that some day the bog would make us all rich. I suppose it'll die with him."

"Sometimes a man like that goes blind, can't see other chances all around him," Denby suggested. Something in his tone caught her attention.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

He hesitated, unwilling to risk disappointing her; at length told her the idea that had been lurking in his mind. But he was careful to understate its possibilities.

"I've been thinking," he explained, "that instead of rebuilding that old road on the other side of the pond, he might get them to build up this road through here. It's shorter, and easier grades, and dry ground all the way; and they could get gravel from that knoll up above the house."

She said mildly, "I wisht they would come past here. It'd be nice to see the cars go by."

Denby said no more; his scheme was still vague; he had not yet attempted to put it to the test.

As it happened, circumstances led him to take, that same evening, the first of the steps he had in contemplation. Work on the road was nearing completion; in another fortnight it would be done. When Denby reached Worthen's he found Hawthorne still there, and the big man told him that Sessions, the state road commissioner, was coming to inspect the work before they finished it. Denby instantly decided that Sessions would be the man to whom he must appeal. He sought to enlist Hawthorne's support, and forthwith confided his idea to his chief. Hawthorne listened in ponderous silence; and when the young man was done, nodded his great head.

"Maybe so," he said; "maybe you're right. But you can't make folks see things every time."

"The commissioner's a good man," Denby insisted, "and what he says usually goes. I thought we could show him."

"We don't want to go off halfcocked," Hawthorne replied. "I'll tell you. You and me'll drive through that way tomorrow and have a look along." He filled his pipe. "I ain't seen any real good gravel for so long it'll probably make me silly to look at it; but I'll take a chance."

"It's there," Denby assured him. "It's there. You'll see."

Next morning, in Hawthorne's erratic little car, they followed the road along the north shore of the pond, the road past the Grant farm.

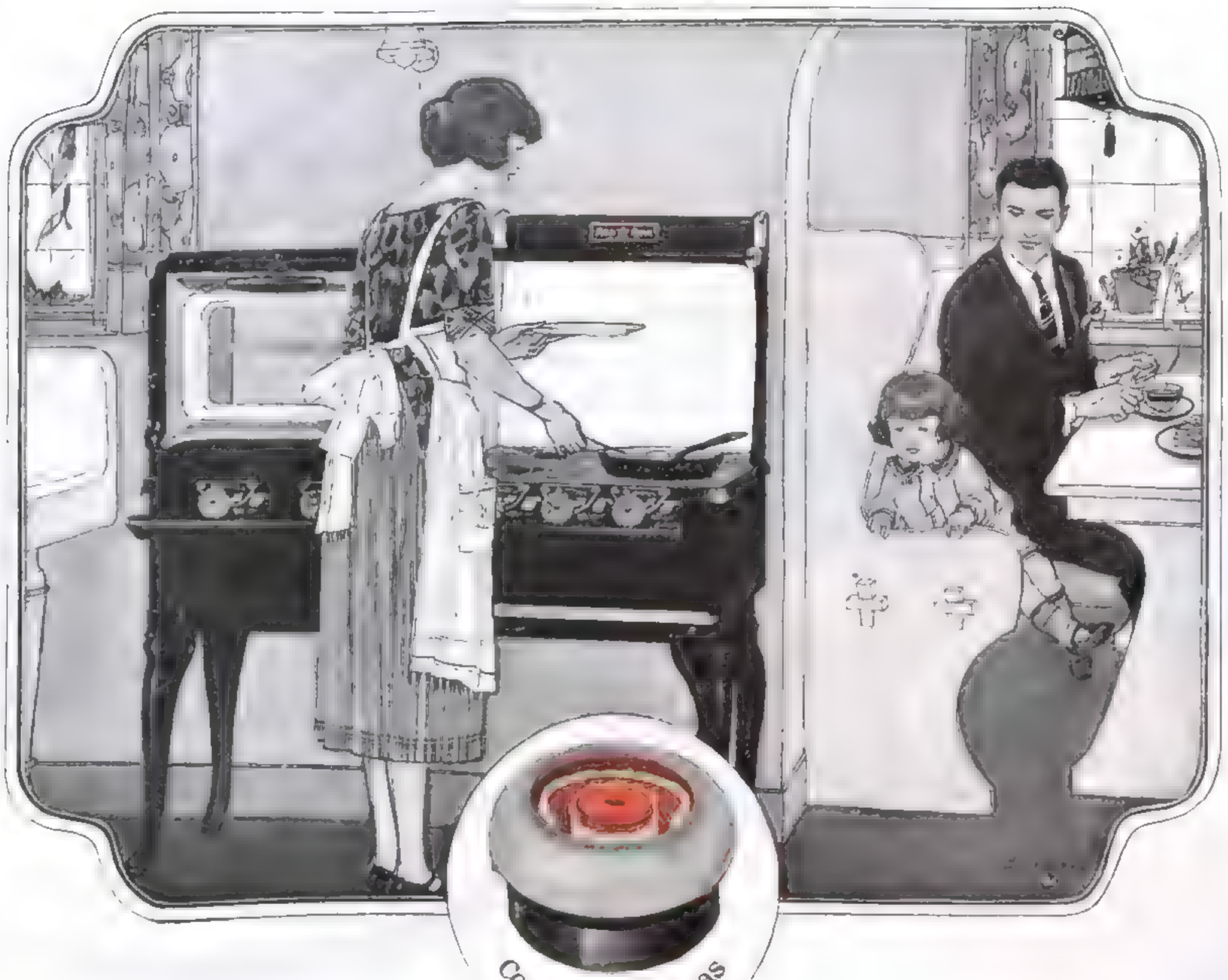
The road was little traveled; here and there heavy rains had damaged it; the wooden bridges rattled under their wheels. But it followed higher ground, was never muddy; and there were no difficult grades. Hawthorne's interest grew.

"Naturally, I been through here," he told Denby. "But I never thought too much about it. That comes of getting in a rut on the job, son. You go ahead keeping your eyes open. There'll be lots of times when you can save the state money. Me, I've been too close to the grindstone. Now if we can put this through ——"

He checked off the distance on his speedometer when they joined the main road into Fraternity village again.

"Almost a mile shorter," he commented; "and not a bad hill anywhere, and not much of any blasting to do. It'd have to be widened, though. Let's go back and look at that bank."

(Continued on Page 113)



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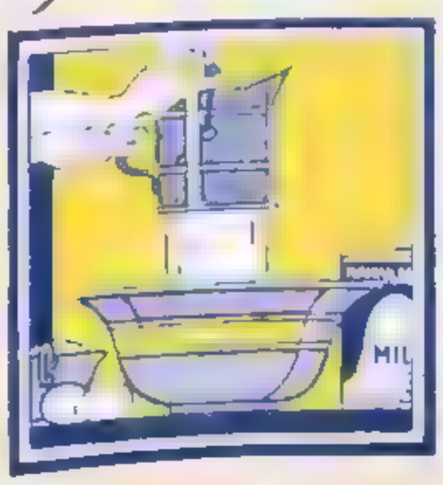

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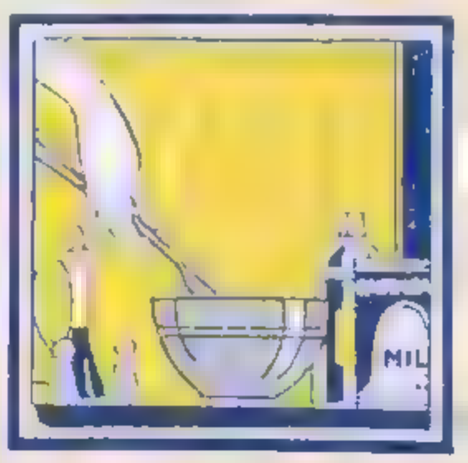

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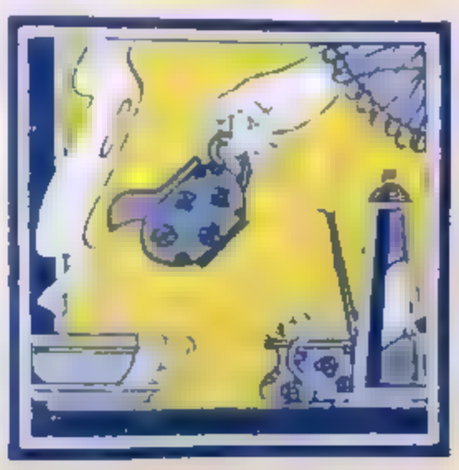

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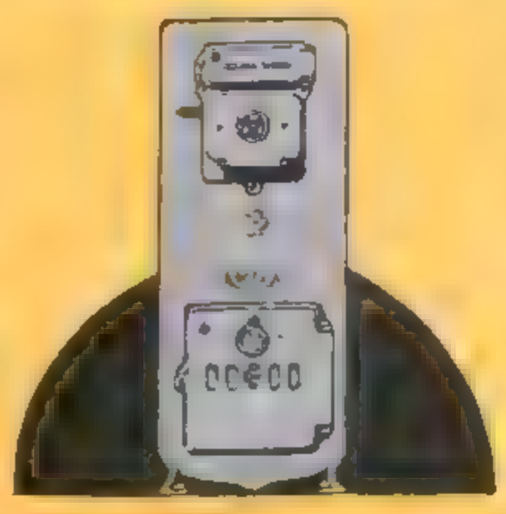

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(Continued from Page 108

They went back past the Grant farmhouse, and stopped at the bridge above the little brook beyond.

"There," said Denby, and pointed to the loose gravel in the bank below the road. "And I've kicked around all over the knoll. It's all the same stuff. Enough here to build ten miles of road if we had to, and you couldn't get any shorter haul; and it's good stuff besides."

"You said anything to them?" Hawthorne asked.

Denby shook his head.

"I didn't want to take a chance on their being disappointed."

"I guess we can make a deal with Grant all right."

Denby nodded.

"All he thinks about is that bog. He would sell the rest of the farm right out from under him, I expect."

In the car again, Hawthorne sighed.

"It's nice gravel," he agreed. "Well, we'll see what the commissioner says."

"He'll take your opinion," Denby urged.

"I don't know. He's kind of in the habit of making his opinions as he goes along."

The commissioner—he was a man who knew his job, and knew that it consisted as much of political maneuvering as of road building—came four days later. They spent the afternoon on the job under construction, and he gave it his approval; but that night Denby went to East Harbor with Hawthorne, and they laid a topographical map of the countryside before him, and made their project clear. Denby, silent, let Hawthorne put the case.

"It'll do two or three things," the fat man summarized. "It'll shorten the road nearly a mile, and save us money that way; we won't have much of any blasting to do, and that means more saving. We'll get better gravel than we're getting now; and we can use it on beyond too; and we'll have a road that will stand up better than anything we can build through the marshy ground and on the hills south of the pond."

Sessions asked questions, curt and to the point; and Hawthorne answered them.

"There's the political side of it," Sessions reminded them. "I've some authority; but we'd have to have help to put across such a change as this. There are eleven farms on the other road and only three that are occupied on this one. Who's their man in the legislature?"

Hawthorne named him.

"He lives here in East Harbor, doesn't he?"

"Yes."

"Let's go see him."

On the way to the representative's house he asked, "Whose idea was this?" Hawthorne gave Denby credit. "How'd you happen to think of it?" the commissioner inquired.

"I go in to the Grant place after ducks sometimes," Denby answered. "I noticed this gravel bank." He added honestly, "I felt kind of sorry for old Grant too. I'd like to see this piece of luck come his way."

"It looks to me like a piece of luck all around," said Sessions heartily, and shook him by the hand.

In mid-November, after ten days of argument, persuasion and insistence in Augusta, after ten days of passionate service, Denby was assured that his scheme would be accepted. Sessions complimented him and raised his salary; but Denby forgot his own pleasure in anticipating the delight of carrying the news to those most concerned. He wrote Mrs. Grant at once:

"Something I want to tell you that'll be mighty good news. I'm borrowing my brother's car, and I'll drive over Sunday. Make an apple pie for dinner, will you?"

There was no time for him to receive a reply; but he expected none, knew they would be hospitably glad to see him.

Saturday night a light snow fell; but Sunday was warm, and the sun was high and the snow melted fast. He made good time. About ten o'clock Mrs. Grant heard the far clatter of his car crossing the bridge at the foot of the bog, and a few minutes later the car itself darted up out of the woods and along the slope and down into the barnyard. Denby leaped to the ground, and she met him hospitably on the porch.

"I'm right glad you could come," she told him. "There's fresh pork for dinner, and you always like that."

"And apple sauce?" he asked laughingly.

"Bowls of it."

"And a pie besides?" She smiled, nodding. "I'm glad I came," he cried. "Where's Mr. Grant?"

"Him and Joe are down to the bog," she replied. "They'll be up right away."

"I'm glad they're not here now." He caught her arm in his enthusiasm, led her into the kitchen. "Listen! I've good news for you."

"Good news?" She looked at him doubtfully. "Now, Mr. Denby, you ain't trying to make a fool of me, are you? You mean about the gravel?"

"Yes—yes!"

"You act right excited. You mean they're going to buy it?"

"Yes." His head was high, his eyes dancing.

She sat down in a chair by the stove, warming her shins, her fat hands resting on her fat knees; and she said almost indifferently, "Well, that's good. Oscar will be right pleased, I expect. He'll like seeing the automobiles go past here. They're going to build the road this way?"

Denby bent over her, caught her shoulders, shook her in some impatience.

"Listen!" he commanded. "I don't believe you understand how much this means. Don't you know it will mean a lot of money to you?"

"We've been expecting to have a lot of money some day, all our lives; but we've never got it."

"You've got this," he insisted. "It's as good as in your hands."

"Well, I don't expect it will be much anyway."

"Ten thousand—maybe twenty thousand dollars!"

He watched her intently; and her eyes lifted to his with a slow movement, widened incredulously.

"You're joking, aren't you?"

"No."

"For that gravel?"

She was beginning to catch his enthusiasm; her voice rose to a higher pitch.

"For that old knoll up by the road, yes. It's solid gravel, the best kind; and there's nothing we need worse. You bet! They'll pay you by the load. It counts up mighty fast. They'll be hauling out of there all next summer; probably the year after too; and paying you right along all the time."

"Why, you can dig up gravel anywhere around here!" she insisted.

"Not so easy as you'd think," he retorted, "and not the right kind. Most of it is full of clay, or else it won't pack."

"It don't sound honest, somehow."

Denby laughed, head thrown back.

"Honest! They're tickled to death to get it. It'll save them a good many thousand dollars as it is."

She was trembling now, in the grip of a growing excitement. Her eyes abruptly became moist; tears began to stream down her cheeks; she dabbed at them with her apron, smiling in spite of them.

"I declare, you make it sound like it might happen," she confessed.

"It's going to happen," he assured her. "I've been working on it in Augusta. Sessions gave it his O.K., and your representative in East Harbor; and it will go through. It's as good as settled now; there won't be any hitch or I wouldn't have said a word to you. You can start spending the money right away."

"I guess we won't spend it till we get it," she commented, laughing in nervous exhilaration. "But I do need a new black dress. I have needed one any time this four years back."

"You can have a thousand of them!"

He could not stand still, walked up and down, pounded one fist into the other palm.

"And I'd like to paper the dining room."

"You can do it."

"I guess we've got you to thank for it all."

"You don't have to thank me. I just happened to notice that gravel bank. I've got a raise of pay out of it already. Sessions says I've done a good job. It was as much for myself as for you. But I did want to have the fun of telling you and Mr. Grant."

She wept frankly now.

"I'm glad for myself," she confessed. "But I'm more tickled for him than for me. He's always worked mighty hard; and I've had to watch him, just wasting his time on the bog, and getting old, and being laughed at, and all. It'll take ten years off of him, Mr. Denby. I'm awful glad for him."

He nodded rapidly.

"It will mean he won't have to worry about anything the rest of his life," he reminded her.

"I know." Her apron was wet with her tears. She rocked to and fro in her straight little chair, dabbing at her cheeks, trying to smile. "I'm pretty old for such good things to happen to me," she told him. "It's been hard on Mr. Grant; but it's been hard on me too."

He put an arm about her shoulders, bending to hug her, to kiss her cheek.

"Bless your heart!"

"You're sure it's true?" Last trace of doubt in her eyes.

"Sure!"

She was for a little silent. Then, "I wish Oscar would come," she said. "I want him to know." Hesitated. "Let's you and me walk down to meet him," she suggested.

"Fine!" he approved. "Come on!"

"He'll be so pleased," she said wistfully. "It'll take years off of him. He's been getting to be an old man, Mr. Denby. I declare, I don't know when I've felt so happy." She laughed apologetically. "I can't rightly believe it yet."

"It's true," he assured her.

They crossed the barnyard and he let down the bars into the lane. At the edge of the woods she began to walk more swiftly.

"I'm in a hurry to see his face when we tell him," she explained.

"You do the telling," he suggested; but she shook her head.

"No, you! I want to just watch him—watch what he does." She smiled again, wiping her eyes. "I expect he'll want to cry like a little boy."

A little way into the woods, along the winding and uneven cart track, they saw the others coming. They did not at once perceive the approach of Mrs. Grant and Denby, and were almost face to face before Mrs. Grant called out to her husband.

"Why, Molly!" he exclaimed uncertainly. Then to the young man, "Denby! Glad you came over. How are you?"

Then, while Mrs. Grant stood by with fond eyes on her husband, Denby told what he had to tell, in a swift rush of words.

"They've decided to build the road past your house instead of across the lake, Mr. Grant. They'll want to buy your gravel from that knoll up by the house—the one I told you about."

Grant, looking at him with slow eyes, said, "Why, that will be fine, won't it?"

Denby smiled.

"That is, of course, if you want to sell it."

"Why, yes," Grant assented. "It's no good to me. Nothing but pasture land, and I've a plenty of that."

Young Joe was more practical.

"What will they pay? Won't that run into money?"

Mrs. Grant could no longer hold her tongue.

"Twenty thousand dollars!" she exclaimed. "Twenty thousand dollars! I call that running into money!"

Her husband smiled at her, calm and unmoved.

"I guess it won't be that much, Molly. Maybe a few hundred—that's all."

But Denby interrupted.

"No, sir! Of course, it may not be twenty thousand; but it will certainly be thousands of dollars. Ten, or fifteen, or maybe as much as twenty. It's the best gravel around here, and easy to get to, and good quality."

"It don't sound reasonable," Grant protested.

His wife cried, "That's just what I said at first—just that very thing. Why, I couldn't believe it! But it's true. Aren't you glad, Oscar? You don't realize it yet, that's all. It's such a thing to happen!"

"Why, it sounds like a lot of money," he agreed.

Denby said in a jocular and confidential tone, "You know, Mrs. Grant has been just like a girl since I told her—excited! She just could hardly wait to see what you'd say."

"To see what I'd say?"

"I knew how much it would mean to you, Oscar," his wife explained. Her eyes were full of tears again. "To be fixed so we wouldn't have to worry any more."

Grant seemed to feel something was expected of him.

"Why, that's right," he assented. "Yes, that much money will do a lot of things." He hesitated thoughtfully; then suddenly smiled, and there was such delight in this swift smile that his wife moved to his side and put her arm around his waist, and his arm embraced her shoulders.

"Why, yes," said Oscar Grant, that man of one idea, in a pleased and happy tone—"why, yes, Molly. As much money as that will pay for draining out the bog."

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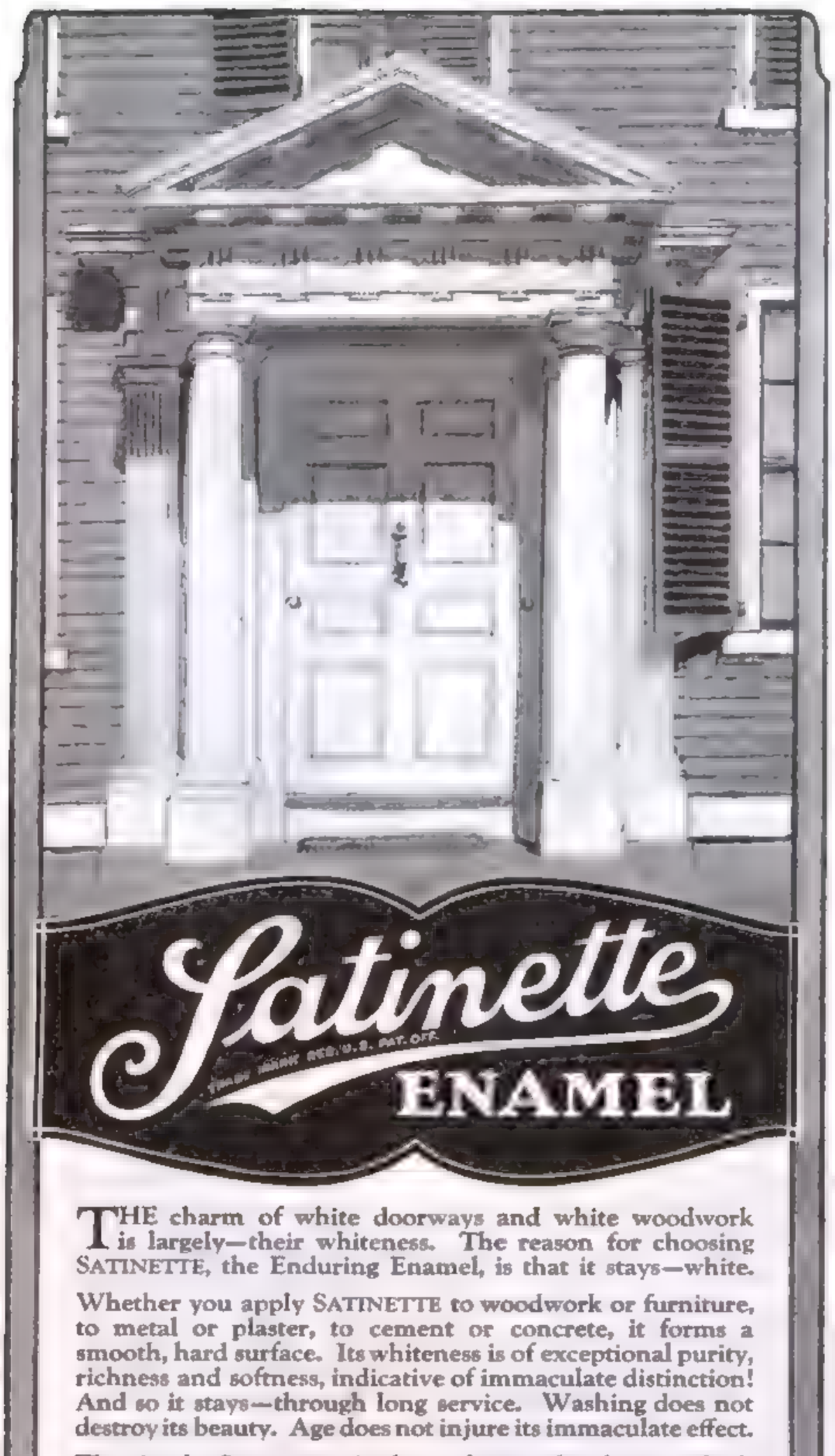

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QUEEN BOMBA OF THE HONEY-POTS

Continued from Page 17

very cautiously and delicately stroked the black-and-gold velvet of Bomba's back. The touch was light as dandelion down, and conveyed no menace to Bomba's sensitive nerves. She gave a shrill little squeak of protest and went on sucking up the honey with redoubled speed, probably thinking that the intruder was after a share of it. The Lady laughed and drew back a step or two, still watching and wondering if the great bee was going to resent the liberty that had been taken with her. Nothing was further from Bomba's thought. She withdrew her head, having drained all the honey, and hummed over to the next blossom.

At this moment a hungry shrike—a bird fitly known as the butcher bird—which had his nest in a tree beyond the garden wall, swooped down and made a dash at the unsuspecting Bomba just as she sank her head into the calyx. It was the moment of fate for her, and consequently for the little community at home in the burrow as well. But the Lady, quicker than thought, gave a sharp cry and struck at the audacious bird with her hand. The shrike, startled, missed his aim, merely brushed the blossom roughly with a wing tip, and flew up into the nearest tree. The Lady indignantly hurled a handful of gravel at him—which, strangely enough, almost hit him—and drove him from the garden. She hated him heartily, ever since she had discovered the thorn bush on whose spikes he impaled the butterflies, grasshoppers and little birds that were his victims, when he had captured more than he could eat. As for Bomba, somewhat flustered by her narrow escape, she darted straight away to the safe shelter of the nest, without waiting to complete her honeyed load. For the nest was, indeed, a safe shelter now, with a hundred ready and fiery stings to guard it from all intruders.

By the time the hay was gathered in and the hot noons were growing drowsily shrill with the noise of the grasshoppers and cicadas, Bomba's swarm had grown powerful and her little citadel in the burrow nearly filled its earthen hiding place. Though built apparently at haphazard, it was now an elaborate structure, tier upon tier of coarse, irregular comb all centered about the original bunch of cocoons. Throughout, it was traversed by galleries so spacious that even Bomba's bulky form could reach every cell comfortably, the little workers building not only for their own puny stature but for hers. As to the character and contents of the cells, there was rather a lack of system; but in general there was a tendency to keep the brood cells near the center, surrounded by the pollen cells, with the cells for storing thick honey, and a few scattered honey-pots for thin, watery day-to-day supplies, toward the circumference. The great communal honey-pot beside the entrance had long ago been abandoned, and its waxen walls used up in new construction.

About this time, when the rich, heavy days were shortening and the ripeness of later summer had come upon the lazy air, Bomba, at the height of her prosperity, began to take thought for the future of her race. She, and she alone, had premonition of the bitter season that was to come. She began to lay two new kinds of eggs—one kind, in ordinary worker cells, to produce males or drones instead of workers; the other kind, laid in large special cells, destined to hatch into big larvæ which should ultimately be transformed into great and splendid queens like herself.

With this change in her activities, Bomba suddenly found herself strictly confined to the nest for a time. She was confronted by an entirely new and inexplicable anxiety. As soon as she began laying the drone and queen eggs some of the workers—which were themselves all imperfectly developed females, and not without certain feminine instincts—were seized with a strange fratricidal jealousy. From time to time they would make murderous raids upon this new kind of eggs, seeking to tear them to pieces. Bomba angrily beat off all these attacks, but she dared not leave the nest even for the briefest turn in the sunshine. She had to be ceaselessly on guard, night and day. But as soon as the eggs were hatched the mothering instincts of the workers triumphed over their jealousy, and they began tending the new larvæ with all care. A few, their thwarted sex instincts partially aroused, even began to emulate Bomba, and laid some eggs for themselves. These eggs, however, never having been fertilized by a mating, were incapable of producing either workers or queens. All that hatched from them, for some inscrutable reason known only to Mother Nature herself, were small drones. These disappointed little females were doing their best, in producing mates for others, though at no possible profit to themselves.

All these drones of Bomba's tribe, though scarcely larger than the workers, were fine, independent, capable fellows, far superior to those greedy and lazy spongers, the drones of the hive bee. As soon as they were grown up they promptly left the nest to forage for themselves and to seek amorous adventure through the last bright weeks of the fleeting summer. They were quite capable of looking after themselves, and it was not for them to loaf about at home and eat up the stores which others had collected.

Bomba's care was now all for her young queens, which took much longer than the workers or the drones to reach maturity. Each as it came forth from its big cocoon she tended lovingly, and saw it at length fly forth, loaded with honey, never to return.

By the time the last young queen had left the nest Bomba was visibly growing old. Worn with her labors, she was weary and bedraggled, and her velvety garb had a somewhat moth-eaten look. She laid a few more worker eggs, and then stopped, as there was no need of raising fresh young bees just to be killed by the autumn frosts. The colony now dwindled apace. Many of the workers, having no more young to tend at home, forsook the nest and reveled away their closing days among the late asters and zinnias and dahlias of the garden. Others, more indolent or more toil-worn, fell to eating up the stored honey in the cells, to crawl forth finally for a last, listless flight, and fall into the grass when the worn-out little engine of their being came to a stop.

To Bomba the now almost deserted nest grew suddenly hateful. It was all the creation of her own tremendous energy and life force, but she had no more use for it. The old fire flickered up again, though feebly, in her nerves. Once more, after all her toils, she would roam free. She crawled out into the glow of the afternoon sun and soared briskly over the garden wall, turning her back upon the nest forever.

Drawn by the blaze of a bed of flame-colored late nasturtiums, she quite lost her head for half an hour or so, dipping into one gorgeous bloom after another, as if to make the most of the fleeting joy. But presently her elation flagged. She felt heavy with sleep, and clung to the blossom she was on as if she were dazed. Soon she lost her hold and went fluttering to the ground. The air had suddenly turned cold. Too drowsy to fly, she crawled in among the pale-green stalks and nestled down there till she was almost hidden. It was an inadequate shelter, but to her it seemed sufficient for the moment. She would hunt up a better one when she again felt ready to fly. Soon she dropped to sleep. The sleep passed into a deep coma. The sun went down, and with twilight an invisible shroud of damp cold settled upon the garden. At its touch the last faint spark of Bomba's life flickered out painlessly. But she had lived to the full; and she left behind her a score of royal and fertile daughters to carry on, when spring should come again, the ancient, fine traditions of her race.

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HER MASTER'S VOICE

(Continued from Page 19)

checked by the inhibitions of a gentlewoman. The shrug of her shoulders, however, was significantly eloquent; and it deposed most of the other's dignity.

"You know I don't begrudge anybody anything," he countered lamely, "but Jasmine ought to know her place."

"Which is in between the washboahd and the carpet sweepah, I suppose." The irony gave way to an indignant: "Jasmine! Who's been just like a mothah to me!"

It was some moments before Mr. Weadon could muster up courage enough to offer: "Well, that may be, but she's got no business fooling with that phonograph. The way she scratches and mixes up the records is awful! I ——"

"That will do, Hor'ce!" Quietly but firmly his wife closed the subject, but was unable to resist: "Evidently you'ah all upset because we didn't wait dinnah fo' you, and you'ah trying to take it out on po' Jasmine."

Under the cruelty of it, Mr. Weadon collapsed into a Windsor chair. In his golf knickers and lay-down collar he looked like a little boy who has been reminded that children should be seen and not heard. But underneath, the sensations of a famished adult and a misunderstood husband gave his unhappiness the fullest maturity. Pathetically he watched the dearest little woman in the world step briskly to the window and crush off some yellow leaves of the potted fern. In his pocket his hand curled imitatively around the jeweler's box, but the thought of a presentation speech involving "Many returns of the day!"—such a day!—checked the impulse. Besides, he had been married long enough to recognize the right moment for springing the olive branch; and certainly this was not it. It would be much wiser to work back to normalcy with gradual casualness.

So matter-of-factly he asked: "Mother didn't phone, did she? She mentioned she might run over this week, you know."

"No, she didn't." Lelia turned from the fern to face him dramatically. "And by the way, Hor'ce, the last time youh mothah was heah, she did something"—a long pause—"which shocked me terribly!"

Mr. Weadon's brow became stippled with perspiration. "What—what," he stammered, "did she do?"

"Well, maybe you won't believe it, but I found her wiping cold cream off on the guest towels!" Then, giving this time to sink in: "I should think any woman who's kept haouse as long as Mrs. Weadon would know bettah than wipe cold cream off on any towel. You have to send them to the laundry to get the grease out, and you ought to know how the laundries teah yo' things up."

Now young Mr. Weadon was an only child and a prodigal son in the matter of filial affection. So, naturally, this greasy smudge on the family honor aroused him to a passionate protest. My George! She could get as personal as she liked with him, but she'd just better leave his little mother alone! He cleared his throat for speech, but just then the phone rang and Lelia hastened to it.

"Hello. . . . Oh, Mrs. Cabot! . . . Just wondahful, thank you; and haouw are you?" From the caroling sweetness of her voice you would have thought her utterly incapable of the serpent-tongued stuff. "Yes, indeed. I was just thinking of calling you aboot Thursday night. Hor-ace"—it was given its duosyllabled dignity now—"and I weah both delighted at the idea of coming, but in the meantime something has come up which will prevent us from accepting. . . . Oh, you just can't imagine how hea'tbroken I am aboot it. . . . Yes, but thank you a million times, and please do."

During this speech the husband had risen, aghast. John Cabot was his employer, and his—Horace's—advancement depended largely upon this gentleman's good will. When the Cabots had invited him and Lelia to dinner it had been an occasion of great rejoicing. It was the first time since the Weadon marriage, and the former had felt that an exhibition of his discrimination in choosing a wife could not but impress Mr. Cabot as an extension of sound business sagacity. Certainly he knew of nothing which had come up since their acceptance, and what would the Cabots think of such a perfunctory, last-minute rejection of their hospitality?

Lelia turned to face his accusatory stare. For a moment she was silent; then: "The reason I canceled ouah engagement was because—because"—inspirationally—"I've just aboot decided to run down to Richmond fo a week or two. I can tell by his lettahs that daddy's just hungry"—Mr. Weadon winced—"to see me." Under the unconvincing mustache the other's lips thinned; and hastily the Southern voice went on: "You see, I really do need a change. I've gotten terribly nervous lately. Why, the last time youah mothah was heah I wanted to scream every time she popped her fingahs. At first I used to think it was awfully amusin', though I can't imagine wheah she evah got such a habit. Anyway, I don't suppose it would have upset me so much if I wasn't unusually nervous."

Mr. Weadon leaped from his chair and stalked to the window, staring out unseeingly. Words were beyond him. This final jab had paralyzed all the organs of speech. You see, in his infancy his mother had found that the sound of a popping knuckle proved a source of cooing delight. How often and proudly she had told of the times when his colicky howls had been silenced by this simple expedient. To her, it seemed a sign of superiority over the ordinary infant who responded to the standardized distractions of a rattle or jangled keys. Even Mr. Weadon himself felt that babies thus entertained functioned on a pretty low plane. Later, in Horace's boyhood, the crack of a finger still served its purpose. During some clash between parental authority and adolescent rebellion, Mrs. Weadon had but to pop a knuckle smilingly, and the tension always cleared in a laugh. Naturally, by the time her offspring reached maturity the habit had established itself permanently. In moments of leisure dedicated by other matrons to the crocheting of sweaters or knitting chain stitches of gossip about the neighbors, Mrs. Weadon would sit placidly rocking, giving now and then a pop to synchronize with the creak of her chair; and the sound never failed to stir her devoted son with a reminiscent tenderness. Those enlarged knuckles seemed to him a symbol of maternal sacrifice—a woman who has given the work of her heart and hand actively that her only child might harmoniously achieve maturity.

So when he heard a murmurous "I think I'll run ovah to the Hansons' for a while," his tightened throat refused any comment.

In fact it was not until he heard the front door slam that he turned around. Once alone, all the pent-up emotion which had seemed quarantined in the brain centers now infected his whole organism: moistening the palms of his hands, twitching the muscles of his face, localizing at last in the nerves of his stomach. It was outrageous, the treatment he had been subjected to. And he had let her get away with it. The sudden realization of what a poor figure he had cut gave fiercer values to his rage. It wasn't that he was a coward! Heaven forbid! Just that he was too much of a gentleman to hand back her dirty digs. And now he began to wonder if being a gentleman isn't a serious handicap in marriage! From the very first, his breeding interdicted the rough stuff which makes for a balanced relationship, just as his affection had deposed any real assertion of his rightful authority.

And instead of responding with an equal nobility, Lelia had taken advantage of this. Evidently she'd reached a point where she thought she could get away with anything, and the time had come when she must be shown that there are some things that not even a gentleman will stand. For once let a woman reduce a breadwinner to a piece of cheese in his own household he might as well expect to eat humble pie the rest of his life. Naturally, this gastronomic metaphor reminded him of that awful inner emptiness and he had wilted weakly against the desk just as Jasmine came in with knives and forks. Immediately he straightened and, as he coldly watched her put them away, an idea occurred to him, an idea guaranteed by the medical profession for taking the blood from the stomach.

"Jasmine"—in the best Pinero manner—"will you draw my bath, please?"

It got a chuckle and an impudent "If you-all means, turn on the faucet "

"I want a hot tub right away"—with silencing dignity.

"Well, maybe the tub's hot, but the watah ain't. Mis' Lelia had me turn the heatah off at one o'clock. I reckon"—a cough behind a cushiony palm—"she thought you-all wouldn't be cravin' no bath on a full stomach."

Before her master's wild glare she retired hastily, leaving Mr. Weadon in the clutches of fresh fury. Desperately he ransacked his brain for some expression to release the pressure within. "The brazen hussy!" gave only negligible relief; and so limited was his vocabulary of invective that it took several moments to assemble "The old hellion!" To be sure, it came with a stammer and a blush; yet the very awfulness of it increased its safety-valve value. He was then able to turn his rage upon the mistress of a mismanaged house where there is no hot water after one o'clock. This time, however, his gentlemanly instincts forbade the previous sources of relief; so he strode over to the picture of his father-in-law.

This hung in a standing gold frame; and as Mr. Weadon glared at the pompous old gentleman he realized that here was the original factor of all his—Horace's—ignominy. This may seem rather fantastic at first, but gradually you will get the relationship between Mr. Leyland's parenthood and Mr. Weadon's pitiable condition. Certainly the connection grew clearer and clearer to the latter and, when finally it extended to include rice pudding, he reached up and turned the picture to the wall. Yet this seemed so childish and, one might say unsubtle, that he immediately reversed it. Then a vicious jab sent it rocking wildly in the supporting framework. Each oscillation seemed to disintegrate more and more the Southerner's dignity, and when, at last, it trembled into acquiescence, Mr. Weadon was grinning in triumph.

Then he started pacing the floor. The changing pattern of his face betrayed the nimbleness of his mental processes. His lips began to move. One hand slipped in an occasional gesture; now and then some forceful thought achieved audible expression: "Hor'ce!" once in sibilant mimicry; "Rice pudding!" in strident disdain; and finally a lusty "Show 'em who's master in this house, by George!"

Now Mr. Weadon's unusual behavior was a product of what the French have so aptly termed *esprit d'escalier*—that belated functioning of the mind which supplies such pat and telling retorts to the conversation that has already closed for the season. A painful form of brain trouble, this wit of the staircase; and the psychologists ought to do something about it. Either the imagination should be amenable to training whereby the right answer is handed over to the vocal cords at the right time, or if this be impossible, then it should be tutored to let all dead issues remain buried. The knowledge that you have proved a dud, orally, is bad enough, heaven knows, but mitigated by the thought that at least you did your best. Repartee just doesn't happen to be your line. Regrettable, of course, but then we can't excel in everything. When, however, you find you haven't done your best discover twenty minutes or twenty years later in your brainpan scorching comebacks which would have reduced your interlocutor to inarticulate awe—ah! there's tragedy for you!

Certainly Mr. Weadon, full now of this ingrowing conversation, suffered acutely. Once he resolved to take up a course in how to think on your feet, hoping that it might equip him for prompt action next time, but soon he saw how such training is frustrated by the ruling of etiquette which interdicts a gentleman's standing in the presence of a sedentary lady. And just leave it to Lelia to take advantage of the situation from a rocking-chair! Then he thought of poison-penning a letter to the New York Times, releasing those cogent comments in an exposé of matrimony; sending a marked copy to the dearest little woman in the world. For she must know, by George! the snappy stuff he could have handed out. Yet the very indirectness of the method, somehow, withered its charm, and the necessary delay could not but stale its infinite variety.

Suddenly he turned, and the blank records on the buffet caught his eye. Aha! His innocent face took on a look of diabolical cunning. The velour mustache lifted in a

(Continued on Page 118

Father was right

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Cream of Tomato Soup
Celery Hearts Biscuit
Roast Chicken
Brown Gravy Creamed Onions
Creamed Spinach
with Sunshine Krispy Crackers
Baked Custards with Burnt Sugar Sauce
Sunshine Pan Rolls
Sugar Wafers
Coffee

Dinner, September 16

Vegetable Soup
Tak-hom-a Biscuit
Roast Beef
Potatoes au Gratin Stuffed
(Baked Tomatoes filled with Cream Sauce and Bread Crumbs)
Asparagus with Drawn Butter Sauce
Hearts of Lettuce with Thousand Island Dressing
Toasted Sunshine Corn Sticks
Orange Ice with Cream Sauce
Whole Sunshine Krispy Crackers
Assorted Cakes
Iced Tea with Sugar and Cream
Coffee

Dinner, September 23

Chicken Soup
Tak-hom-a Biscuit
Roast Pork Lyonnaise
or Roast Veal
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Buttered Peas
Fruit Salad Sunshine Cheese
Marmalade
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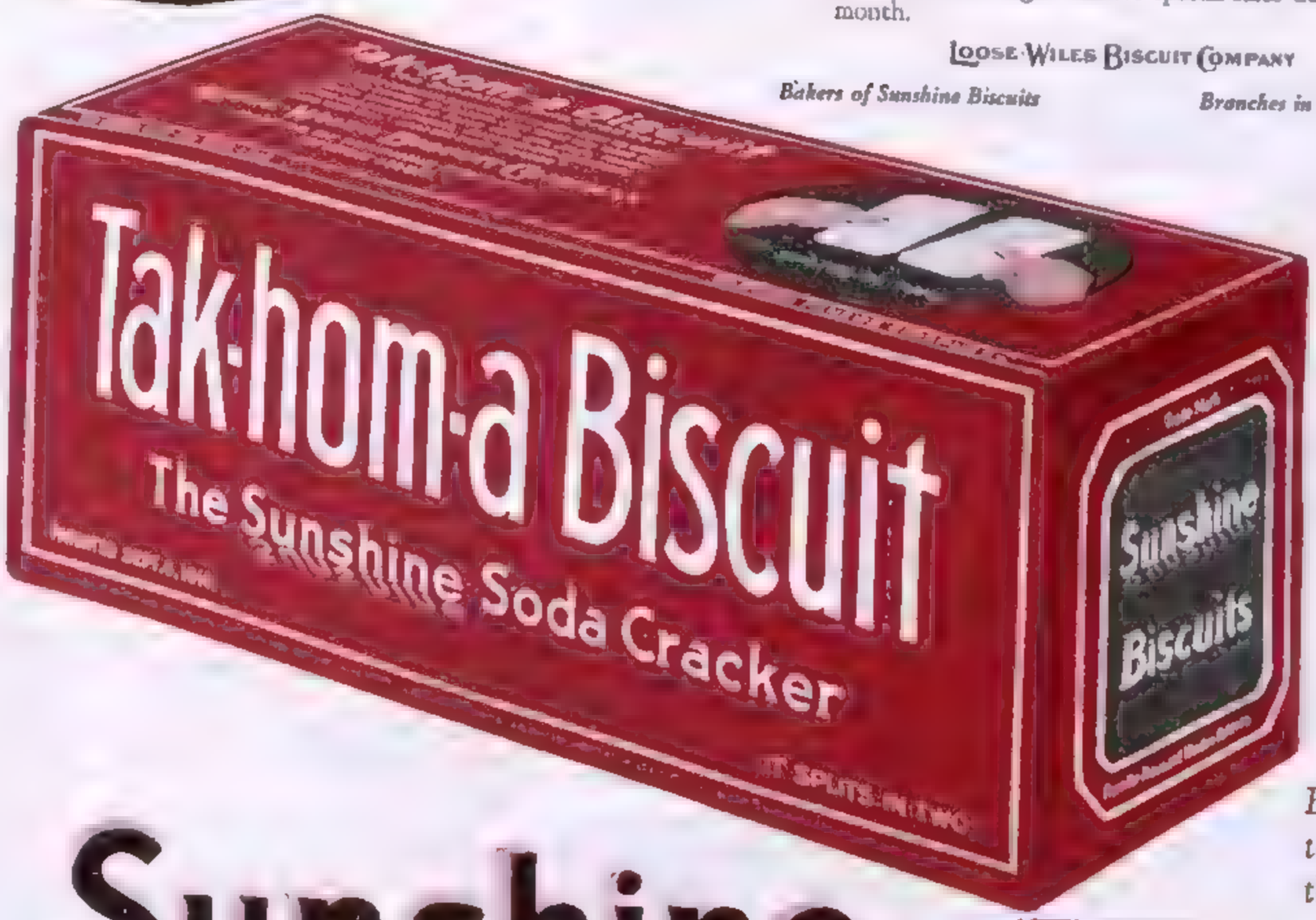

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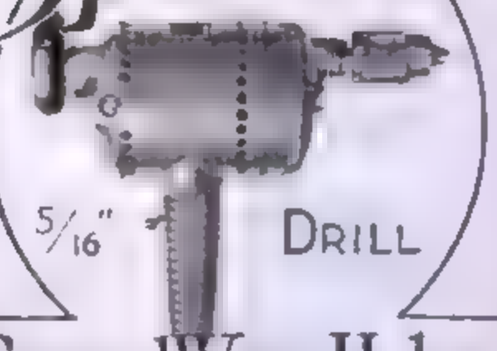

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(Continued from Page 116)

low villainous laugh. Quickly he went to the kitchen and shut the back door, on whose steps Jasmine sat dozing peacefully. Back in the other room he put one of the tin disks on the phonograph.

"Mr. Hor-ace Weadon speaking!" The shout was aimed into the box, and when after turning the needle back a clear and incisive repetition floated out, he fairly quivered with joy. Tossing the record over in a chair with all the careless grace of a disk thrower, he put on another. To speak into the doors of the machine on its low taboret necessitated stooping, and as, leaning forward, his hands supported on bent knees, he began in a deep, oratorical bass, "My dear Lelia," the contrast between the leap-frog position and the Aristotelian tone, was exceedingly comic. Almost as funny, one guessed, as what the Pullman porter said to the hardware salesman. Evidently its incongruity dawned upon the speaker, for stopping the needle he lifted the phonograph to the top of the buffet, and began with another disk.

"My dear Lelia:" The basso profundo gained new values through the dignity of his stance. "Whenever you turn the Course of True Love into a Battleground as you did this afternoon, throwing as much Dirt as you like with your Back-Handed Shots, you evidently think because I fail to Follow Through and keep the Ball Rolling, that you have hopelessly outmatched me. So I feel it's time to let you see that I saw Through your little Game and am not as slow on the Come-Back as you think."

His method of emphasis is best presented through capitalization; but there is, unfortunately, no typographical means adequate to show his pride in this metaphorical gymnastics.

"I recognized at once, that your Nasty Temper was because I had gone golfing on your birthday, Utterly ignoring the fact that any man who Slaves, week in, week out, in a hot, Ill-Ventilated office, breathing in the Germ-Laden dust of Crowded Thoroughfares, owes it to his health and Those Dependent upon that Health, to have at least one half day in God's Out-of-Doors!"

There is, probably, no golfer living who has not, at some time or other, thus hid behind Hygeia's skirts. But with the statement of the alibi, Mr. Weadon saw himself as a red tape worm crushed in the wheels of commerce, and the thought of those ozone-cheated lungs gave his voice a tremble of self-pity as he went on:

"I saw, too, the Childish, Punitive Motive which made you cancel our engagement with the Cabots, covering it with the Usual, Ready-to-Serve Absenteeism!—a flight to Richmond! This, my dear Lelia, has been Handed Out so often that it ceases to be a Menace: it has become a Mannerism. Heaven knows that if you fled to Your Native City as often as you threatened, your Mileage Record would make that of Burton Holmes look like a commutation ticket. I hardly need remind you, I think, that our future Bread and Butter depends largely upon Mr. Cabot's good will, and if you Choose to Cook Your Own Goose by imperiling this latter"—somehow his best metaphors fell into gastronomic terms—"well, that is a Matter between you and Your Own Conscience, I suppose.

"As for your birthday, my recognition of it was to have taken the Shape of the Twenty-Dollar Hat about which you have tendered me so many English Hints. It is true, my last two suits cost less, and my mother never paid more than seven-fifty for headgear in her life, but I am not the man to deny his dear ones anything that Contributes to their Happiness; though I dare say a Casual Observer would Deem it Extravagant, even convinced, perhaps, that all the Southern girls think of is something to put on their backs.

"Speaking of my mother, I wish to Apologize Humbly in her behalf for the misuse of your linen. You see, the Unenlightened Woman suffers under the Delusion that towels were meant for service instead of lending an Art-Nouveau Effect to the bathroom. On her next visit I shall try to Break the News as gently as possible, and arrange for a supply of those Tissue Towels, which, I understand, are used in all Exclusive Penal Institutions. I am sorry, too, that her habit of cracking her knuckles Occasions you Such Discomfort; but speaking of finger exercises, may I say that when your own dear Father tongues over his thumb every time he deals out a pack of cards, the Condition of my Nerves is Far from Normal? And yet, I trust, during his Stay, I gave no Indication of being anything but a Perfect Host, even when the Dear Old Thing chose to clean his Panama hat with my Toothbrush. It was a new rotary toothbrush for which I had paid One Dollar and Fifty Cents, but after all, it takes All Kinds of People to Make Up the World, I suppose.

"In reference to my mustache, I Regret Exceedingly that it fails to accord with your Ideals; but no doubt there are Countless Millions who entertain even a sharper Prejudice against the Kind your Brother Fred features. Even to me, who am unusually Free from Barbering Complexes, the resemblance of your brother Fred to a Walrus is sometimes Distressing. And speaking of Walruses, don't you think he would be wise to confine his desserts to Animal Crackers rather than Charlotte Russe and Lemon-Meringue Pie? The last time he was here—but no matter! I am aware, of course, that there is no reason why the Trustees of these French-drip Mustaches should be denied these Dressier Dishes, but at least there ought to be Compulsory Education for their Consumption, a course of straining, one might say, to insure a certain Measure of Adroitness."

Here Mr. Weadon paused complacently. By George! A speech like this deserved inclusion among the Masterpieces of Irony; and this dispassionate, Socratic delivery was so much more telling than the hot-headed, ill-considered gibes released in the heat of the moment. Yet there was a noticeable increase of warmth in his ensuing:

"Speaking of food, the Rice Pudding in the ice box stands out clearly as another evidence of your Petty Tyranny. It was patently prepared as Just Desserts"—Oh, Mr. Weadon!—"for a Villainous Husband who desecrates his wife's birthday by taking a few hours' exercise in the Open Air!!!! Oh, you knew, all right, that I abhor and Despise Rice pudding; in fact, like Charles Lamb I regard all puddings as Prejudices." A pause and a satisfied smile. Pretty neat! At least, it takes a tricky thinker to work in a classic analogy as patly as that. "Nor do I regard this Rice Repulsion as any Mark of a Decadent Taste. In fact, the only person I ever found with an Authentic Passion for Rice Pudding was a Chiropodist who ate Sugar on his Lettuce, wore a rabbit's foot watch fob and said 'irregardless.'

"Another thing, my dear Lelia, I must remind you that my given name is pronounced Hor-ace, not Hor'ce. If, however, this livery-stable accent Affords Your Petulance any relief, I have not the Slightest Objection. To be sure, this mistreatment of a name so Rich in Classical Traditions, implies a very Undernourished Sense of the Fitness of Things, but on the other hand, owing to the Limitations of some Southern Seminaries, it may be that Quintus Horatius Flaccus is unknown to you. Certainly, my Pride in the Family Name is too Exalted to suffer any discomposure through your Mispronunciation. The fame of Horace Jerym Weadon, on Washington's staff, I need not mention, nor that of General Horace Gardner Weadon, who, had he lived, historians feel, would have done much to revise the Opinion of the South about the Slavery Question. And since Jasmine has come into Our Little Home, my dear Lelia, I have never Ceased to Regret my Uncle's Untimely Demise. Certainly, I still hold Lincoln's memory as any One Hundred Per Cent American should; but I am convinced that if he had known Our Little Fireside Companion intimately, it might have Changed his Policies to a large extent. Not that I have any class consciousness; but as an Anglo-Saxon and the Master of This House, I refuse to be any longer addressed as 'Honey' by a Semi-barbarian Servant. It isn't the honey, one might say, but the Principle of the Thing." The smile of him who has just made a hundred-yard shot!

"Since my marriage I have devoted all my Spare Time to wishing that Jasmine's brother hadn't prayed for a little sister; but I have tried to bear Jasmine, my Southern Cross, as stoically as possible. From now on, however, Things are going to be Different, let me tell you. And if I ever catch her fooling with this phonograph again or overlooking My Authority in any way, that woman is going to get a Piece of My Mind just big enough for a Shroud!"

At this moment a noise in the kitchen stiffened him tensely. Identifying it as the cat, he relaxed; then continued with recovered control: "In closing, I want to say that the necessity of such a Message as this Hurts me Far Worse than it does you, in as much as it exposes my Overwhelming Inferiority as a Judge of Character. I mean, my dear Lelia, the night I proposed to you, just after you had sung Jus' Awearyin' for You, wearing a sprigged dimity dress and a look of almost Transcendental Sweetness if anyone had told me you were Capable of Pulling off such a Peeve as you did this afternoon, I ——"

Suddenly the slam of the back door. The rattle of a pan. Quickly Mr. Weadon turned off the machine. Of course—he gritted his teeth—she would cut short her nap just as he was about to rise to a masterly climax. No need trying to finish now; it would have to do. Picking up the phonograph, he disappeared through the hall, and when he returned, a few moments later, a triumphant smile was aimed at the kitchen door. Then seating himself at the desk, he scribbled a brief: "Lelia, play the record now on the phonograph. It's in the guest room." And just as he was standing the addressed envelope against a glass on the buffet, a dark head popped in.

"Did you-all call me, honey?"

"I did not!"—with a snort.

"Why, I was jus' suah I heered yo' voice." Then after a curious glance around the room: "You-all 'pears to be het up aboot somethin'. I reckon it's 'cause you's cravin' vittles. In the ice box ——"

"I shall get my dinner in town!" His voice was what you might term semibarbarous; but his eyes grew almost tender as he thought of those states which do not actively discourage lynching. Perhaps this had something to do with the sweetness of his sudden "Jasmine, after the first of the month we shall no longer require your services. I think you would be much happier below the Mason and Dixon Line; and that"—grimly—"goes double."

This was the Pinero cue for Jasmine's bowed head, a resigned "Yes, sir," and a quick exit R. U. E. But did she? Listen:

"Wall now, Mis'r Horace, I ain't sayin' but what these Yankees up heah is diffunt from the white folks I been used to, but Lawd! honey, Ise cayn't desuht you and Mis' Lelia jus' on account o' my feelin's. Why, what'd you two chillun do without me?"

A gasp from Mr. Weadon, but before he could speak, she was gone; so there seemed nothing to do but rush out into the open, where men are men, and not spineless victims of matrimony.

But out in God's out-of-doors, instead of inflating his lungs to drink in the germ-destroying ozone, he slumped hungrily over the concave depression of his stomach. On Sunday there were no restaurants open save the little café near the station. This was a half mile away, and with each step Mr. Weadon's appetite grew keener, his thoughts about life more curdled. Certainly his attitude towards the world was as unfit for general circulation as Signor Casanova's memoirs; and as his fingers touched the jeweler's box in his pocket the young man's fancies darkly turned to thoughts of love. No longer did his declaration of independence on the tin disk strike him as a record breaker. By George! He hadn't made it half strong enough! If that coon hadn't nosed in at the wrong time he'd have taken that proposal scene, the Just Awearyin' for You motif and worked it up with variations into a crashing satire on Mr. Mendelssohn's Wedding March. For bah! What a ninny any man was to expect to find the key of happiness in wedlock! Ordinarily such an epigram would have evoked a thrill of self-esteem, but now the fact that he had thought up the gem too late to include on the disk, only increased his gloom.

By this time, however, a turn in the road gave him a glimpse of the little café, and a new direction to his reflection. How hungry he was! Suppose the place was closed! Maybe the proprietor had died or —— But just then the screen door swung open and a deep peace entered his soul—a peace qualified by only one compunction, a distressed memory of the meager contributions he had hitherto made to Starving Poland solicitations. And as he leaped across the threshold of The Busy Bee Lunch Room, he resolved to send a generous check to the organization the very next pay day.

A second later he was devouring the menu gloatingly, and his order included practically every item in between Today's Specials and Not Responsible for Coats or Hats. When the waiter brought a glass of tepid water and a couple of biscuits suffering from fallen arches, a momentary disrelish seized him, but was quickly drowned in the thick hot soup, and by the time he

(Continued on Page 121)

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had come to the dessert course he had indorsed the meal as positively Lucullan. Even his disappointment in finding there was no strawberry shortcake was instantly appeased under the melting graces of rhubarb pie à la mode.

Once outside again, the whole world looked different. Life seemed a highly satisfactory affair, worthy of indorsement by press and pulpit; and his views about love and marriage were positively Chautauquan! What a lucky devil he was! A good job, a home almost paid for, a set of new sticks practically in his possession, and the dearest little wife in the world! He smiled gayly as he remembered how seriously he had taken the darling's vexation about her birthday. Why, by George! It was these little tiffs that added piquancy to marriage. Kept it from getting stale! It was like golf—matrimony. You just had to take it seriously to get any fun out of it!

And then—and then—Mr. Weadon recalled something which he had unaccountably forgotten: the declaration of independence on that thin tin disk! Panic-stricken, he stopped. His breath clogged in his throat. His knees seemed to flutter. Nothing but insanity could explain such a proceeding! And the things he had said! Things which only a coward and a cad would have thought of! And oh! those cheap attempts at wit! Not only—only—jejune, but vulgar! Suddenly he raised his head. Maybe something had kept Lelia over at the Hansons'. Maybe he could fly home and get the awful thing before it fell into her hands. Across the street a telegraph office presented itself, and wildly he rushed over to consult the large clock visible through its windows. One look, however, brought a groan. It was 5:15, and Lelia would have been home long ago.

By this time she would have played the record, packed her trunk and wired her father the number of her train. For, of course, she would never forgive him. He didn't expect her to. His life was ruined; his heart broken; the future black and empty. All he could do in restitution was to make the divorce as easy as possible for her—Thank God! at least there were no children to suffer—and arrange to pay her as generous an alimony as possible; that is, until she married again. For certainly she would marry again. A woman as beautiful, brilliant and sweet-natured could not escape matrimony. There were probably in Virginia and the Middle Western states hundreds of men just lying in wait for a chance like this, especially that loud-mouthed Tom Carter. At the thought of this last successor, Mr. Weadon's resignation changed to rebellion. No, no!! He wouldn't give her up without a struggle. True, he had done this unspeakable thing, but surely this couldn't wipe out all his previous record as a model of the fireside virtues. A working model too. He never had drunk, smoked or gambled, and as for women—well, Lelia could be sure that he had never cast a glance at anyone but her; and by George! that red-headed stenographer's advances would have made many a man forget his inner nature!

By this time he had reached the little bungalow, and with thudding heart he opened the door and rushed to the living room. In its old place on the taboret the phonograph innocently sat; and lifting the top, Mr. Weadon surveyed the diskless circle of green felt. The sight keyed his new panic up to hysteria.

"Lel-a!" he called wildly, running from door to door; and when Jasmine entered from the kitchen the perspiration was pouring from him.

"Oh, Jasmine," he cried, with no dignity whatever, "have you seen Duckie?"

"Not lately. Ahoot half an hour ago, I seed her goin' off down the street with her hat on and totin' a little satchel."

He clutched his throat. "Did she say anything?"

"No, nothin' special, but she looked kind of queah. Lak she'd been cryin'."

"Then it's too late. She's left me! She's left me!" He sank numbly into a chair. "You mean, run off—desuhted yo'?"

His dolt nod of acquiescence elicited from the semi-barbarian a reassuring chuckle.

"Oh, no, honey, I reckon not. Jes' now I was tidyin' up in her room and theah ain't nothin' on huh pincushion; and I nevah yet heered of a woman desuhtin' heah husband without leavin' a note on the pincushion."

This pearl of wisdom propelled Mr. Weadon into his wife's room; but it was the closet he rushed to first. There hung all the dear, familiar frocks; and the equipment of the dressing table seemed inviolate, not even the comb missing. Yet the relief this afforded lasted only a second. She had probably fled impulsively to some friend's—Helen Cobb's, maybe—loathing the idea of spending another night under the same roof with him. Then she would return and pack in the morning after he had gone!

Back he flew to the living room, now deserted, to phone the Cobbs, but Central's final report, "They don't answer," gave him new connections with misery. Dropping into a chair by the gate-legged table, he buried his face in outstretched arms. Here he lost all the dramatic intensity of an abandoned husband and became just a desolate, bewildered little boy who has lost a perfect playmate. For a long minute he held the lump in his throat, hard and coagulated, but it broke into a sob just as a touch on his shoulders lifted his head.

Before him stood the dearest little woman in the world, looking down at him under a garden hat, her eyes pools of tenderness beneath tangled lashes. For a heartbeat he stared speechless. Lelia dropped to her knees, flinging her arms about his waist.

"Oh, baby, can you evah fo'give youah Duckie for all those nasty things she said and didn't mean at all? Why, darlin', I just adoah youah mustache and wouldn't have you cut it off fo' the world. And I think youah mothah's cracking her fingahs is just too cunning; and honestly, I couldn't evah fo'give her if she didn't use the guest towels to wipe cold cream off with. What's a towel fo', I should like to know! And precious, I called up Mrs. Cabot and explained I'd just broken ouah dinnah engagement tryin' to act up 'cause I was provoked with you, and she neahly died laughing and said she and Mistah Cabot would call by Tuesday and take us out to theah country club. And, precious, just as soon as I recollected how you hated rice pudding I had Jasmine stir up some puff paste and then I went out to Mrs. Cowan's and got some strawberries. I knew she'd bought a crate yesterday for prese'ves. So in aboot three seconds my hubby man's going to have some strawberry sho'teake, 'cause I left a satchelful in the kitchen as I came through. Kiss me, angelest."

Mr. Weadon gallantly complied; but there was a faint perplexity in his "But tell me, dear, did—did you—er—play the record on the phonograph?"

"Of cou'se I did." She snuggled up to him. "That's what made me see what a snippy old thing I'd been."

A gasp from above, followed by a triumphant twirl of the adored mustache. After all, by George, the author of that household slogan, "Catch 'em early and treat 'em rough!" knew a thing or two about feminine psychology. Not that he—Horace—believed in any sustained cave-man stuff; but you simply had to be masterful now and then, to hold 'em. Leaning over, he patted the dear head indulgently, in the manner of him who has found the real key to wedlock.

Tenderly she smiled up at him; then softly: "And do you know, deah, that befoah I even reached the chorus, I was cryin' just like a little child. It all came back to me so vividly—the night you proposed and I had on that organdie dress with the black velvet baby ribbon. And then I remembahed all our promises to each othah—how we weah going to make ouah marriage just one long honeymoon, that we'd never say a cross word to each othah. Then I thought of how big and fine it was of you, by thinkung up this way to bring me to my senses instead of sulking or tryin' to show your authority as some men would."

By this time Mr. Weadon had registered so many expressions that he had only a blank stare left for this pause; so presently the Southern voice continued: "Oh, I tell you, darlin', all you've got to do to keep me undah control is to put Jus' Awearyin' for You on the phonograph."

Mr. Weadon managed an adequate "You treasure!" but it was plain that all his interest had focused upon Jasmine, who now entered with a lunch cloth. Turning, he watched her spread the other side of the table. At last he caught her eye, and their glances dissolved in a long look of understanding as Lelia rose and sauntered over to the buffet.

"Oh, another thing, deah!"—after they were alone—"I dare say Jasmine does take enti'ely too many liberties, and I know she does get on youah nerves. Anyway, I've aboot decided to send her back to daddy. We can get along nicely by sendin' the laundry out and having a cleaning woman twice a week."

"Lelia!" The master of the house jumped to his feet. "You'll do nothing of the sort! Why, it would be like casting off a member of the family!" Under the other's circumflexed brows he flushed; then stammered: "Of course I do get a little impatient with her at times, but deep down I've the most profound respect and affection for the old stand-by."

"But, deah ——"

"No, Lelia"—gently but firmly—"I could never forgive myself if I let you send Jasmine away." He strode over to the desk. "Where's my check book? Ah! Here it is!" A stub pen filled in twenty dollars payable to Lelia Weadon, and after the application of a blotter the paper was tendered with a low bow and a gallant "A happy birthday. Check null and void unless used for that remarkable hat."

There ensued a low cry of delight, and two soft buckling arms around his neck. Excessive gratitude conveyed through nursery idioms and the touch system. After which Mr. Weadon retired behind his Sunday paper, implying a handsome disdain of appreciation for such a trifling remembrance. Yet, a few minutes later, installed at the table, there was a rarer tang to the strawberry shortcake, because of it. In fact, it was the best he had ever tasted, he confided to the hovering Jasmine, while across at the buffet Lelia smiled on indulgently.

Then a frown and a puzzled "Theah seems to be two of these blank records missing. You didn't see anything of them, did you, Jasmine?"

"I disremembahs!" A dark head disappeared under the table, while the end of an apron furiously polished a mahogany leg. Mr. Weadon averted his face so abruptly that a forkful of whipped cream smeared through the lichen moss mustache. Fortunately, this deflected Lelia's attention. Yet instead of a frown suggesting the superiority of animal crackers, she smiled indulgently and moved to the door. She was going to run over to Mrs. Hanson's just for a moment to tell her about the hat, and Mr. Weadon was to have another piece of shortcake, if he could hold it.

At the click of the front door the latter rose and confronted Jasmine, hands in pockets.

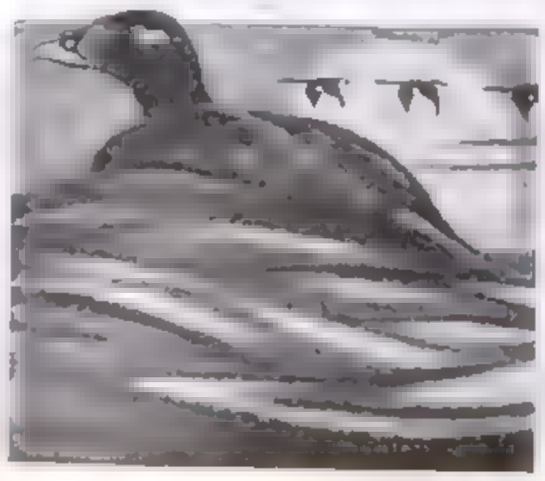
"Jasmine, you've been with us over a year now"—not even the remaining fleck of cream on his mustache tip destroyed its impressiveness—"and I want to give you a little token of my appreciation for your services." He extended the jeweler's box. "A twenty-dollar gold piece."

"Lawd! Chile!" An incredulous examination brought a throaty gurgle. "You and Mis' Lelia ——"

"Listen, Jasmine; it isn't at all necessary to mention a trifle like this to Lelia."

"No, I reckon not." She sidled, grinning, towards the door; but halted as he added: "After all, I think I will take another piece of shortcake, and when you come in, Jasmine, bring in my golf sticks and put 'em in the hall."

Back again at the table, he momentarily lost his grip. The renunciation of that coveted seasoned hickory drove a pang through him; but at last his better nature scored. After all, that eighty-seven showed those old clubs had considerable life in 'em yet. Besides he was used to 'em. It would probably take him months to get in form with new sticks; and so on, up to the point where he would even renounce the goose-neck putter with a smile—a smile in which he tried to work in the expression exclusively used by the early Christian martyrs. But candidly, when Jasmine appeared with another triangle of dessert, he was looking like a Boy Scout who had just consummated the Daily Good Deed.



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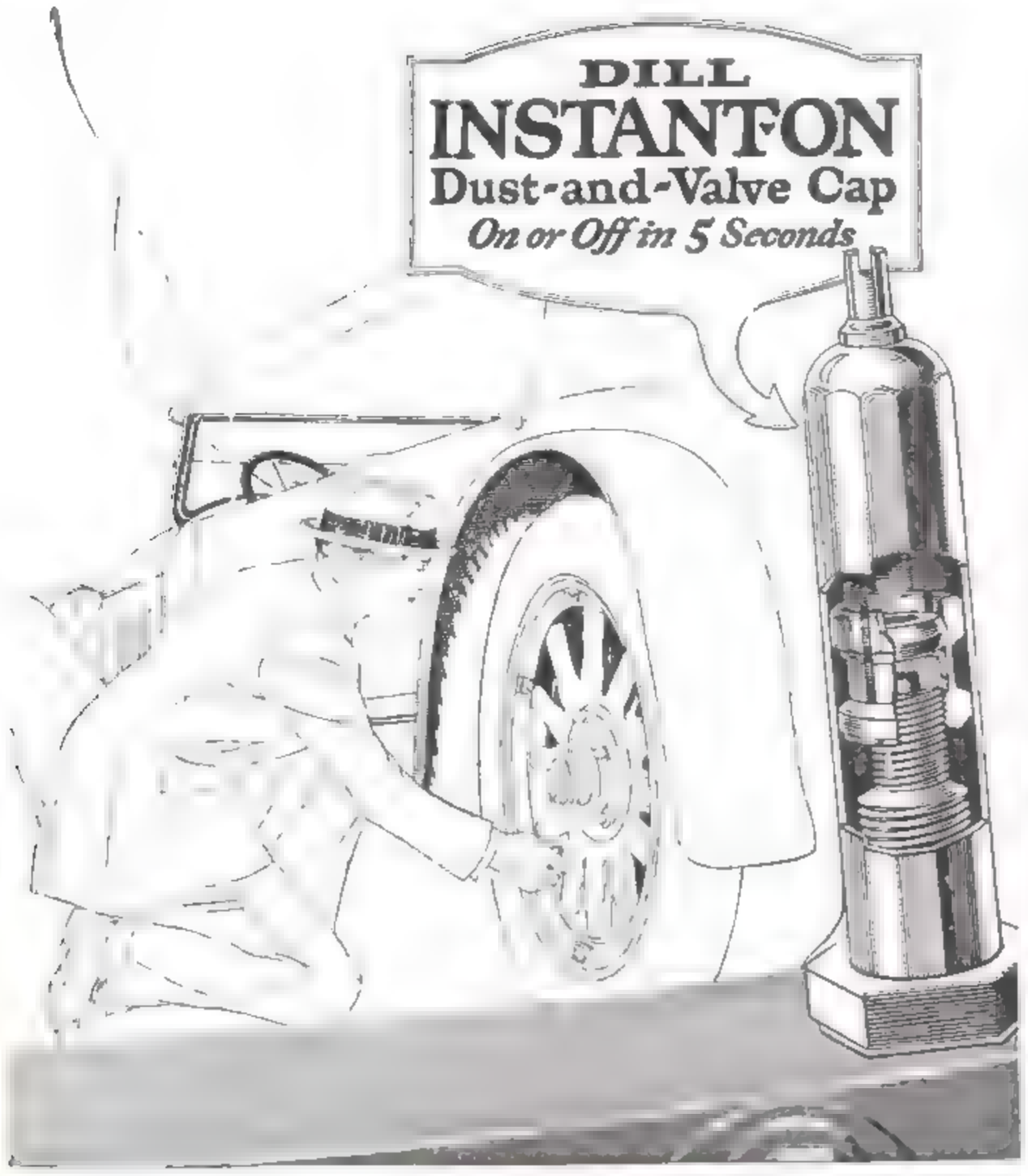

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INCOME-TAX DIVIDENDS

Continued from Page 27

might expect to lie in industrial doldrums until that faraway period when Europe would be economically regenerated.

Europe is not economically regenerated yet, but for months we have been in a high tide of prosperity. If the smash, measured by drop in commodity prices and in industrial output, was the greatest ever known, the recovery puts every other world record of that nature far in the shade.

The output of pig iron tells at a glance what's doing in the iron-and-steel trade. Let the figure 119 represent the make of pig iron for the year 1920. At the low point next year it dropped to 34—less than a third. At the latest available figure for this year it stood at 138. The output of copper in 1920 was 94. At the low point next year it stood at 17. At the latest figure this year it was 114. These numerals do not represent tons. They are index numbers showing at a glance how the basic metals slid into a deep valley, and then, in incredibly short time, climbed a high mountain on the other side.

The Greatest Waste in the World

Metals show the extremes of the movement, but the same sharp down slant and up slant run pretty well through the long list of manufactures. Passenger automobiles, whose output of 1920 stood at 114, fell to 51 at the low point next year, and now stand at 231. Motor trucks slid from 102 to 32, and then climbed to 131. I quote these figures from the latest number of the Survey of Current Business, published quarterly by the Department of Commerce. No such convenient and comprehensive figures are to be had for earlier periods, but such figures as we have show that this last smash was more violent in its effect on commodity prices and on industrial activity than any preceding one. Turning to the human side, 4,000,000 workmen and workwomen could find no work to do in 1921, while now there is a shortage of men rather than of jobs. You need no statistics to prove that; you can prove it by simply trying to hire a man or a woman. Labor is now fully employed at the highest real wages ever known anywhere.

The key to this was expressed the other day by Secretary Hoover, of the Department of Commerce, when he said, "The greatest waste in the United States, the greatest waste in the world, is unemployment."

No other sort of waste is quite so wasteful as an idle man, for one idle man, by decreasing the consumption of goods, throws another man out of a job. Everybody who has thought about it is familiar with the vicious circle in which it runs. If mechanics have no wages with which to buy shirts the shirt maker must lay off hands, which makes it less likely than before that mechanics will find jobs. But the circle operates just as powerfully in the opposite direction.

For example, at the height—or depth—of depression, not long after this present Administration took office, Secretary Hoover organized employment conferences. Public bodies as well as private employers were consulted. All were urged to stretch the point to the utmost in order to take on hands, however temporarily, for repair work and the like, if not for direct production. It has been calculated that by this forcing or stretching the point something like 2,000,000 people were put at some kind of work and on a pay roll.

"Within sixty days," says Mr. Hoover, "that forced, temporary employment had become permanent employment. The wages that the men earned on a temporary footing went into consumption and helped to make the employment permanent."

In theory it is the simplest thing in the world, for if everybody is at work earning wages everybody will be consuming goods and thereby keeping everybody at work to produce the goods. But in practice, in the past, it has been hard to start up the machine after a smash—largely because, after everything else is said, it goes back to a state of mind. Business turns timid. Everybody waits for somebody else to start.

The recovery of 1922 was made in spite of two big handicaps. Twice before, we had got the kick-off for recovery from expanding exports to Europe. Moreover, for some years prior to 1922, exports to Europe had been cutting a far more important figure in American economy than ever before. In the boom year 1919 we sold some $5,000,000,000 of American goods to that division of the globe—nearly four times as much as before the war. European demands for American goods had brought about a great expansion of our manufacturing plant. But in 1921 exports to Europe were shrinking rather than expanding, and they continued to shrink while we recovered our industrial stride.

Also, in 1921, our biggest industry, agriculture, was in a low state, and it has continued in a state far from flourishing to this day, with the purchasing power of the farms below normal. That industry, apart from agriculture, has recovered to a full tide of prosperity in spite of these two handicaps is a very notable economic fact. In view of shrinking exports and impoverished agriculture, many people, in 1921, foresaw idle plants and idle men for a long while to come.

They did not understand the fairly limitless possibilities of the home market. Nobody did, in fact. With shrunken exports and subnormal purchasing power on the farms, our war-expanded plants are now busy about at capacity and labor is fully employed at the highest real wages ever known. We know by demonstration that a full tide of prosperity need not wait upon Europe and that it can overcome important domestic handicaps. We have all the ingredients for prosperity at home. To get the result is a question of organization and intelligent coöperative effort—of national industrial planning, as Mr. Hoover terms it.

Unemployment is the greatest waste; and it is the other side of an intemperate boom; the economic headache that follows an economic debauch. A common effort, capably directed—some intelligent national planning—can check a boom before it becomes a debauch. To keep the engine from running wild and then stalling, to step on the gas at the right time and to apply the brakes at the right time, means to go a great way toward preventing the greatest of all preventable waste. In tangible human terms it means more for the happiness of the people of the United States than all the laws that have been put on the statute books since Washington took the first oath as President.

Credit Where It Is Due

The people of the United States did it, but the Federal Government very decidedly helped. Among specific agencies, first credit must be given to the Federal Reserve system. Thanks mainly to that system there was no vast litter of bankruptcies to be cleared up, as was the case after '73 and '93. Public faith in the country's credit apparatus was not shaken. Runs on banks, hoarding of currency, wholesale calling of loans and like symptoms of panic were absent, or present only to an insignificant degree. In as severe a test as it is ever likely to meet, the Federal Reserve system abundantly justified itself.

The Department of Commerce, as mentioned above, organized employment conferences, over 200 cities coöperating, as well as a large number of private employers. The War Finance Corporation, revived and placed under the direction of the department, loaned over $300,000,000 to carry agricultural produce. The department held housing conferences with representatives of cities, civic bodies and the building trades. Its guiding principle was that God helps those who help themselves—in other words, no government doles, no radiant Utopias financed by Uncle Sam; but get together, study out the best practical measures, apply those measures energetically in a cooperative spirit.

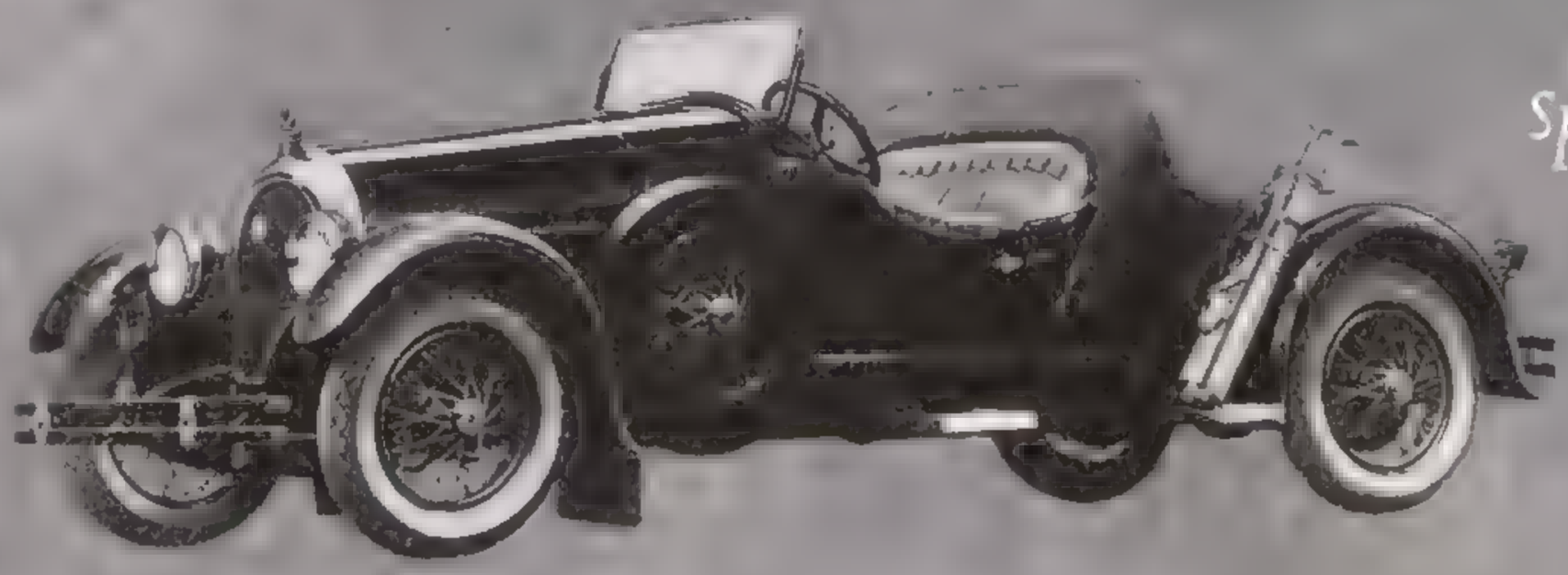
When recovery was under way another handicap developed—in a coal strike that tied up a large part of the mines for five months. Pretty nearly the whole industrial plant runs on coal. In the fall of 1921 it was almost a foregone conclusion that there was going to be a strike in the spring, negotiations for a settlement having failed and a belligerent temper being evident. The Department of Commerce, in coöperation with public-utility associations, undertook a campaign to increase coal stocks, and began publishing a monthly report of such stocks. That the country entered the strike on April first with by far the largest

(Continued on Page 125)

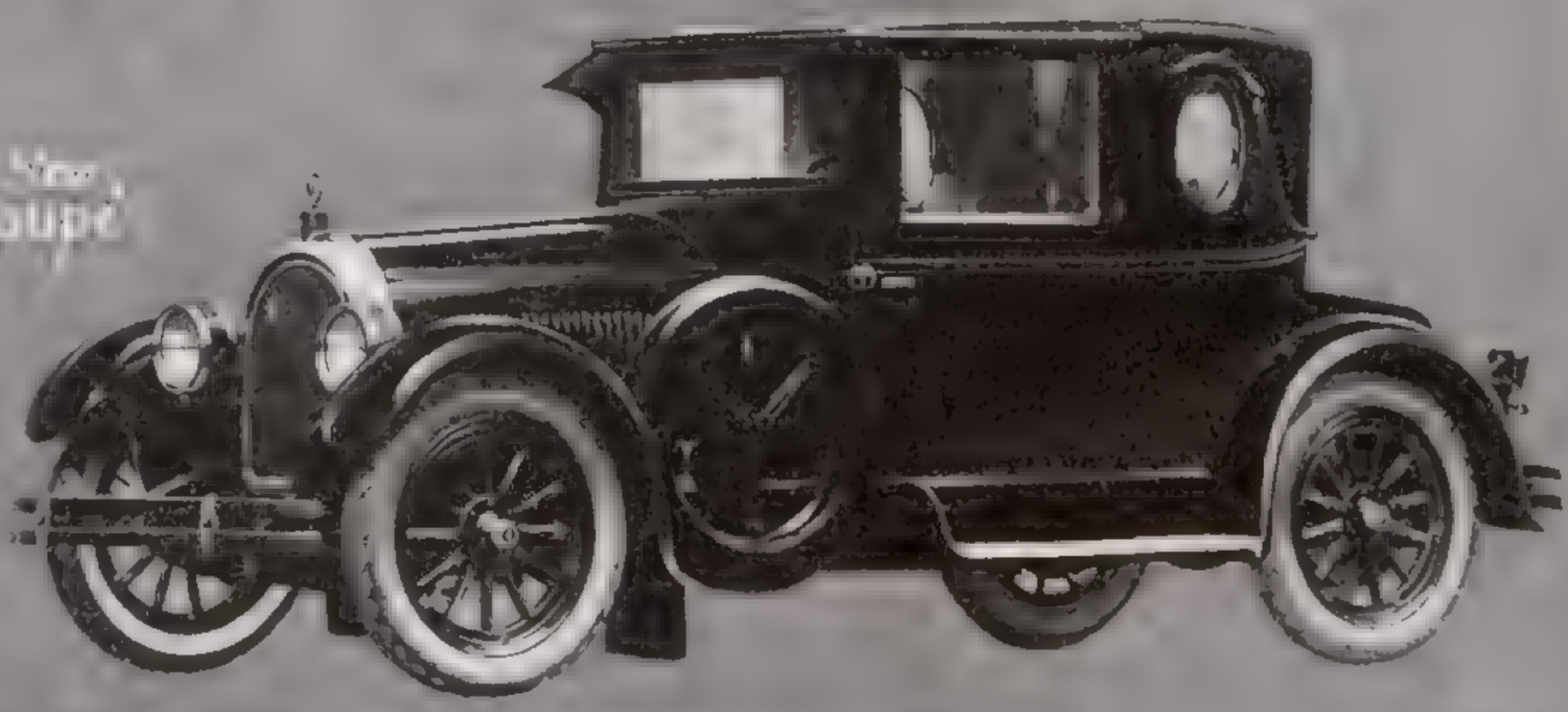
KISSEL

The Custom Built Car

Announces



New Speedster



New Coupe

THE beauty and grace of a long line of distinguished ancestors are perpetuated—and, as in a new generation, even further refined—in these two new Kissel creations.

The new Speedster is a veritable "chip off the old block"—full of the sense of power, the pep, the **go**, that made its predecessors famous and respected on every country road in America.

In the new Coupe, designed along Brougham body lines, Kissel has again set the clock of automobile fashion several years ahead. Wide of seat and door, deeply upholstered, smartly groomed and fitted, it is a master-builder's conception of beauty combined with comfort and utility.

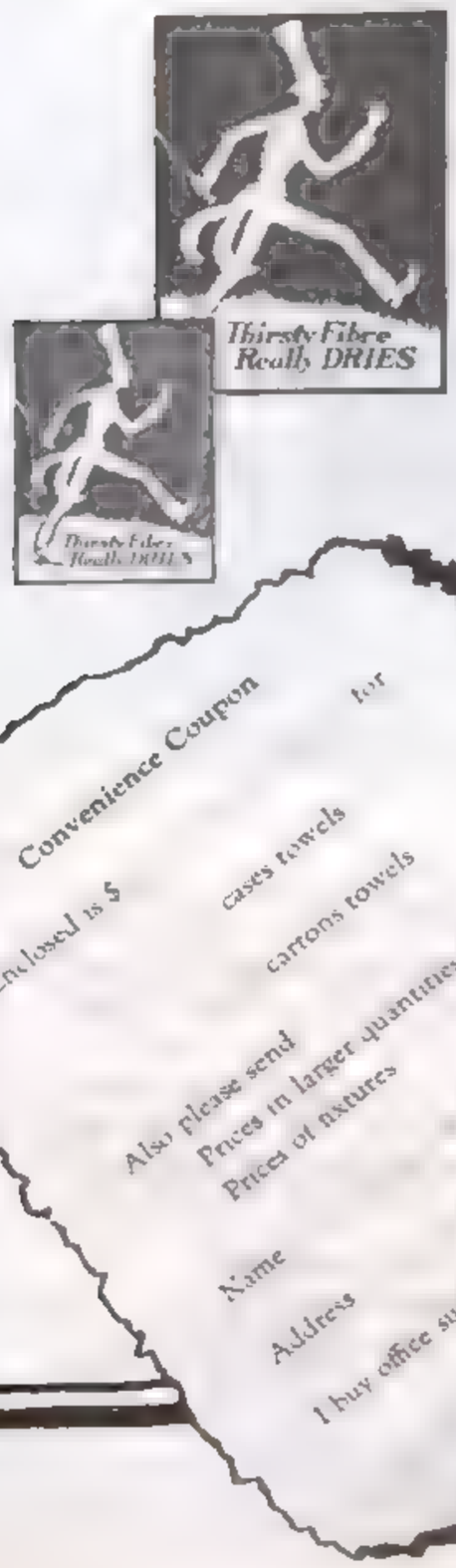
These two new Kissel models—dependable in every need, inspiring confidence in their ability to meet every demand you make upon them—are delightful companions for your times of leisure, as well as steady, sturdy partners for your serious hours, when duty calls to action.

It is easily apparent that those who drive Kissels admire fine things—and temper their purchases with a keen judgment of values. Such discriminating people express amazement when they learn how low these two fine cars are priced.

The first and only car to make the famous Yosemite Valley run officially sealed in high gear

THE KISSEL MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Hartford, Wisconsin

Thirsty Fibre ever eager to dry



Reach dripping hands for a fresh, inviting ScotTissue Towel. Instantly your hands are thoroughly, *safely dry*. At first contact with moisture, the millions of thirsty, threadlike, filaments of fibre in every ScotTissue Towel leap to their task of sucking up every trace of water from your skin, leaving a cool, refreshing cleanliness.

This quicker, cleaner, better drying-quality in ScotTissue Towels—together with their softness, whiteness, purity and freshness—make them the preferred towels in offices and homes, and distinguishes them from all other towels.

ScotTissue Towels in the washroom imply a nice regard for the personal factor in business. They encourage and make it easy to have clean hands always.

You can buy ScotTissue Towels, 150 in a dust-proof carton for 40c (in Canada and parts of Rocky Mountain zone 50c)—or at a much lower price by the case of 3750 towels (25 cartons).

Price per case is $6.15, F.O.B. Factory, Chester, Pa. Weight 60 lbs. per case. Prices even less for 5, 10 and 25 case-lot shipments.

If you are unable to secure ScotTissue Towels from your jobber or dealer, send us your order, and we will see that you are supplied promptly. If you need fixtures, we have them moderately priced to meet all requirements.

Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco

Scot Tissue Towels

for "Clean Hands in Business"

Don't confuse ScotTissue Towels with harsh non-absorbent paper towels. Remember, it isn't Thirsty Fibre unless it bears the name ScotTissue.

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(Continued from Page 122)

stock ever known may fairly be attributed, in good part, to these activities; and though the union mines were shut down for nearly half a year very few public utilities were obliged to suspend operations and scarcely a single factory had to close for lack of coal. There were plenty of close shaves in the latter weeks of the strike, when coal control was established by state commissions in coöperation with the Department of Commerce, and the department directed distribution of coal through priority orders. But the country got through this long coal strike without having to shut down its industrial plant at any point and with no interruption to public services supplied by the utility corporations.

There is a merely personal interest in recalling that while the Department of Commerce was busy with these things, and a great many others, at home, its secretary was also supervising relief to the famine-stricken regions of Russia—supplying food necessary to maintenance of life to 10,500,000 people.

But even to break the vicious cycle of boom and depression is not enough. National industrial planning—intelligently directed coöperative effort—must go further. Always business efficiency must increase, cost of production and distribution must come down, for only in that way can we continue to advance the national standard of living; in other words, to consume more goods and services.

Secretary Hoover said recently: "Our goal in economic life is to preserve individual initiative, equality of opportunity and a constantly advancing national standard of living. Our economic and social system is fundamentally right. It has produced the largest advance in the standard of living to the whole of our people that has ever been witnessed in history. Its faults are many, but they can be, and are being, corrected without destroying its progress. It has brought us steady advance despite the fabulous losses of war, and must therefore have great inherent vitality."

He also said: "We must get our minds away from the notion that prewar standards of living would be normal now. Normalcy is a higher and more comfortable standard than in 1913. We must not judge the state of business activity by prewar figures, but by a hugely increased base. We must not be frightened when our output of steel or textiles or automobiles or lumber, corn or hogs, or our car loadings, run to figures far in excess of those that would be implied alone by increase of population. Precise comparisons are difficult, but exhaustive study from many angles of production indicate that while our productivity should have increased about fifteen per cent in the last decade, due to increase of population, the actual increase has been from twenty-five to thirty per cent."

Regardless of Cost

But there was a sort of hiatus, due to the vicious postwar boom, when speculation was rampant all over the country, notably in farm lands, and when the growing inefficiency of labor, in spite of high wages, was notorious. Thus while prices rose hand over hand in that two-year boom, production increased but little. In the period of recovery, on the contrary, prices have risen but little while production has increased greatly. From February, 1922, to March, 1923, output of manufactures rose 54 per cent, while wholesale prices rose only 13 per cent. In other words, we've sobered up and gone to work.

More specifically, Mr. Hoover attributes this great gain in productivity to "increased skill, the advancement of science, to temperance, to the improvement of processes, more labor-saving devices—but most of all it is due to the tremendous strides made in industrial administration and commercial organization in the elimination of waste of effort and materials." A great share of the constructive work of his department consists in promoting such eliminations of waste, by concrete practical steps working in hearty coöperation with industry.

Turn to a concrete example: Even in peacetime the Federal Government is always building on a large scale, and always buying great quantities of goods. Most of its purchases are made on specifications. Until recently, as a rule, each bureau head or division chief drew up his specifications to suit himself. Naturally different bureaus drew different specifications for the same article, or for articles designed for the same use. Moreover, the specifications were often drawn academically, each specifier setting forth exactly what sort of article he thought the Government should have, without regard to whether anybody else wanted exactly that kind of article. The result was that many goods for government consumption had to be specially manufactured—even though the manufacturer was turning out for the trade in general an article which, in fact, would have met the Government's need practically as well as the special article. Of course the manufacturer charged that special cost to the Government.

The Department of Commerce undertook to standardize government specifications with a view to uniformity, and also with a view to securing for the Government a price based on quantity production wherever possible. If a manufacturer could supply a penholder six and a half inches long at a low price because he was making such penholders for a million other customers, the Government would take six-and-a-half-inch penholders instead of insisting upon a specially made article six and seven-eighths inches long. It not only helped the Government's budget but it helped to make penholders cheaper, because the more a manufacturer makes of one size, the cheaper, by and large, he can make them. That principle ran through the undertaking, which was carried out in consultation with the manufacturers. The idea was to determine, not what article is ideally the best regardless of cost, but what is best when price is taken into consideration.

Standard Specifications

This has had extensive results. For instance, it was found that though enormous quantities of goods are bought on specifications, the latter were often so loosely drawn that two articles, each technically within the requirements, might differ widely in real value. One of Mr. Hoover's ideas is to make competition as effectual as possible by focusing it on the vital points. Exact specifications do obviously focus it on the vital points, for they make every manufacturer base his price on articles of the same quality.

In 1921 state governments and the governments of 227 large cities spent $2,831,000,000. No recent statistics are available for expenditures of smaller cities, counties, towns, school districts, drainage districts, irrigation districts, road districts, and other public bodies having power to levy taxes and issue bonds. Nor do we know precisely how much of the above expenditure goes for salaries and how much for supplies. But it is a safe guess that states, cities, and so forth, buy a billion dollars' worth of supplies a year—mainly on specifications.

Mr. Hoover has been working with the states to set up standard specifications for the purchase of all public supplies. The first object is to save public money, but he looks beyond that to a beneficial reaction upon industry generally. Take cement as an illustration. Only 8,000,000 barrels were used in this country in 1900, but the output is now about 100,000,000 barrels yearly. Everybody with eyes knows how common its use has become. But examples of cement in actual use showed wide difference in usefulness. The Department of Commerce went into the subject scientifically and practically, not only testing many sorts but consulting with manufacturers.

The result is that the government standard has become a common standard, and in specifying cement nothing is necessary but to say "Federal specifications." Manufacturers welcome this standardization. They know exactly what is required of them. Users know exactly what they are to get. Both makers and users were consulted in setting up the standard. The chances of a quarrel over quality of the goods are reduced to a minimum; the machine runs more smoothly.

The same principle has been extended, and is being extended, to a great variety of goods. It reduces waste, reduces friction, benefits both maker and user. Not only should specifications be exact but the formulas and instruments for testing the goods should be exact and uniform. Mr. Hoover says, "Probably 75 per cent of all controversies regarding rejections and penalties are caused by the lack of standard methods of testing."

We should have, then, a standard specification and a standard method of determining whether the goods meet the specification.

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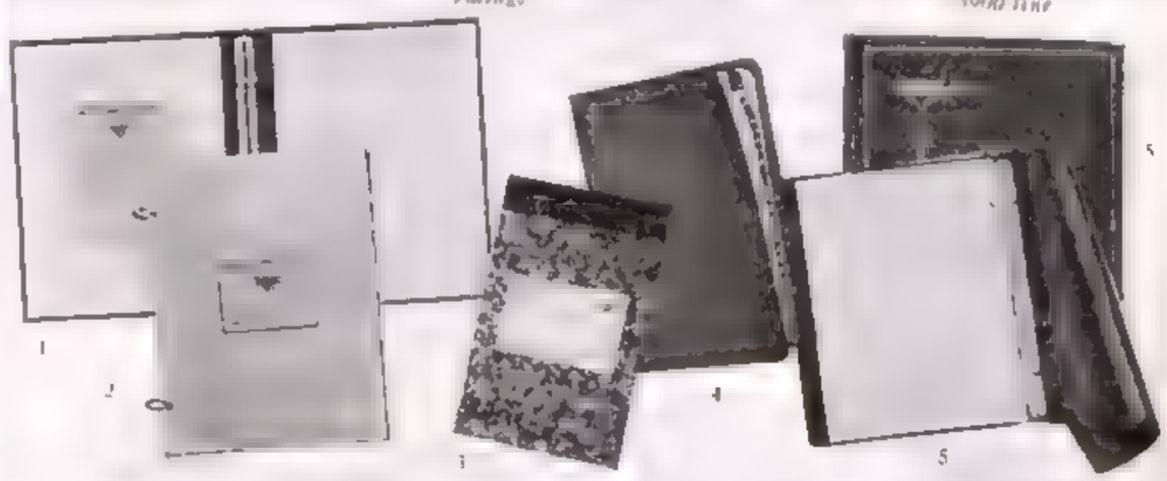

National Blank Book Company

LOOSE LEAF AND BOUND BOOKS

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PRIDE

By EDGAR A. GUEST

In arrogance I would not strut,
Nor loudly boast of petty deeds,
My winnings or possessions; but
My pride this humble dwelling feeds.
This I am proud of, this I hold
Though wealth and fame and power I miss;
I have a joy excelling gold,
There stands no happier home than this.

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The next stanza in the Edgar A. Guest Series will appear in an early issue of The Saturday Evening Post.

PRIDE

The successful man remains in business long after the necessity for earning a living has passed. The guiding hand of great businesses today is that which is inspired by pride in the achievement of the organization. Except for this fact, American business would not be on the high plane which it today occupies.

It is fortunate, indeed, when pride in achievement is felt by all of the workers in an industrial family, as is the case with *John Lucas & Co., Inc.* Without such personal pride on the part of every worker, there could be no such achievement as has been ours during nearly three-quarters of a century of honest, dependable Paint and Varnish manufacture.

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In this book, Dr. Snow, a recognized authority in psychology, tells what colors are conducive to comfort, restfulness, harmony, etc. Write Department 19 for your copy today. It's FREE.

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Also, the specifications must change constantly, as industry constantly changes, for what is the best formula for making cement now may not be the best formula next year. Next month some discovery may make a different formula advisable; in fact we should keep looking for such discoveries. All this means an immense amount of scientific investigating and experimenting. That is where the Bureau of Standards comes in.

If you drive out of Washington on Connecticut Avenue you will presently see, on a rise of wooded ground at your left, a group of new brick buildings that suggest a college campus. They house the Bureau of Standards, which, in its present extended form, is partly a war product, for war involved a great amount of scientific research for immediate practical ends. The bureau is now one of the greatest physical laboratories in the world. From it one could almost write the history of civilization in the last hundred years.

How Long Is a Yard?

Less than a hundred years ago the Federal Government possessed a carefully guarded strip of metal. That was the official yardstick of the United States, to which, in case of dispute, all other yardsticks must conform. And in its day that official yardstick was a newfangled notion; for a little while back of that nobody broadly speaking—thought it worth while to bother over an inch or so, more or less, in a yard. The earliest system of measurement that I can remember was practiced on my grandfather's farm. Grandfather measured a yard by pacing it. Grandmother measured a yard by holding an end of the piece of cloth to the tip of her nose and extending her arm. The distance from the end of her nose to the end of her finger was a yard, for her purposes. As grandfather was much the taller, their yards must have varied a few inches; yet they answered every practical purpose. In the industrial state of a hundred years ago an inch or so more or less mattered little, but now industry must measure to the millionth of an inch.

To indicate how finely it measures, the official yardstick of the United States is not the same length as the official yardstick of Great Britain. How there came to be a difference between them nobody knows, for both were supposed to be as exact as it was possible to make them at the time. Yet there is a difference. The figures that express this difference look like the value of a Russian ruble in our currency, yet there is an actual difference, and negotiations are going on to reconcile the two yardsticks by clipping the width of a moonbeam from one and soldering it to the other.

The bureau carries this business of measuring and weighing to incredible lengths. For instance, we may some day adopt the metrical system. At any rate, in trade with countries that have that system our feet and yards are converted into meters. Hence we may wish to know exactly how long a meter is. If you turn to the definition of that word in the Century Dictionary, you find that "it is the distance, at the melting-temperature of ice, between the ends of a certain platinum bar preserved in Paris, and called the *mètre des Archives*"; also that "the meter is equal to 39.37027 inches according to Professor Rogers, and to 39.36985 inches according to General Comstock." But at the Bureau of Standards they have a formula for measuring the meter in light waves. So if all physical standards, such as the platinum bar at Paris, should be destroyed, the length of a meter could be exactly determined by light waves.

Here is a surface in which the finest spirit level shows no inequality; but light refracted through a glass disk shows that it is not level. The glass disk, by the way, is about half an inch thick. Hold your finger on it a moment, put it under the lamp, and wavy lines show where the warmth of your finger has expanded the glass. Here is a solid steel bar, about four inches thick by thirty inches long, supported on brackets at the two ends. Press on it with two fingers and rings of light in a little cone instantly record the pressure. With two fingers you are heating and bending four inches of solid steel.

Of course if you put enough pressure on that bar—how many thousands of tons, I don't know—it would bend like a hairpin. So if you put any pressure whatever upon it, it must yield a little. The bureau's apparatus shows the littlest yielding. On what I may call the campus, since it looks so much like one, you meet a man in his shirt sleeves who is carrying a crystal three or four inches long. He has been weighing it in a horizontal position and then in a perpendicular position. In both positions it weighs exactly the same.

"But should it weigh more in one position than in the other?" you ask.

He seems uncertain about that, and replies, with a smile, "Well, Einstein says it should weigh the same in both positions, and it does according to our tests."

You may meet another in his shirt sleeves who has been measuring the heat energy of a firefly. In fine, if you are a scientific illiterate, like the writer of these lines, you may be shown many things here that excite your wonder and curiosity in much the same fashion that the Punch-and-Judy show at the old-time country fair used to do. But the bureau is not in the Punch-and-Judy business. All this infinitesimal weighing and measuring points to some practical end. Almost all of it originated in some industrial demand. For example, I can't imagine what good measuring the heat energy of a firefly would do anybody. But three men were engaged in certain experiments with heat of something of that nature. The appropriation for that work ran out and the bureau proposed to discontinue it; but an association of refrigeration engineers offered to pay the men's salaries if the bureau would lend use of its apparatus so that the experiment might continue. The engineers wanted to employ the results of those experiments in cold-storaging your food. And even if no immediate practical application is in sight, every addition to scientific knowledge nowadays is potential industrial or social capital. Only a hundred years ago Faraday exhibited to fellow scientists an ingenious little contrivance in which a wire revolved around a magnet. In reply to a question he is said to have admitted that no practical use for it could be foreseen. But that little contrivance, elaborated in the modern dynamo, lights the country and pulls the street cars.

If weighing a crystal in two positions to determine whether it weighs more in the one than in the other seems recondite, testing a thousand railroad track scales of which half were found incorrect is practical enough. Here they are testing dry cells and batteries at low temperatures with a view to their use in high flying and in the Arctic; there they are improving a compass for aviation. Not long ago the bureau worked out an ingenious and successful method for deciphering charred records by the use of photography. I am mentioning only a few jobs among the thousands that are turned over to this bureau every year.

Bureau of Standards Tests

A great part of the bureau's work is for public bodies—for other departments of the Federal Government, for cities and public-utility commissions, and the like. On request it tests and standardizes the testing apparatus which such public bodies use, and carries out scientific investigations for them. As a broad proposition any really representative body, such as an association of engineers or of architects or of manufacturers in a recognized line, may have its services to test anything within its scope and within its appropriation. It cannot, of course, pursue experiments that are prompted merely by curiosity or whose results could be useful to only a few persons; but it is open to any request that looks toward a public benefit. In some cases the private association that makes the request pays the expense, or shares it.

In the basement of one building you see the door of a passenger elevator opening and shutting with a mechanical regularity that makes you rather dizzy, as there is no elevator cage and no passenger. That test is being conducted for some cities that want to know definitely which of several types of elevator door will wear longest and be most dependable in its operation, for faulty elevator doors sometimes cause fatal accidents. So this door is set up in a wooden frame and by a simple mechanical arrangement made to open and shut continuously day and night. In ten days it will get about five years' wear. If it fails to open and shut properly at any time some meters attached to the frame will record the fault.

On the opposite wall a score of door hinges, attached to weighted wooden blocks, swing back and forth day and night,

(Continued on Page 129)

Raybestos

Products for Ford Cars!

"CHATTERLESS" TRANSMISSION LINING

Designed to reduce or eliminate "chatter". For many years this lining has occupied a pre-eminent position in its field. A combination of asbestos and cotton yarn with special combination weave. Price, per set, $1.25.

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"ROYAL" EMERGENCY BRAKES

Identical in practice with emergency brakes on the highest priced cars. Correct in design, strong construction. Will hold on steepest hills. Invaluable in emergencies. Price, $6.50. Also, heavier pattern for Ford trucks. Price, per pair, $10.00.

ROLLED STEEL CAM BRAKES

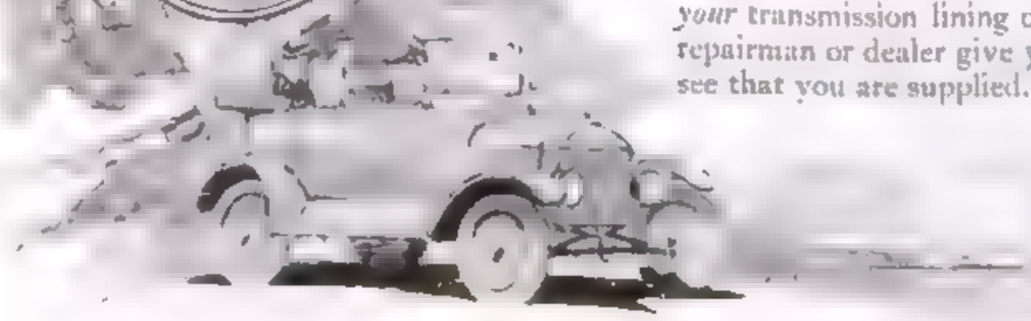
Our Rolled Steel Cam Brake replaces the unlined cast iron brake with which the Ford is equipped. A sturdy steel cam brake, lined with *real* Silver Edge Raybestos. Conforms perfectly to inner surface of brake drum, increasing safety and brake efficiency. Price, per pair, $2.50.

RAYBESTOS Products for Ford cars bring to the Ford owner the same degree of safety and control that is characteristic of Silver Edge Raybestos Brake Lining and Raybestos Brakes for higher-priced cars. As the *original* manufacturers of asbestos brake lining, we long ago produced a quality lining for the Ford. As *specialists* in the construction of automobile brakes, we were one of the first to design a special brake (replacement part) for the Ford.

Since the inception of these safety devices, we have perfected other linings and brakes, which possess a distinctive appeal. *Your* Ford will be safer to ride in and easier to control if you equip with one of our Ford specialties.

The Silver Edge Raybestos Way is the Safe Way

A very large number of motor accidents are due to faulty brakes. Make your Ford safe. Buy *your* transmission lining or brakes by name. There are many substitutes. Insist that the repairman or dealer give you the lining or brakes you ask for. Send the coupon and we will see that you are supplied.



THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY

FACTORIES: Bridgeport, Conn. Peterborough, Ont., Canada
Stratford, Conn. London, Eng.

BRANCHES: Detroit, 2631 Woodward Ave San Francisco, 835 Post St.
Chicago, 1603 South Michigan Ave.

"Brake Inspection—Your Protection"

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY, S-4
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

I drive a Ford and would like to have the name of dealer or serviceman in my neighborhood who can supply me with the following:

—RAYBESTOS FOR FORDS —"GOLD EDGE"
—"CHATTERLESS" —ROLLED STEEL CAM BRAKES
—ROYAL EMERGENCY BRAKES
(Check product in which you are interested)

Name

Address

State

Solid Comfort—All Winter Long

YOU don't have to endure cold and discomfort when you use your car this winter. A Perfection Heater will give you a brand new conception of winter driving. It will take away the hardship and keep you snug and warm—even on the coldest days.

Over half a million other car owners will tell you that a Perfection Heater adds immeasurably to their comfort and pleasure in driving, not only in zero weather, but on chilly, penetrating days of spring and fall.

The closed models of most well-known makes are now Perfection-heated. Their manufacturers recognize only one car heater—the Perfection—the pioneer that 13 years ago proved perfect automobile heating to be practical and simple.

Don't drive this winter in a cold uncomfortable car. Any dealer will install a Perfection Heater for you. Have it done *now* and know *in advance* that you'll drive in comfort all winter long. The first cost is moderate, indeed. And there is no upkeep expense because the Perfection uses only a portion of the exhaust from the engine—heat that otherwise is wasted.

Perfection Heaters are manufactured by the oldest and largest company of its kind in the world. Each heater is individually tested and guaranteed to be free from leaks or defective materials and workmanship.

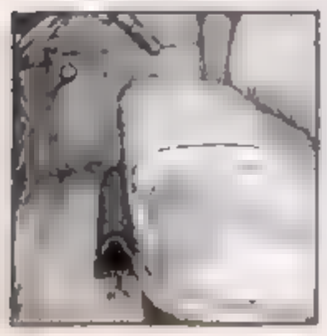
The Perfection Heater & Manufacturing Co.
6545 Carnegie Avenue ∴ ∴ Cleveland, Ohio

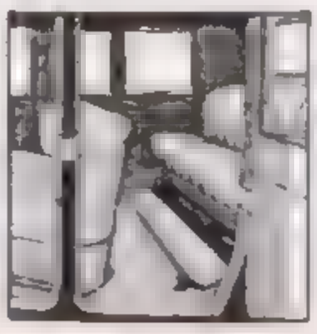
Manufactured in Canada by
Richards-Wilcox Canadian Co., Ltd., London, Ont.

IMPORTANT

The real works of an automobile heater are hidden under the floor. You can't SEE the quality. Your Safeguard is the Perfection nameplate which you will find in plain view on every Perfection Heater. Look for it.

PERFECTION MOTOR CAR HEATERS





The following manufacturers provide real winter driving comfort by equipping their closed models with Perfection Heaters without extra charge.

Auburn
Buick 4-Cylinder
Buick 6-Cylinder
Case
Cunningham
Davis
Dorris
Duesenberg
Durant-4
Durant-Flint-6
Earl
Elcar
Fox
Gardner
Haynes
Henney-6
King
Kissel
Kline
Mercer
Meteor
McFarland-Special
Moon
Nash 4-Cylinder
Nash 6-Cylinder
National
Oakland
Paige
Pilot
Premier
R & V Knight
Standard "8"
Stephens
Stevens-Duryea
Studebaker
Stutz
Templar
Velie
Winton

Taxi Cab Equipment
Anchor Top & Body Co.
Barley Motor Car Co.
Elkhart Motor Co.
Premier Motor Corp.
Rauch & Lang, Inc.
Yellow Cab Mfg. Co.

Special Body Equipment
Chas. Abresch Co.
—Dodge Special
Lang Body Co.
Dodge Special

(Continued from Page 126

and so get years of wear in a few days. They look almost exactly alike to me, or they would have looked almost exactly alike when they were set going, for the experiment is nearly ended now and I can see at a glance that one hinge is very badly worn while that next to it shows no sign of wear to the naked eye. That hinge, I am told, will prove twenty times as lasting as the worn one in actual use. These simple tests cost little; but to buy an inferior article and discover its inferiority by actual experience is expensive. A test of the same sort applied to automobile brake linings showed that of two which looked alike one had many times the lasting quality of the other. Automobile manufacturers were glad to find that out so cheaply.

Upstairs in one building is an instrument so delicate that it will record the pressure of your fingers on a steel bar. Downstairs in another building is a ponderous engine for testing ropes, chains and steel girders. Engineers have a formula for determining what stress a given steel beam will withstand. Some years ago a very reputable engineer designed a big steel bridge in Canada. I believe it was not proved that his calculations were theoretically wrong; all the same, the bridge collapsed; somewhere a given length, breadth and thickness of steel didn't behave according to formula. In this basement lie four ponderous steel girders that have been put on the machine and subjected to pressure until they bent. The engineer knows by demonstration what stress they will bear.

Real Government Aid

Weighing a finger print and bending a thousand pounds of fabricated steel mark two extremes of the bureau's work. It may almost be said that it will test anything of a material use which enters largely into consumption, and set up a standard for it a practical standard, arrived at in consultation with manufacturers. Cooperating with states, cities and private industry, it becomes a big clearing house for practical scientific information.

Last winter in the South three of my temporary fellow citizens set off on an extended journey, at public expense. They were city officials who would have the spending of a large amount of public money for paving. They wanted to know what sorts of paving would be best under given conditions of climate and traffic. So they visited a good many other cities to find out how certain kinds of pavement had worn under such-and-such conditions. There is a lot of traveling about by public officials on such errands. Often considerable public money and time could be saved by applying to the Bureau of Standards. It aims to be the great clearing house for all such information.

This scientific testing, investigating and experimenting plays a great rôle in modern industry. The World War impressed the relations of science to manufactures on everybody's mind. The German dye industry is an example of industrial dependence upon physical science. A Steel Corporation or a Standard Oil Company may carry on such scientific work itself, although no private corporation or group of corporations has any such physical laboratory as the Government possesses in the Bureau of Standards. The government laboratory is at the service of industry that functions in smaller units, no one of which could stand the expense of maintaining an adequate scientific staff and equipment. The industry should coöperate within itself in the manner of finding out its common needs in the line of scientific research, then the bureau is ready to coöperate with it. In a general way it proposes to maintain the same attitude toward manufacturing that the Department of Agriculture maintains toward farming.

The bureau employs some 900 people, of whom 400 hold college degrees. It cannot pay them a great deal at present, or offer them any glittering monetary prizes in the future. To hold the best men it must depend upon their interest in their work. One of Secretary Hoover's ambitions is to make—or to keep—this bureau a great post-graduate school to which keen young men who have completed a formal education will turn because it offers them opportunity to continue in scientific research under the best conditions, with ample equipment of apparatus, and for public service. It is a fact that men are working in the bureau today who have been offered much higher salaries elsewhere. Interest in the particular work they are engaged upon holds them. On the other hand, the bureau loses a good many men whom it would like to retain.

This brings up the question of personnel. That question is vital everywhere, but it is more exigent at Washington than in most other places, because Washington normally operates upon a principle of inferiority selection. Life-insurance men say that if the whole population took out insurance upon reaching twenty-one years of age, physical examination of risks might be dispensed with, for the companies would then get the average of the whole population. But if physical examinations were dispensed with a great many men would put off applying for life insurance until the doctor told them they had diabetes or a bad heart. Then they would rush for policies, and the companies would get, not the average, but the poor risks—an inferiority selection.

By and large and with all due allowance for honorable exceptions, the great government departments get poor risks. As an all-too-general rule, once a man gets on the government pay roll he knows he can hold that job for life unless he signally disgraces himself, and that he'll never get a much better job. Naturally he tends to vegetate, and no genius can finally make an organization much better than the personnel which operates it. Something over a year ago there was a conversation in which the chief of a minor government bureau participated. The subject of that conversation was Gen. Charles G. Dawes—who was then running President Harding's newly created budget bureau and slashing at appropriations with a knife. The question was whether this very important government reform would prove permanent.

The bureau chief answered that question with derisive laughter. "I've been here more than twenty years," said he. "I don't know how many of these reform movements I've seen come and go in that time; but I do know that the day after any of 'em disappeared you couldn't find the hole in the water where they sank. In a couple of years from now you won't be able to find a ripple of General Dawes."

I suspect that many thousand veteran ornaments of the government pay roll share that view, which makes an enormous dead weight. It makes a situation and atmosphere that repel capable, ambitious men. In attracting capable men for the reorganization of his department Mr. Hoover had one very important advantage over any probable successor. At the time of his appointment he was one of the most famous men who had ever been called into a President's cabinet—no doubt the most famous in the sense of being favorably known to the greatest number of people. It was a common remark in Europe as well as America that he was the one man who had made a first-class reputation out of the World War. Service under a famous chief is a loadstone to young ambition. Mr. Hoover has been able to borrow men. I happen to know of one man who is working under him at $6000 a year when there is an offer in his desk of twice that sum from a private concern.

A Thirty Per Cent Labor Turnover

I am sure Mr. Hoover would agree that getting men for public service on such a basis is all wrong. Public service ought to be a fine profession, offering any young man of ability and energy as attractive a career as he could reasonably expect in any other profession. It can never offer to make any man a millionaire, as private employment occasionally does, but it might offer him free scope for his talent and energy, with advancement and recognition as he fairly won it, and a salary, as he advanced, not hopelessly out of proportion to that which private employment would give him. The Imperial German Government, whatever its fatal defects in other directions, did make public service a true profession, advancing men from post to post on their merit and performance as any intelligent private employer does, with no political interference. And on the whole civil side, I believe, the Imperial German Government was better served than any other on record.

Washington, however, is very far from that ideal. I understand that the labor turnover in the Department of Commerce is something like 30 per cent. Every now and then it loses a man whom it cannot

HOW TO BUY A HAT

IT'S easy enough to buy a hat that fits your head. It's easy enough to buy a stylish hat, or a quality hat, or a hat that wears.

But when you buy a Young's you get all this and something more. You get a hat that suits your *individuality*—a hat that is correct for a man of your head, height and facial contour.

Go to any store that sells Young's Hats, and examine them for yourself. Notice the quality—the superb materials—the deft styling. Try *your* style on your head—and leave it to the mirror to tell you how well it looks.

The country-wide popularity of Young's Hats has been built upon this one fact—*they make a man look his best.* For years the style leaders of New York, they are now the veritable "Sky-Line of the Nation."

Young's at $5.00 is the standard of hat value the country over. Other qualities at other prices. "The Sky-Line of the Nation" on the Young hat-box, consisting of representative buildings of America's great style centers, symbolizes the coast-to-coast style supremacy of Young's Hats. Buy your Fall hat where you see this box displayed.

THE YOUNG HAT CO., 200 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK
FACTORY: NORWALK, CONN.

Young's Hats
NONE BETTER MADE

FELT HATS *Wear Young's Hats for correct and becoming style THE YEAR ROUND* STRAW HATS

Grip Sure!

For a safe foothold wherever your feet may be

FOR sport or for work, be sure-footed—be safe—wear Grip Sures.

Grip Sures hold fast—doggedly—tenaciously—wherever your feet may be. Their patented suction cup soles cling stubbornly to slippery places like the suction-tipped tentacles of an octopus. You may walk with sure-footed ease in places where others hesitate to go.

But Grip Sures are not only safe shoes—they are long-wearing shoes, comfortable and good to look upon. Your feet will find in them a freedom and a pleasure they have never known before.

From sturdy canvas uppers to live rubber soles, Grip Sures are hand-made of fine materials by skilled craftsmen whose pride will never permit their work to be hurried lest a single pair of Grip Sures might fail to live up to the Top Notch name.

Make up your mind there is no other shoe like Grip Sures—and when you buy, at your sporting goods dealer or shoe store, be sure to look for these two features—the suction cup soles and the Top Notch Cross—for when you find them you know you are buying the best and the safest canvas-topped rubber-soled shoes in the world. Get a pair today. You will find them ideal for a hundred different uses.

"GRIP-SURE"
TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF

BEACON FALLS RUBBER SHOE COMPANY
Makers of Top Notch Rubber Footwear
Beacon Falls, Connecticut

INDOORS *for basketball, handball, etc. Outdoors for sport, hiking, camping, etc.*

well afford to lose. At the Bureau of Standards a considerable turnover is intended—that is to say, the bureau proposes to give young college graduates a post-graduate experience in scientific research practically applied to industry which will make them valuable to private employers. This is one way of helping to get the department's ideas into practical, everyday use.

One of those ideas is to know exactly what a man means when he mentions paving brick, two-by-four scantling or spark plug. That is not difficult, you may say; but when you extend the principle of exact definition to commercial electricity and chemistry, for example, you face a sizable job.

Another idea is to know by careful testing, in the laboratory and in use, what is the best sort of paving brick, scantling or spark plug for a given purpose, and to concentrate upon that kind. Another idea is to standardize testing apparatus and methods so that an article which is standard in New York shall be standard in California also. All this runs to elimination of waste, cheaper production, cheaper goods.

It is no doubt a fact however unpalatable to the Bolsheviki—that more inferior goods are made through ignorance than through malice. This is especially true of industry in a state of rapid expansion, and a lot of American industry is in that state. When demand is keen some manufacturers, with perfectly good intentions, turn out articles that will not stand up. The manufacturers themselves don't know. Many cheerful adventurers in the automobile field ruined themselves and their stockholders by making bad cars in which they had full faith. They didn't know. With perfectly good intentions that sort of thing is always happening. The manufacturer is too impatient to begin production, he takes bad technical advice, he lacks the means for making the necessary tests and investigations. When the Bureau of Standards showed by tests that one sort of brake lining would outwear another sort many times manufacturers naturally abandoned the poorer sort.

Once upon a time some friends of mine embarked in a modest manufacturing enterprise. A young man, not long out of a technical school, had designed an electrical motor which was especially adapted to driving fans, running sewing machines, turning ice-cream freezers, and like light jobs.

It was supposed to have some important advantages—the nature of which I have forgotten, if I ever knew—over other small motors. My friends were enthusiastic about it. Three of them embarked all the capital they had and could borrow in the undertaking—which, by the way, did not come to a sum that would startle Mr. Morgan or arouse the suspicions of Mr. La Follette. The fourth, having more money, was more conservative. A loft was hired, machinery installed, hands engaged. Two of the more adventurous stockholders were capital salesmen and found buyers for as many machines as the factory could turn out. The young inventor and superintendent began talking about putting in a night shift. Then another sort of activity set in. Indignant purchasers began storming the office in person, by telephone and mail with statements that their motors had burned out.

A gentleman who had been persuaded to equip his shirt-waist factory with them and was caught with stalled machines in the midst of his rush season was particularly clamorous and threatening—and with much reason, I admit. The conservative stockholder, who was a bank director and rather the angel of the enterprise, looked sour and made biting remarks. I don't remember whether all the motors burned out, or only 75 per cent. It was a gloomy time. The young inventor thought there must be something wrong with the electrical current.

There, beyond question, was a very naughty business. It had robbed the public, so far as it had been able to reach the public. It had robbed the investor. It was in bad at the bank and unable to meet its bills. It might—quite properly, perhaps have been beaten over the head with a policeman's club, handcuffed, dragged to jail, covered with opprobrium and buried in a general ruin. But all that wouldn't really have helped anybody very much.

As a matter of fact, a large electrical concern took notice of this bad bantling. The large concern had no direct interest in the bantling, only it made and sold electrical current. Burned-out motors and indignant customers were not good for the electrical industry as a whole. A capable electrical engineer was set to overhauling the little motor and soon discovered what was the matter with it. Not long afterwards the company was making motors that would run, and replacing the faulty ones. All around, that was more useful than policemen's club and handcuffs.

The Federal Government has the club and the handcuffs; but Mr. Hoover's department is the helpful engineer. Of course that department, with some 12,000 employes, does a great many things that I have not referred to—partly routine things. Its supervision of foreign and domestic commerce requires much bookkeeping and letter writing. It trims and lights the lighthouses, runs the coast and geodetic survey, has special charge of navigation laws, inspects steamboats, regulates radio, takes the census—which is now a continuous job of magnitude—looks after fisheries, and so on. Its latest yearly report begins with saying that though appropriations made available for the department were $24,320,192, actual expenditures were $21,024,870, a saving of 13½ per cent of the appropriations; and "expenditure upon promotion of foreign commerce and upon problems of importance to domestic commerce were increased by $500,000 over initial appropriations, but this amount was saved from other work, in addition to the saving shown above."

EAST VERSUS WEST

WHERE does the West begin?
Out where the boosting's
A little stronger,
Out where the hair grows
A little longer.
That's where the West begins.

Where does the East begin?
Where the streams are shallow
And the hills are flat,
And a man is judged
By his shirt and his hat.
That's where the East begins.

Where does the West begin?
Where the talk is wild
And runs to boast,
And to press your pants
Is a crime, almost.
That's where the West begins.

Where does the East begin?
Where the men use powder,
And the wrist watch ticks,
And everyone else
But themselves is hicks.
That's where the East begins.

Where does the West begin?
Where the laugh is loud
And the manners rude,
And shaving your neck
Marks a man as a dude.
That's where the West begins.

Where does the East begin?
Where the women boss,
And the men-folk think
That toast is a food
And tea is a drink.
That's where the East begins.

East is East and West is West
They've each got some bad,
And they've each got some best.
It isn't a matter of lines on a map
That makes a guy regular
Or makes him a sap.

The folks out West may run to brag,
The knees o' their pants may kind o' sag.
But there's many a guy in the boundless West
With a heart as staunch as his leather vest.

And there's many a guy in the East, by heck!
That presses his pants and shaves his neck,
That's got good nerve and a gilt-edge soul,
If he does mess around with a finger bowl.

—*A. H. Giebler.*

THE INVISIBLE BEDROOM

TWILIGHT of a late fall day. Outside—crisp, hazy air, the fragrance of burning leaves, the slow-rising moon. Within—the welcome of lamplight and firelight.

What warmth and ease and quiet are here! The grateful comfort of the big Kroehler davenport, the luxuriousness of its wide, deep cushions. Lovely of line, warm of coloring, rich of upholstery—no wonder it occupies the place of honor in the room. Wholly in keeping with the most charming furnishings; designed in irreproachable taste; combining unusual beauty with unusual service.

Long evening hours of quiet ease it offers—and more. For it is ready to give, at a moment's need, restful comfort as a bed. Concealed beneath its fine lines and soft upholstery is this extra sleeping space—a wide and roomy bed, deep-springed, thick-mattressed.

One easy motion reveals it, sheets, blankets and spread all in place, ready for occupancy. One easy motion closes it again, hiding during its daytime hours of service as a davenport, all evidence of its nighttime use as a bed.

Crowded households find that the Kroehler davenport bed takes the place of a needed bedroom. Economical home makers know it saves the expense of this additional space. In nearly every home it has a place, either for constant or emergency use.

Whatever are the furnishings of your living room a Kroehler davenport bed may be had to harmonize with them; overstuffed, colonial or period designs, in any wood finish, with chairs to match; upholstery of mohair plush, tapestry, velour, genuine leather or leather substitute. In prices, they meet any requirement.

Leading furniture dealers everywhere sell Kroehler davenport beds for cash or easy payments. Do not accept a substitute; look on the back for the Kroehler name plate shown here. Write for illustrated booklet and name of nearest dealer.

KROEHLER —MADE— CHICAGO NEW YORK STRATFORD CAN.

KROEHLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CHICAGO and NEW YORK

Factories at KANKAKEE, ILL., NAPERVILLE, ILL., BINGHAMTON, N. Y. *Canadian Factory:* STRATFORD, ONTARIO

KROEHLER

Davenport Bed

"This is the engine of a fountain pen." Insist that yours bears the name, "LIFETIME"

76,000

Names and Addresses written with a SHEAFFER PEN without repairs or perceptible wear.

This unusual feat was accomplished with a Sheaffer Pen owned by Mr. Vuillmot. —See letter.

Evidence:

700 K Street, N.E.,
Washington, D.C.

W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company,
Fort Madison, Iowa.

Dear Sirs:

It may be of interest to you to know that on September 17, 1922, I left Washington D.C. at 10 o'clock a.m. on a hike to San Francisco, California, chained and handcuffed to a wheelbarrow.

Before starting on this trip I procured from the stock of the Consolidated Supply Co. Stationers and Printers, 1342 G Street, N.W. Washington, D.C. one of the Fountain pens, and a Pencil.

The fountain pen I used in getting signatures and addresses of 76,000 people and in all the trip the pen never failed to write, never changed the point and never had any repairs whatsoever.

I am sending you this pen today so you can see the splendid condition that it is still in after having made this wonderful journey.

As this pen was just one of your regular pens and not made especially for this purpose, I think this has been a wonderful performance.

Yours very truly,

A. L. Vuillmot

A. L. Vuillmot,
700 K Street, N.E.,
Washington, D.C.

INTERESTING NEWS FOR EVERY STUDENT OF 1923

(Read carefully about the Lifetime family)

LIFETIME, the Senior Member, with very large ink capacity and unconditionally guaranteed nib.—$8.75

46 SPECIAL, the Youthful Member, next in size and quality to Lifetime.—$5.00

22 STUDENT'S SPECIAL, the Youngest Member, greatest value at the price.—$3.75

46 SPECIAL—Gold lever and clip. Wavy ribbon design—$5.00

STUDENT'S SPECIAL—Gold lever, clip and band, checkered design—$3.75

The nibs of the whole Lifetime family are made under the personal supervision of Mr. Winfield H. Kay, the world's master nib maker, which guarantees smoothness of writing and durability.

Make the most economical purchase of your school year by selecting a member of the Lifetime family.

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN CO.
FORT MADISON IOWA

There is only one Lifetime—SHEAFFER'S

SHEAFFER'S

PENS—PENCILS

AT THE BETTER DEALERS' EVERYWHERE

Branches:

NEW YORK 370 Seventh Avenue
CHICAGO 506 Republic Bldg.
SAN FRANCISCO 681 Market Street
DENVER 502 Jacobson Bldg.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF INDIA

(Continued from Page 13)

These measures give evidence of Warren Hastings' energy, vigor and power of organization, but they also give evidence of his arbitrary exercise of power. He swept away by a stroke of his pen the system which had prevailed before; he took away from local chiefs and zemindars the power and responsibility of keeping peace within their vast territories; he rejected all coöperation on the part of the people in the administration of their own concerns; and he set up young Englishmen, ignorant of the law and the customs of the country, to administer civil and criminal justice, to repress crime, to maintain peace, and to be the sole authority in all matters of administration in their districts.

Well, it would be difficult to have it both ways, would it not? If the Indian officials mercilessly plundered, oppressed and tormented the people, and—what was much more important, no doubt—held out a large part of the revenue that was due to the John Company under its first agreement with the shadowy but still somewhat real supreme power, there was no alternative to deposing them. Warren Hastings made a decision which has never been departed from in any Englishman's mind. They may pretend as much as they like; it is the first article of faith in the Britisher's creed in India today. He decided that Indians were not to be trusted, so—arbitrarily, to be sure, and most autocratically he adopted the measure of substituting Englishmen in their ancient and oftentimes hereditary offices. The historian says his system could not and did not succeed. But it did. At least it has so far, since it is the system now in operation, with very few basic modifications, changes or what an Englishman would probably call reforms. The Reforms, with a capital R, are slowly but surely working toward something in the nature of a definite and permanent change in the whole British-Indian relationship; but while they develop in the high lights of political agitation and in the dizzying domain of democratic privilege conferred, the district collector, under his same old misleading title, continues to govern India. And the collector in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is still an Englishman.

The Hastings Impeachment

Warren Hastings laid the foundations of British civil control in India and did his best, against the bitter opposition of a majority of his colleagues, and with such human material as he had at hand to help him in carrying out his purpose, to establish a standard of morality in the discharge of what he came to regard as a great trust. He was impeached as a corrupt and ambitious tyrant; his trial before the House of Lords dragged on through seven weary years; he was finally acquitted, but never exonerated; and it is natural, perhaps, in face of what he did in India, that Indians today, in harking back to his momentous era, prefer to quote the burning denunciations of Burke rather than his own manfully measured periods of self-defense. It was Warren Hastings who first acted upon the assumption that Indians could not be intrusted with authority to handle revenues or to administer justice. This assumption has been the prevailing influence in England's conduct of the affairs of India ever since, and it is in protest against this assumption that the people of India today have risen to a point of practically open rebellion against British domination. It is interesting in the light of the indisputable facts, and in view of his righteous denunciation of the untrustworthiness of the Indian officials who were stripped of their authority by Warren Hastings, to find the writer whom I have quoted saying:

"To the end of his life Edmund Burke felt that he had failed in the mightiest endeavor which he had made in the cause of justice and right. But, nevertheless, if ever any man succeeded in vindicating justice and right that man was Edmund Burke. As one of the greatest of living writers in England has pointed out, 'the side that is defeated on a particular issue is often victorious in the wide and general outcome. Looking back across the ninety years that divide us from that memorable scene in Westminster Hall, we see that Burke had more success than at first appeared. If he did not convict the man, he overthrew a system, and stamped its principles with lasting censure and shame. . . . That Hastings was acquitted was immaterial. The lesson of his impeachment had been taught with sufficiently impressive force—the great lesson that Asiatics have rights and that Europeans have obligations: that a superior race is bound to observe the highest current morality of the time in all its dealings with the subject race. Burke is entitled to our lasting reverence as the first apostle and great upholder of integrity, mercy and honor in the relation between his countrymen and their humble dependents.'"

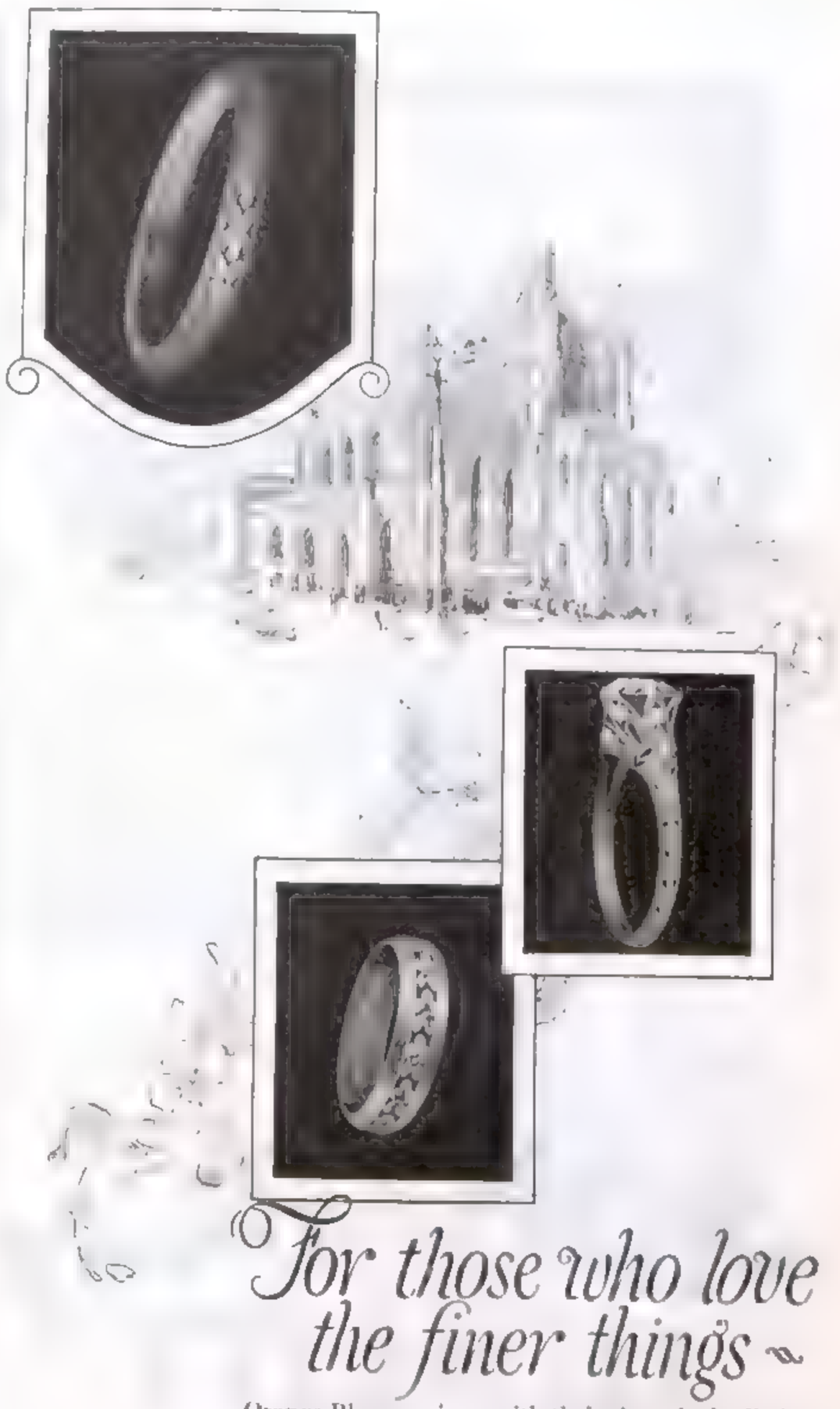
Mr. Dutt wrote in 1897, and the author to whom he referred was Mr. John Morley.

I should like to go on and write a somewhat comprehensive sketch of the progress of British sovereignty in India, but such a sketch could only be a gathering together and setting forth in yet another form of facts contained in a quite voluminous literature on the subject, which is available to anyone who may happen to be sufficiently interested to delve into it. My only purpose in reaching back as far as I have, and in writing ancient history at such length, is to throw upon my screen, so to speak, a mere glimpse of the background of the present British position, without a brief consideration or reminder of which this position stands out as something incomprehensible.

The British Raj

You go into India today and you behold the amazing spectacle of a handful of white foreigners, just a few thousand of them, dominating the whole scene and imposing upon brown races numbering some 317,000,000 an absolutely autocratic sovereignty. You look back across the years and contemplate the workings of the great and perhaps justly lauded Pax Britannica, and you realize that under it a large majority of the 317,000,000 have remained in a state of mental flaccidity. You see at least 90 per cent of the 317,000,000 sunk in abysmal depths of benightedness out of which no sincere attempt ever seems to have been made to lift them. You see perhaps 70 per cent of them wallowing in abject poverty and in such conditions of life as probably exist nowhere else on earth. You see from 60,000,000 to 70,000,000 of them not knowing from one year's end to another what it is to have their hunger satisfied. You see a singular sadness written upon the faces of the many, and a kind of insolent defiance making curiously repellent the attitude of the few. You see opulent Indian citizens—called "loyal to the King-Emperor and their own financial interests"—rolling about in the glistening procession of motor traffic. You see thousands of children in the streets of every city who ought to be somewhere in bondage to schoolbooks, and too many of them have their little hands out begging for baksheesh. You see the country dotted all over with crumbling mud-hut villages such as a colony of Kansas prairie dogs would scorn to inhabit. You see signs of prosperity in vast stretches of flat country a-wave with the golden-green beauty of ripened grain. Round the outskirts of cities you see the signs of industry in clusters of tall chimneys beclouding the sky with beneficent smoke. You see a bewildering variety of life, but most of it, from your point of view, utterly unlivable.

Then you see the stamp of Anglo-Saxon civilization upon every community. You see it principally in the form of fine barracks and spacious military cantonments, but you see it also in splendid developments; in modern cities modernly built; in railways and roadways; in the palatial housings of a select society; in finely kept parks and a somewhat magnificent prodigality of monuments and statuary that are perhaps too nearly 100 per cent commemorative of British enterprise and exploit. You see it wherever commerce rides the wave or rules the market place. You feel it or sense it with every breath you breathe, and you could not escape it, even though, like a Hindu ascetic, you should seat yourself with eyes closed under an isolated pipal tree in the remotest corner of the empire and dedicate yourself to the task of achieving spiritual nonexistence. It is the most amazing thing in the whole wide world. It is the something or other that is known in the general scheme of things in India as the British raj. You ask either an Indian or an Englishman just what the word "raj" in this connection means and



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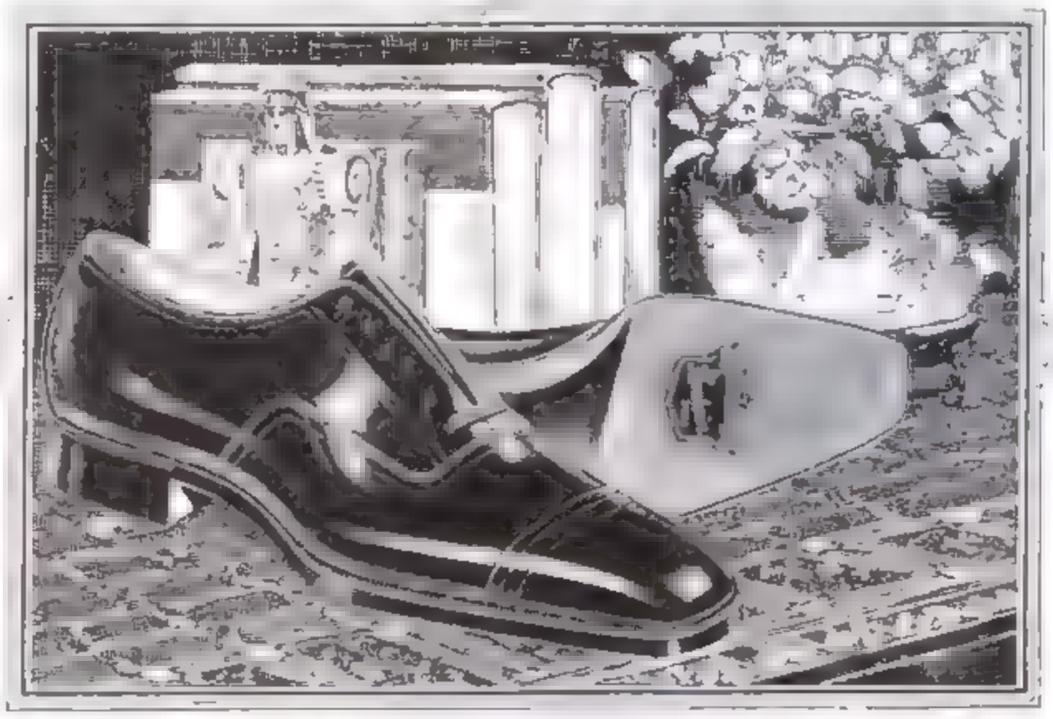

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neither of them is able to tell you. The word "prestige" is sometimes offered by an Englishman as being an approximate equivalent, but the Indian is rather inclined to define the term with a harsher feeling for the value of synonyms. He is likely to tell you that to him it means the hovering spirit of an inescapable despotism. The phrase is spoken by the Englishman with a round resonance of smiling satisfaction; it is spoken by the Indian who has learned to think with a kind of thoughtful rigidity.

But to go on generalizing as though no changes had taken place in India within twenty years is a misleading thing to do. It is only that there have been very few changes in the atmosphere in which the British have their being and for which they themselves are directly responsible. It is known that they have instituted reforms in government and it is supposed that the Indians are well on their way toward the only kind of independence the majority of them have any interest in, and that is independence within the empire. The difficulty is that the British are trying to give them this without impairing in too great a degree their good old machine of autocratic control, and the Indians are not satisfied. They intend, if they can, to make a mess of the reforms—which I shall outline in a later article—and to begin all over again on lines more nearly parallel with the demands they have made. They are to have their second general elections in November, this year, and the idea of the extreme party, which is very strong, is that they will capture the councils and the new legislative bodies and wreck them from within; and they will not fail to remind us of their self-determining existence and to call our attention to the fact that their grievances for the most part are still listed under the same old headings.

The first of these grievances is that India is in the empire but not of it; that Indians are not admitted to a basis of equality in any colony, dominion or commonwealth under the British flag. This perhaps is not nearly so important to the average Indian politician and reformer as he pretends to regard it; but the humiliation and mistreatment of Indians in Fiji and different parts of Africa, the rigid exclusion of Indians from Canada and Australia, and the general disposition on the part of Englishmen everywhere to look upon Indians not as fellow citizens but as subjects are all themes calculated not only to move to active resentment the educated few but to appeal as well to the readily inflammable passions of the ignorant multitude.

The Native Politician's Wants

The politician is really much more interested in getting within his grasp the reins of authority in India. He wants no longer to be regarded as an untrustworthy inferior; he wants to be made eligible for any office in the government of India; he wants to control taxation and to dictate the terms of governmental expenditure; he wants to reduce to a radical extent the number of Englishmen employed in India and to Indianize all the government services, including the army; he wants to equalize the remuneration of Indians and Englishmen, and he wants to do it now, without regard to their respective qualifications or necessities; he wants to acquire the power within the empire of retaliation and reprisal against any other unit of the empire; and he wants most particularly to substitute an Indian raj for the British raj, under which he thinks he now suffers the humiliation of a too apparent subjugation.

His terms sound fair enough, but the trouble is that he himself is not yet prepared to meet them, and that as regards the great body of the people his declared sentiments are mostly insincere, and inspired by a far less genuine sympathy than the British overlords are ready and willing now to express in actual performance.

It is necessary, if I am to convey anything approaching a true picture of the situation, to lapse into light-mindedness to the extent of a few paragraphs, and to begin by saying that the grievance of the Indians from which practically all other grievances emanate—and this regardless of the tremendous economic and political problems involved—is that no Indian in India is ever permitted to enjoy a sense of social equality with any Englishman in India. An Englishman may be anything but an English gentleman—and Englishmen are proud of the fact that the word "gentleman" cannot be adequately translated into any language on earth—he may be a cheap specimen of a low-bred type, without education, manners or morals, but he is a white man, a sahib, and is therefore entitled to an assumption of superiority and—what is more objectionable—to the enjoyment of many special privileges specifically denied to Indians.

It is true that there are not many Englishmen of this breed in India; it is true that the terms of service in India, in whatever capacity a man may serve, whether in government or in business, are too severe and too definitely specialized to be met successfully by any but men of high character and special training. But it is also true that even such men very often forget that India does not belong to a few thousand Englishmen possessing a right to the willing and humble subservience of 317,000,000 Indians.

It always interests me to hear an Englishman of standing and importance in an Indian community indulging himself in what amounts to condescending reference to his Indian friends. Every Englishman has his pet Indians. He does not mean to be patronizing, but his whole spirit is a spirit of patronage. He may have an Indian partner in business or an Indian colleague in government service; he will tell you what a fine fellow he is, and say, with an air which challenges you to regard him as anything but very liberal-minded, that he likes this Indian and has no end of respect for him. But inquiry almost invariably elicits the information that he has never been inside the home of this friend and that there exists between them nothing even remotely resembling a social relationship.

Galling Politeness

Since Indian political and social agitation began to achieve a certain measure of success the British have adopted a conciliatory attitude, so far as they are able, and have been telling each other both in the press and on the platform, in their naïve and naturally honest fashion, that they really must begin to be more polite to Indians. But I myself have frequently observed this politeness to be almost worse than a direct insult. It almost invariably reveals itself as a concession.

I have been greatly interested in reading some sermons preached by the same minister—Mr. R. Gordon Milburn—who thinks "there is not a body of men in the world which, in too independent and powerful a position, would not be unscrupulous and immoral." In one of these sermons he is talking to soldiers in barracks, and goes on most entertainingly to develop a detailed and illustrated definition of chivalry, in the course of which he reaches a consideration of the British attitude toward the Indian. He says:

"There is a bit of the churl in all of us; a bit of the coward, the brute and the boor. You can be brave when the enemy to be faced is a fabulous monster or a battery of artillery. But suppose the enemy were your own friends, and suppose they should sneer at you. Should you still be brave? It is not so very hard to right the wrongs of a beautiful damsel and to speak courteously to her. There is not much chivalry required under such circumstances as those. But suppose the wrongs to be righted were a baboo's; suppose the person to be courteously addressed were an Indian manifesting some national habit that irritated us. Should we still be courteous? And this brings me to my appeal. I appeal to your chivalry. Be courteous to the people of this land. Be courteous and considerate in your speech toward them. They are a very sensitive people. They feel the humiliation of being lorded over by foreigners. What should we feel like if foreigners ruled in London and flaunted it day and night before our eyes that we were a conquered people to be treated with contempt? And when it is we who are ruling, is it chivalrous that we should behave as boors? You know the abominable things that sometimes happen. . . . Ah, the shame, the shame, the shame and disgrace of it to us!

"I appeal to your chivalry. Be courteous to gentlemen in misfortune. And not only be courteous; be right glad when they show anything of manly independence, even though it be to our cost. Surely we cannot wish the people of this country to be abject; we cannot wish others to be what we ourselves despise."

To get the full gist of this it should be read quite thoughtfully. It is clear enough

(Continued on Page 137)

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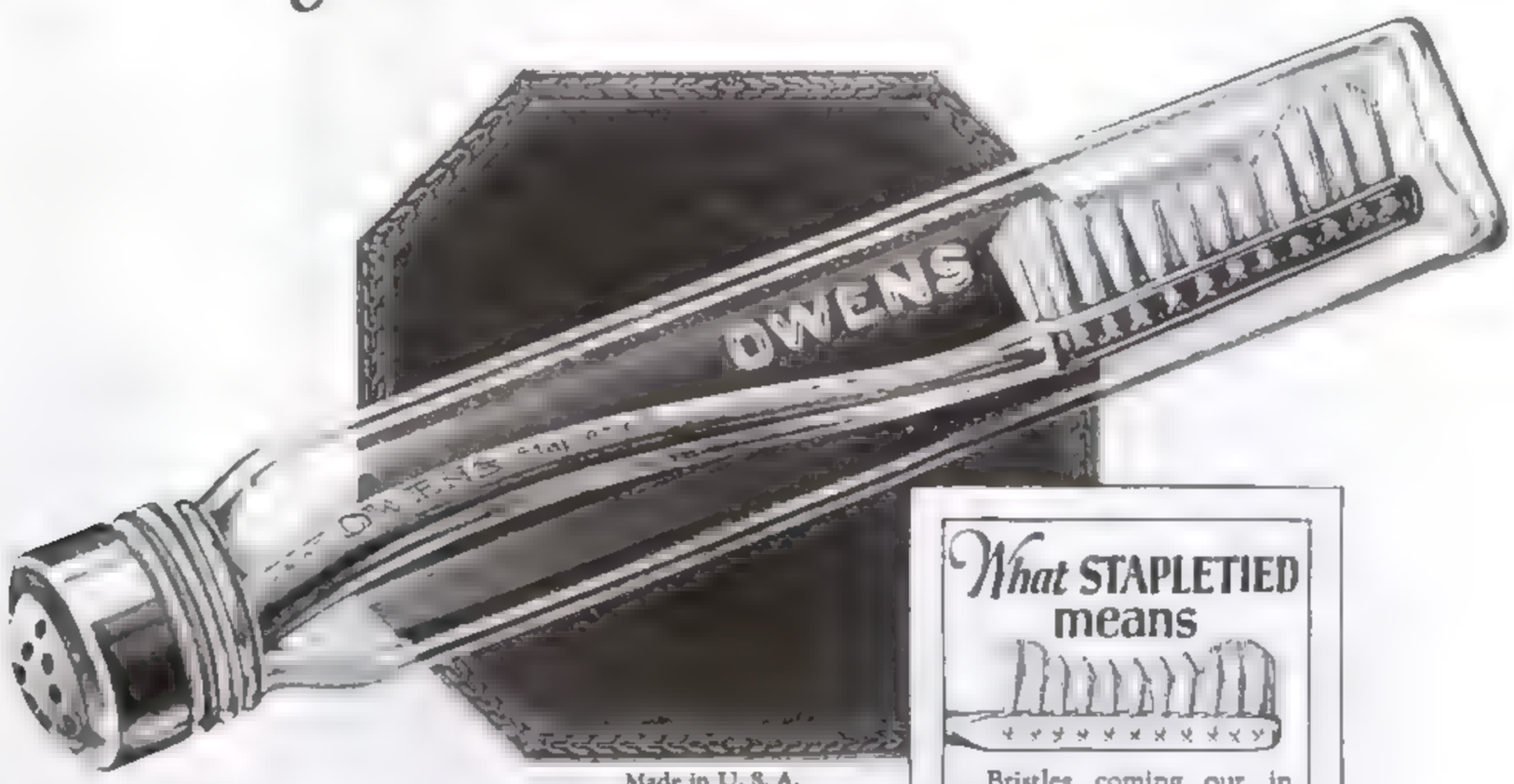

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(Continued from Page 134)

in its mild simplicity, but its revelations all lie between the lines. Another sermon preached to a congregation of the elect in the rarefied social atmosphere of Darjiling has in it even more of unexpressed information for the stranger and the uninitiated. To this company of ladies and gentlemen the minister says:

"I would ask you to avoid the word 'nigger' or 'black' as applied to Indians, not only when they can overhear or otherwise come to know of it but even when this is not the case. For the frame of mind which the use of these words will tend to give rise to is just that frame of mind which we want to get rid of, whereas if we make a point of speaking politely about Indians we shall find it easy to speak politely to them. I feel we ought to think more of the way in which Indians look upon their relations with us. Let us try to look at things from their point of view. They are conscious that they are an ancient race with much to be proud of. Yet in their own country they are treated as inferiors by a race that has somehow come and planted itself over them as their superiors, and everything they can interpret as contempt for them they do so interpret, although in a majority of cases it is mere thoughtlessness and inconsiderateness on our part."

Social Customs in India

Wherein you get the ministerial sugaring of the pellet. He quotes Mr. Gokhale, the late well-beloved and famous Indian scholar, educator and reformer, as having said to him in reference to the rudeness which Indians are constantly called upon to endure: "Ah, but it hurts, it hurts!" Then he goes after the women and tells them they are altogether wrong in refusing to grant social recognition to Indians. He accuses them of standing aloof and pretending that they have nothing to do with racial questions one way or another, whereupon he concludes his gentle scolding by saying:

"What must often happen I think is this: Mrs. Smith would gladly ask the Banerjees or the Roys to dinner, but she is afraid she would mortally offend the Joneses, who are coming that day. Mrs. Jones, for her part, would be quite willing to meet the Banerjees or the Roys, but could never take the initiative of asking them for fear of what Mrs. Smith would think."

In a footnote the minister laments that "unfortunately there was, unknown to me, a real Mrs Jones that day in church," and I don't mind saying that over that footnote I have rejoiced exceedingly. It is worth all the rest of the sermon put together. And I think it must have been a piquant kind of little matron who laughingly informed him that Mrs. Jones was among those present, and she probably managed to convey to him that he had got himself in Dutch generally with all the women.

It is absolutely true that in many British circles there is either a direct prohibition of association with Indians, or limits are tacitly established, beyond which no white man or woman—and especially no white woman—dares to go. I know in a certain city an American woman who is married to an Englishman. It would not be fair to identify her, because she is prominent in her community and has her life to live as life is lived in her present environment. She has had to learn how this is done, and the lesson has not been any too simple. When she arrived in India she knew nothing whatever about the special customs and peculiar prejudices of the domiciled British and naturally assumed that Indians who, by virtue of their standing and importance, were privileged to call on her were entitled to any return courtesies she might see fit to extend to them. There was a young man who had just graduated from the university and had entered upon a minor appointment in the government service. He called on the American lady and found her charming, no doubt, as she really is. When he was leaving he took the dust of her feet and assured her that she was his mother and grandmother. When an Indian takes the dust of your feet he stoops and touches your shoe, then touches his own forehead. It is a gesture of profound respect, but is seldom employed by an Indian to express his respect for a foreigner; nor does he often promote a foreigner to an exalted position among his ancestors.

My friend, being new to the ways of the East, was delighted with this youth, and not only invited him to her house but went with him one day to have tea in his own home. This was too much for the good ladies of the British colony. Why, the young man was a mere nobody, even among Indians! They held an indignation meeting, or at least managed in some way to communicate their disapproval one to another; after which they practically all called on the offending American for the express purpose of giving her the benefit of their superior knowledge of what was and what was not regarded as good form in the social circle of which she had become a part. They were perfectly brutal about it, and said without any equivocation that if she began to associate with Indians in any but the most formal manner she would lose her opportunity to associate with anybody else. When she told me about it she expressed herself in terms of burning indignation, and being an American enjoying the rare privilege—for her—of talking with an American, I think she found considerable relief in unburdening herself.

The Britisher cannot help it. He seldom asserts his superiority by actual declaration; perhaps he is hardly ever conscious of any feeling of superiority; but in everything he does, in his general attitude and in his everyday discriminations in his own favor, he definitely places the Indian of whatever rank on a level beneath him. But if it would afford any comfort to any Indian I might point out that the Englishman often manages somehow to convey to many of us that he tolerates us rather than seeks association with us.

One of the mistakes we have not made in the Philippine Islands, by the way, has been to permit racial distinctions to influence our conduct toward the Philippine people. No Filipino of the class with which Americans would naturally come in social contact can complain that as a general rule he has ever been treated with anything but sincere courtesy and respect, a courtesy and respect that were never forced, but had their impulse in a genuine sense on the part of Americans of his right in his own country to a realization of pride in himself and his nationality; though I am reminded that a few American roughnecks in the early days thought it was part of their job to be abusive in their treatment of the humbler goo-goos, as they were in the habit of calling their brown brethren. They were fond of inflicting corporal punishment on their Filipino servants and did not hesitate to knock the poor Filipino taos about with entire unconcern and inexcusable brutality. But a remedy was soon provided in the form of a law, after the promulgation of which it jolly well cost a white man fifty dollars to so much as lay his hand in anger upon a Filipino. And that was that.

Two Policies Compared

There existed in the Philippines many of the same differences between Filipinos and Americans in habits, manners and customs that exist in India between Englishmen and Indians; but it must be that either we are more adaptable than the British or that in the case of the Philippines we were somewhat shamefaced in our inconsistency as republican imperialists and sought to cover our embarrassment with an assumed suavity and camaraderie—which is not true at all. Neither have I got my tongue in my cheek, though I must say I hardly know where to put it. The American soldiers fighting in the insurrection, which was really a continuation of the Filipino war of independence against Spain, put our original intention into song, and they sang it for the most part as good-naturedly as they shot at insurrectos. We had no imperialistic designs. According to the soldiers, we were there "beneath the starry flag, to civilize them with the Krag, then return us to our own beloved home."

The unavoidable complications and inescapable responsibilities that have made it impossible so far for us to carry out the final important detail of our declared purpose are almost identical with the complications and responsibilities by which England is debarred from the remotest chance of getting out of India. But I do believe, to be quite serious, that if England had pursued in India more or less the same policy that we have pursued in the Philippines, with the differences, of course, necessitated by the vast dissimilarities in the problems presented, but with the same general intention, England would not now be dealing with a situation which may develop graver aspects than anybody cares to contemplate.

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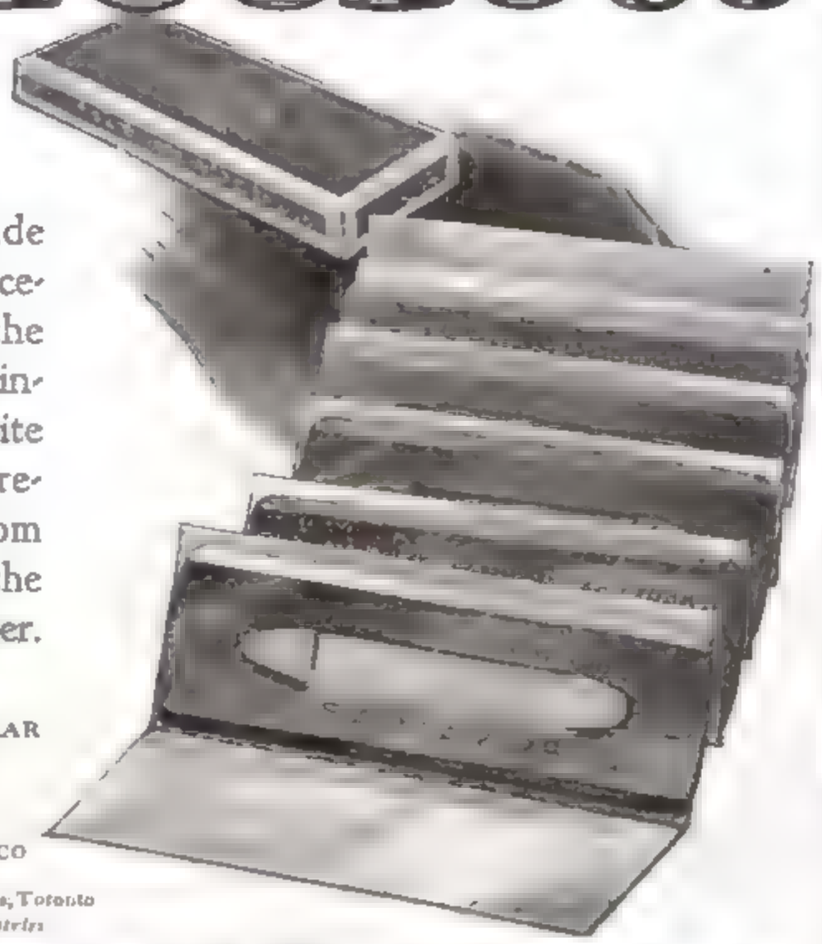

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The mere matter of social equality may seem at a casual glance to be very unimportant; but where sovereignty is imposed by a stronger nation upon a weaker it inevitably influences the whole relationship between the governors and the governed. But, as I have said, in our attitude toward the Filipinos we were never actuated by expediency. In the first place we liked the Filipinos. You see, I lived among them for five years, so I know what I am talking about. We liked them and were interested in what they did as well as in the way they did it. We joined in their recreations and taught them by degrees to excel in some of ours.

Moreover, there was always a frank recognition on our part that the islands belonged to them and not to us; so not only was all legislation designed to enhance their interests but they were admitted to a very large share in governmental administration from the very beginning of our association with them. The chief justice of the supreme court was always a Filipino and there were always two other Filipinos on the supreme bench, while more Filipinos than Americans were appointed as judges in the lower courts throughout the islands. There were as many Filipinos as Americans on the commission, a commissionership, next to the governor-generalship, being the highest office in the gift of the government, while the commissioner who held the portfolio of Finance and Justice was always a Filipino. And what is more important to mention in making a comparison between our course in the Philippines and the British policy in India, for the same kind of service the Filipino has always received the same kind of remuneration that was granted to the American.

But that is getting deeper into my comparison than I intended to go. My original thought was simply of the social relationship between Filipinos and Americans, which was really instituted by Mr. Taft, and which obtained throughout subsequent administrations up to 1913, reaching its finest expression perhaps under the splendid influence and genuine friendliness of Mr. Forbes.

The Obstacle of Native Customs

It was the sort of thing that would be unthinkable in India, I suppose; though I surely must point out that the fault is not altogether British. The difficulty is that in writing about India one is not unlikely to forget that there is such a being as an Indian woman. I am thinking, of course, only of the higher classes of people, and the high-class Indian woman is almost invariably in purdah—that is, shut away for life in the inner recesses of her own home or compelled when she ventures into the street to do so under an all-enveloping veil or a grotesque garment of white muslin which makes her look like a perambulating ghost caught out in daylight and rather afraid of it. There is veiled timidity in her every gesture.

If an Englishman dines in an Indian house he dines with men alone; and his wife cannot be asked to accompany him, because the wife of his host cannot sit at table with him. This would naturally make social intercourse between the two races somewhat difficult, would it not? When an Indian is invited into an Englishman's home he certainly is invited on terms of social equality, however temporary or merely expedient these terms may be; but no Englishwoman can be blamed for not wanting to invite a man to her house whose house she cannot enter except to visit its women in the deep mysteries of purdah and whose wife she is not permitted to include in the invitation. Then, too, an Indian who is himself quite acceptable from a social point of view, in that he may be rich and of ancient lineage, is as likely as not to have a wife who is not more than nine or ten or twelve or fifteen years old and who sits on the floor and feeds her pretty little face with her dainty little, dirty little fingers, and who knows less about everything except life itself and its grosser realities than the average four-year-old in any other country.

What are you going to do about it? The truth is that when you attempt deliberately to make out a case against the British in India, be you ever so solemn and serious about it, you encounter a good many obstacles in the nature of embarrassing facts which have a way of weakening most of your arguments. But I shall go on and do my best and pretty soon I shall get to their vulnerable point, their vulnerable point being any point at which their financial interests are affected. It always amuses me to hear Britishers talk about Americans—always in polite and well-chosen language, to be sure—as being moneygrubbers and grabbers and financial pirates. In comparison with them, we are poor financial incompetents and prodigal, improvident spendthrifts. Most of us know only a little about the gentle art of making money; the secrets of the higher art of getting it are locked in the bosoms of the few. And I may say, parenthetically, that the prevailing idea that we are all rich is pretty hard to live up to in foreign parts on an earned income.

By Way of Comparison

Another thing we did in the Philippine Islands that the British have not done in India was to establish an educational system designed for the education of children, and not merely for the special and superficial training of a few government clerks and subordinate officials and the gilding with degrees of an oversupply of half-baked and pettifogging lawyers. We believe in education for education's sake. We believe in opening the minds of the young, even though it be only to the extent of teaching them to read and write and to do simple sums in arithmetic. We believe that the first duty of government is to recognize the right of every child to educational facilities, however limited, governmentally provided and paid for. We believe in beginning education with primary courses, and if we could not have both primary schools and universities we would do without the universities. We believe in higher education, but we do not believe it seeps down from those who have imbibed it to benefit the masses who are denied the privilege of education in any form.

The first thing we did in the Philippines was to begin shooing the children in off the streets and setting them to the task of learning the English alphabet. It was the only alphabet we knew how to teach, and there were and are nearly as many different languages in the Philippines as there are in India. English education was the only kind of education we had to offer in elementary grades, and though the introduction of it may have been an outrage against certain ancient Filipino cultures which were seeking to maintain themselves, it was a whole lot better than nothing; so we shrugged our shoulders at all lofty protests against it and confined ourselves to the necessary task of keeping the noses of the children down to the elementary grindstone. The result is, after twenty-three years, a Filipino people about one-third coming along splendidly and the other two-thirds progressing as rapidly as is in any way necessary or desirable in view of the fact that Rome was not built in a day. The last thing we did in the development of an all-embracing educational system was to establish in Manila a university, which we hope to make the greatest institution of learning west of the one hundred and eightieth meridian.

It may be that if we had had a couple of hundred million young people to deal with we would not have been quite so crisp and confident in our acceptance of the obligation, nor yet quite so successful in our discharge of it; but in any case we surely would have begun at the beginning.

I know that comparisons are odious and all that sort of thing; but since it is the fashion nowadays in India to compare the problem which England has in that vast country with the problem the United States has endeavored to solve in the Philippines and to make the most of the partial failure of the Filipinos in their experiment in self-government, I see no reason why a few comparisons of a general character may not be regarded as permissible.

In India now there are a few thousand educated men, a few hundred, perhaps, educated women, and a large number of slightly enlightened citizens of both sexes, who look upon the total illiteracy of the people as a whole with burning shame. At the same time it must be admitted that it is more than doubtful whether a baker's dozen of this class would make any personal sacrifice for the benefit of the submerged nine-tenths; would surrender any of their privileges or prejudices, to say nothing of a likelihood of their consenting to tax themselves in the interest of general education. They are fired with patriotic zeal, but are far from being conspicuously practical. They are babes in the woods and children of Israel

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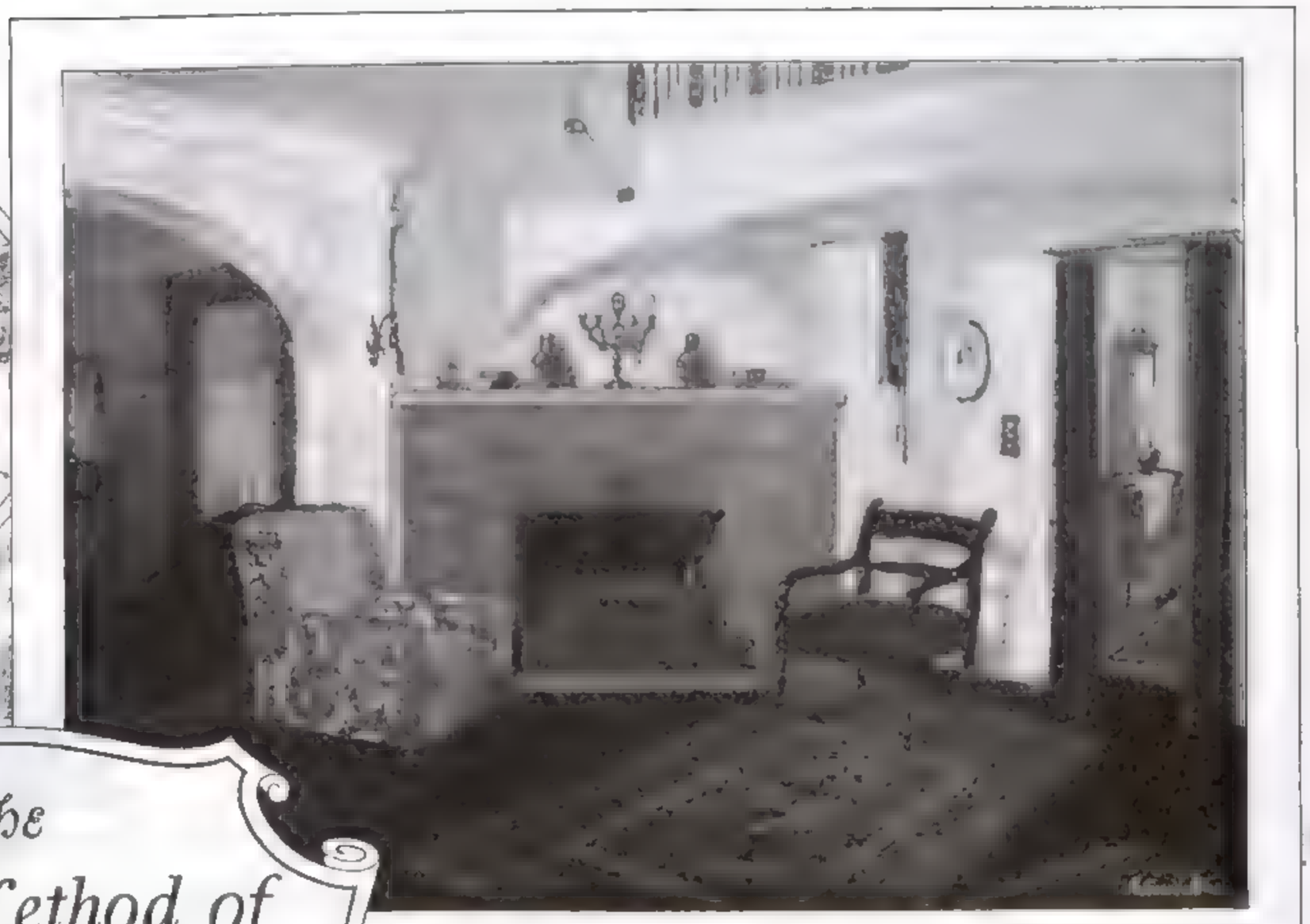

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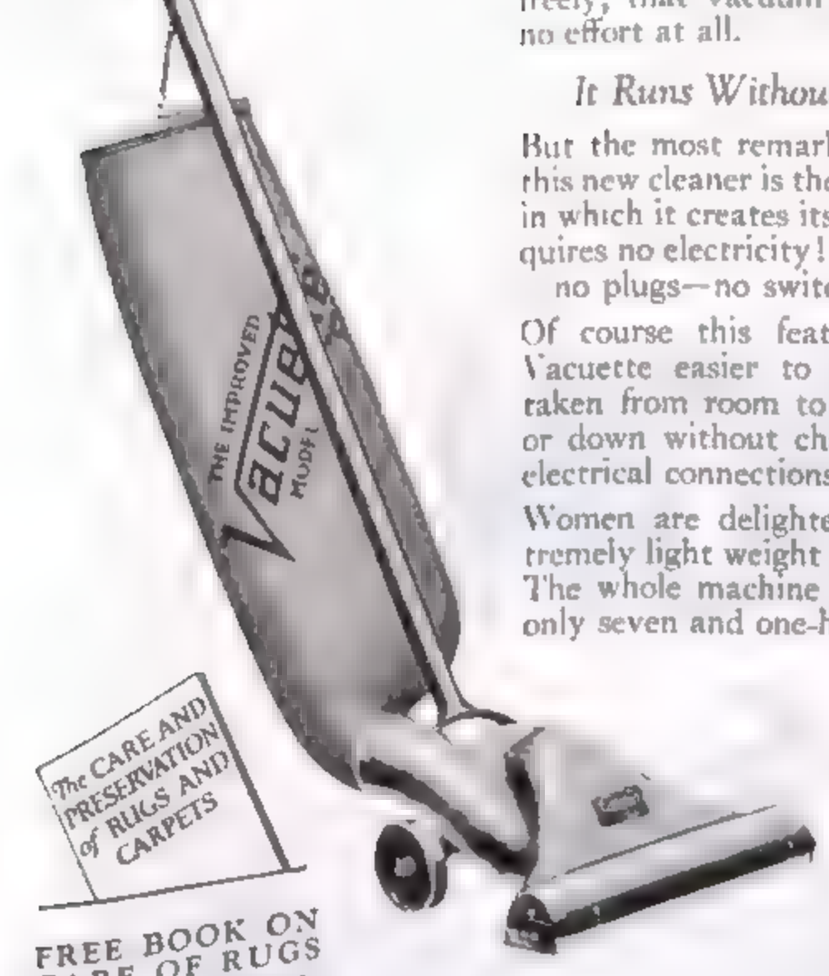

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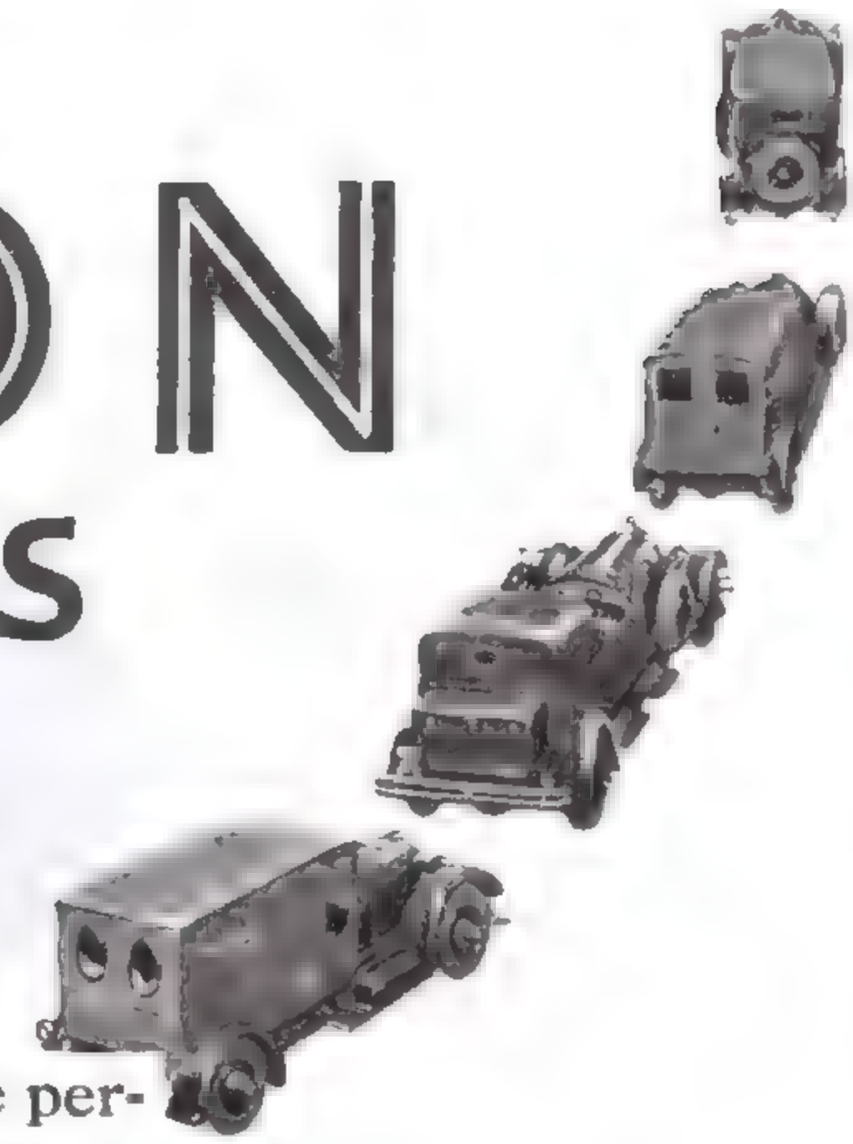

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(Continued from Page 138

who seem to look upon government as an inexhaustible source of leaves and manna miraculously provided. Indeed, their leaders are constantly putting forth magnificent proposals for the educational uplift of the downtrodden millions; but it is not yet recorded that any one of them has ever taken into consideration the unavoidable necessity for producing the wherewithal.

But they do talk; they merely talk, and the sum of their bitter argument is that England has deliberately kept the people in ignorance in order to keep them weak and unresisting. If this is true—and Englishmen admit that there seems to be some justification for the charge—the grand scheme has certainly ended in an amazing muddle. And there is this to be said: No enlightened and powerful nation controlling the destinies of a weak and unregenerate race has a right to excuse its own shortcomings by reference to the incapacity of the subject people to better its performance.

I shall not go on with this subject, because I intend later to consider the problem of educating such a population in connection with inherited Hindu culture and the difficulties arising from certain religious enslavements and the innumerable social divisions and subdivisions that have resulted therefrom. I will only say that England began with higher education for the purpose primarily of securing the requisite number of Indian clerks and subordinate officials in the government services and commercial houses; that she has been penurious in her financial support of elementary educational projects and has landed eventually in a kind of educational chaos.

However, in extenuation of all this it is easy enough to frame excuses and convincing counter arguments, and it is true that it would be difficult to imagine what conditions in India would be like today, and what kind of world problems they would be presenting, if the country for the past century had not been held in the sure grip of a more or less benevolent despotism. It is when one gets into the realm of economic considerations that England is revealed as imposing upon India a despotism not so benevolent.

Gandhi's Casus Belli

Mr. Gandhi organized his rebellion against British rule on the basic proposition that England in India had destroyed the self-dependence of the people by destroying their great ancient industry, which was their principal source of self-dependence. It is known that in the olden days Indian swadeshi fabrics—that is, fabrics produced in India from raw materials grown in India—not only clothed the vast population at home but found a ready market in foreign countries, and especially in Great Britain, where they could be sold at a profit for prices at least 50 per cent lower than prices current for similar goods of British manufacture. The earlier merchants, as has been recorded, very soon drove all European competition out of India; and enjoying a practically absolute monopoly, they steadily and progressively made the most of it. Through their banyan, or native middlemen, who were distributed throughout the country, and were given a free hand to grind the faces of the poor at their own discretion in order to make their own profits and to enhance the profits of the company, these merchants bought vast quantities of the native fabrics at prices made possible by the facts that they were largely products of home or cottage industry and that the native weavers were content or had to be content with a pittance for their labor. These goods flooded the markets of England, to the end that English manufacturers were roused to fight for self-preservation through their exclusion; and eventually they were excluded either by complete prohibition or by the imposition of duties amounting to 70 and 80 per cent of their value. This necessitated, in the interest of the British merchant, the discouragement of weaving in India and the adoption of measures calculated to increase the production of raw materials with which to meet the consequent rapid increase of the weaving industry in England.

The spinning wheel and the loom disappeared from the general scheme of things so far as the Indians were concerned, and the millions of skilled artisans who had lived from generation to generation upon their output were forced to scatter broadcast over the land and to take their places for the most part in the ranks of the consistently despoiled and forever oppressed nonlandowning cultivators of a none too friendly soil. Nor could the people retaliate by imposing duties, however light, on imports from England. The people had no voice in their own government, and the British government of India yielded to the demand in England for free access to the colossal Indian market for all goods of British manufacture.

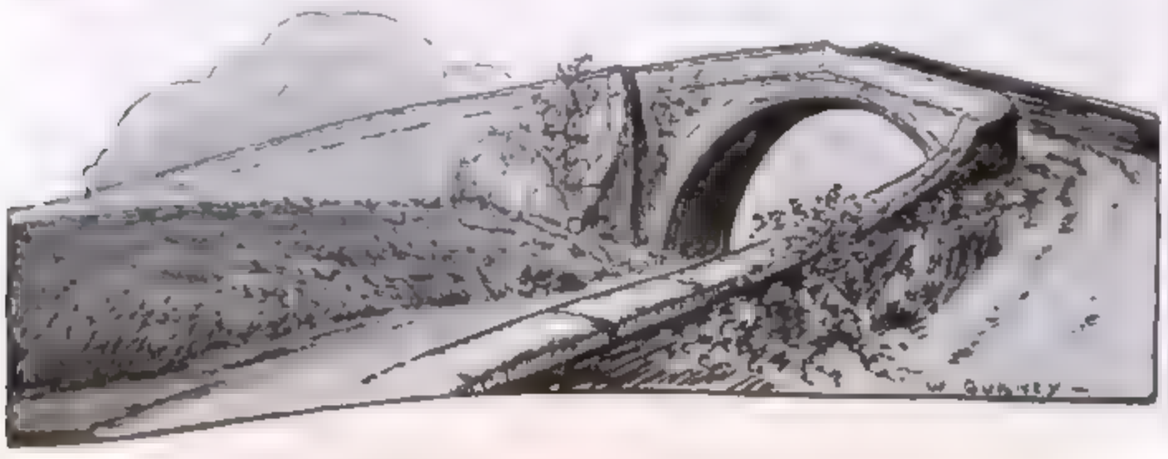
India's War Tribute

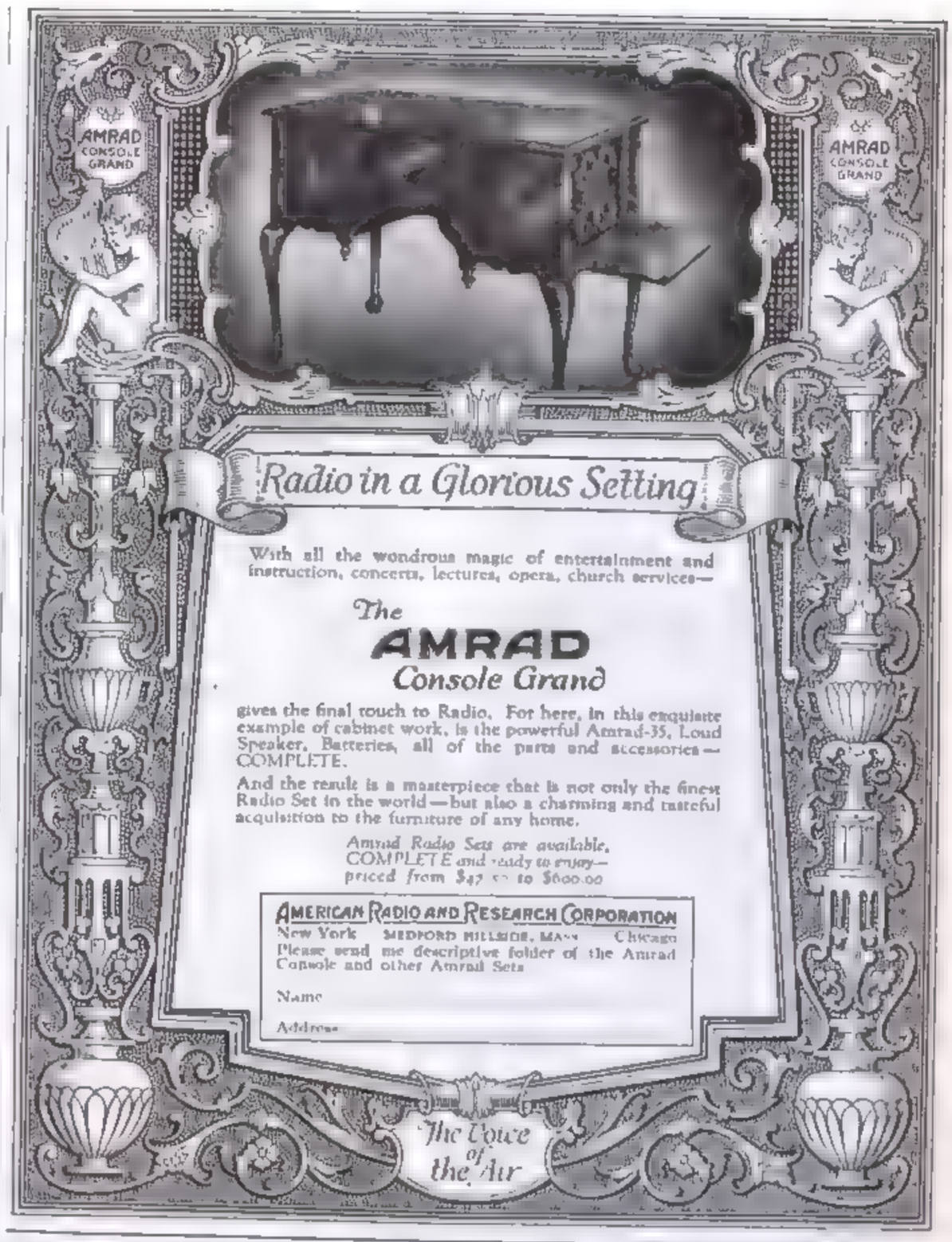
And now I find that I am in too deep to get out in the course of this article with everything said and accounted for. The story is too long and its details are too numerous. I had in mind the fact that Indians attribute to certain British economic inconsistencies and financial impositions all their woes and disabilities, and I meant to follow a few causes down to their too glaringly apparent effects; but I shall have to make it a story to be continued. One wants to know why an agricultural people with a sufficient acreage on the earth's surface to support it in comfort, according to the concept of comfort of its vast majority, should have been reduced in the day and generation of men now living to such conditions as are exemplified in a toll of death from starvation of approximately 60,000,000 since the benevolent and good Victoria became the first British sovereign of its empire. One wants to know why poverty in India and the debasing influences and effects of poverty are the gravest problems with which the government of India has now to deal. One wants to know why the British raj, instead of hovering over India as an unassailable and inaccessible element, does not oftener or more successfully descend like a great Harun-al-Rashid to mingle with the masses it controls and to redress their wrongs in humble recognition of their rights.

The chief complaint of Indians along economic lines is that India is bled white year after year for purposes which have to do solely with the extension or consolidation of British authority in different parts of the world with which India can have no direct concern. It is pointed out that for enforced participation in wars abroad during England's era of expansion before the Great War, India contributed not only the lives of thousands of men but treasure as well in actual tribute to the extent of more than $500,000,000 in direct payment for foreign military operations, while for maintaining peace within India today—along with a scientific frontier on the northwest border against possible incursions from what the Indians believe to be improbably hostile neighbors—nearly one-half the revenue of the empire is annually expended. Yet in such connections England has never done anything except that which immediate necessity seemed to demand; and England has always been right.

I am confined to the final observation that measures for the maintenance of a too vast empire may often have to be taken at the expense of the well-being of the peoples held in imperial subjugation.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mrs. Egan. The next will appear in an early issue.

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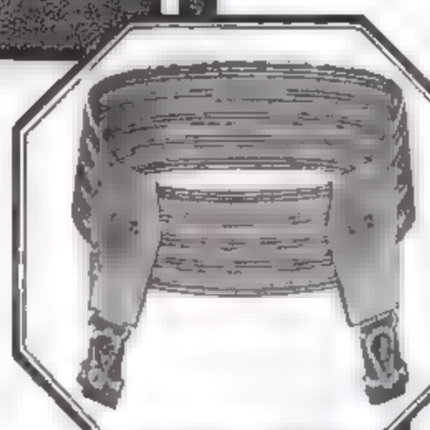

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WHAT NEXT FOR COUNTRY BANKERS?

(Continued from Page 24)

financial feet. Kansas, only a part of whose banks entered the guaranty system, has enough claims from depositors of failed banks to wipe out its fund of nearly $1,000,000 and will require more assessments. North Dakota, whose financial experience has been particularly severe, has some $4,000,000 yet due to depositors from its guaranty fund without any very clear plan for meeting it. Texas and Nebraska levied sufficient assessments to meet all losses sustained, but both states have somewhat limited the fund's obligation.

It is notable that in all these states the national banks have fared much better than the state banks. Whether because of stricter supervision or because of the direct responsibility which discountenanced too liberal loans, or because they have a larger commercial business and less agricultural loans, they showed remarkable stability, despite the deflation in values and the consequent shrinkage in deposits.

The important thing is, however, that no legislative scheme can supersede the personal equation in country banking. The institution that takes fewest chances is the one that has least embarrassment. As the banks beat back to normal it is likely that they will realize this more fully and place less dependence on outside influence and more on the intrinsic principles of finance—and this despite the constant supply of theories proposed by embryonic statesmen who have never managed banks.

Looking ahead, the country banker sees a new competition, created by Congress when it provided for the establishment of agricultural-credit corporations. Though these require a capital of $250,000, they also enjoy privileges that seem to the local banker fraught with possibilities unfavorable to his interests. They have authority "to make advances upon, to discount, to rediscount and to sell or negotiate, with or without its guaranty, notes, drafts, bills of exchange and to accept drafts or bills of exchange." There is, to be sure, a restriction of their operations to agricultural purposes and to a maturity up to three years; but they may also deal in government bonds, serve as fiscal agents, hold and convey real estate, lend on realty mortgages and act as trustees. This catalogue of powers covers practically everything that may be done by the ordinary bank except receive deposits, and this might be accomplished by establishing a small state bank in connection with the corporation.

The Bankers' New Problem

The country banker sees in this new group of credit associations a menace to his own business because of their freedom from many requirements placed on his operations, while at the same time the corporation has access to the Federal Reserve system for accommodations, and also the agricultural-credit banks, created at the same time by Congress and capitalized by the government treasury. Relieved from costly provisions as to keeping of funds, and without provision against establishing branches, it is taken as a new phase of agricultural finance, with many opportunities that have been beyond the vision of the country banker.

These corporations are not yet well under way, but it is expected that many will be formed before the end of the year. Hence rural bankers are pondering the new problem.

Shall they try to meet the lower rates made possible in these latest competitors, or shall they form similar associations in order to share in the advantages? A third course is seriously discussed—asking Congress so to modify the law as to eliminate the connection of the associations with the Federal Reserve system and compel the associations to depend on their own resources, subjecting them to the same rules as to protection of funds and making their expenses more nearly equal those of the banks. This latter course, in the present attitude of the Congress, probably would be difficult, unless it can be shown—as some financial authorities believe—that there is involved in the law danger of overextension of credit and possibility of bringing about unfair conditions for banks of the agricultural sections.

Whether because of past experiences in joining new movements or because he feels that the cost of membership outweighs its advantages, the state banker—which means the vast majority of rural bankers—has refused generally to accept the invitation to join the Federal Reserve system. Only 1648 of 9678 banks eligible to membership—a number greatly augmented by the last Congress by reducing the capital needed from $25,000 to $15,000, under conditions—have become a part of the nation's great financial organization. Congress has a committee busy trying to find out why. This committee is sending out questionnaires and conducting a campaign to bring the state banks into the fold. As a further influence the Federal Reserve Board, late in June, withdrew the right it gave member banks of the Reserve system in 1921 to act as agents in rediscounting for nonmember banks, the new rule preventing nonmember banks from receiving the benefit of the Reserve system without contributing anything to it.

The Federal banking law prohibits discounting of paper of banks not members of the Federal Reserve system, except as especially authorized by the Federal Reserve Board. This authority was provided by the Federal Reserve Board in July, 1921, at a time when the money market was tight and there was widespread need of relief for country banks.

Farm Indebtedness Reduced

The country banker argues that he can handle his comparatively small business through his correspondent in the city as easily and with more profit by remaining aloof, and thus far he has so remained. In a pinch he now has the agricultural-credit banks to which he may apply, sending to them paper that is beyond his own capacity, just as he has for three years been sending it to the War Finance Corporation. It is interesting to note as an index of farmstead conditions how the movement of loans in the War Finance Corporation has changed. From January 1, 1922, to June 15, 1923, the repayments made on loans totaled $239,094,817, of which $171,805,956 were made since November 30, 1922. In the first two weeks of June, 1923, the repayments were $3,767,029, while the advances made for agricultural and livestock purposes were only $959,000—practically a reversal of average figures of fifteen months before. Though there was a possibility of three years' time in which to repay, the farm country has been steadily reducing its indebtedness to the corporation, indicating that the bank customers, the producers of the farm country, have made progress.

It is natural that, while these facilities exist, there should be some hesitancy on the part of the country banker to associate himself with the Federal Reserve syatem, especially as he knows that he must in any event fight his own battles and that his success depends on his complete understanding of local conditions and of the credit due to individual customers. When he must indorse these customers' notes before they are taken by any outside institution the burden in the end falls on him; perhaps, too, because in a great number of instances he is the town's only banker and has because of this attained some measure of self-sufficiency which prevents a response to union of forces. Banking is to him, after all, like General Hancock's characterization of the tariff—a local issue—and he is impressed with his personal responsibility for the outcome of its problems.

Though in general the country banker has made progress, he is by no means certain of what is in store for him in the development of banking practice. Is the structure that has stood so long to undergo changes that will force complete readjustment of his methods? Must he prepare for new competition from sources heretofore unknown? The rivalry of the agricultural-credit associations is not the only possible stumblingblock he considers as threatening his peaceful progress. That can probably be remedied, should it become strong, and its actual influence may be exaggerated.

(Continued on Page 145)

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(Continued from Page 142)

Two other forms of financial operation loom as shadows on his future and give to rural bankers some concern. One of these is branch banking. In some states has come the establishment in communities outside the location of a strong central bank of branch offices operating as parts of the home bank. Efforts to make such procedure illegal have been begun energetically by the rural bankers, who declare it means injury to their business and a limitation to their usefulness. They have seen the effect of chain stores on the mercantile business of their towns and believe that the same result will visit the banking fraternity from the forming of branches of city banks in the country villages.

The argument of the branch-bank proponents is that thereby may be placed at the service of the small town the entire resources of the central institution and thus may be financed undertakings that would overtax the ability of the local concerns. But the country banker says this is entirely beside the question. He declares that taking of funds out of the community and sending them to the city lessens the capital available for everyday needs and tends to retard the town's development. Anyhow, he can obtain plenty of financial support from his city correspondent for all legitimate requirements.

Few outside its management realize just how jealous is the bank of influences that lessen the deposit account, thereby lowering the capacity for loans and incidentally affecting earnings. Take a bank with $250,000 deposits and within a few weeks, as happened in 1922, a third is drawn out by depositors, compelling the banker to obtain from borrowers sufficient to maintain its legal reserve in cash or equivalent. Every check cashed for investment is eyed with regret. Even investment in government savings securities seems to the banker a loss, for that money goes out of the community for a long period. The money that goes for motor cars says good-by if it be paid west of the Mississippi River, for not even the material from which cars are manufactured is purchased in the plains country. The indirect benefit of furnishing a consuming industrial class for the farmer's products of course exists, but directly and for immediate need the bank sees a lessening of its financial strength. During the past three years all the purchase of tax-free securities by the canny capitalists, large and small, has been against the local bank, while reduced farm income has made a drain on deposits. Little wonder that it has been a road beset with anxiety.

The Coöperative-Bank Idea

Then there is the biennial appearance in the legislatures of the interior states of the coöperative-banking idea. This has come as the logical outgrowth of the coöperative elevators and stores sprinkled over the farm country, together with much propaganda in political circles. The store experience has been rather costly to stockholders, the failures having resulted usually because of inexperienced management and too many bosses.

The theory that a coöperative concern can be managed at less expense and sell at lower prices than established firms has been tried in nearly every community of the Middle West. The experiment with a mercantile establishment, argues the banker, injures by its failure only the persons who have invested their savings. To apply the same experiment to banking would weaken the whole financial structure if no better success were attained than by the trade undertakings. But a considerable following advocates coöperative banks, their formation to be legalized by the states and their management and capitalization to be much more liberal than are those of the regulation bank. Already, it is declared, there are more banks than needed, and the frequency with which consolidations are being made indicates that the service of the community does not demand further expansion of numbers.

Thus far the movement has not succeeded in securing legislation for this experiment; but you never can tell what a legislature or a governor, elected in response to an excited constituency's ideas, will do. It seems likely that the coöperative bank threat will continue to haunt the banker along with the other possibilities in legislative action. The banking laws are already sufficiently voluminous, and men who have established and maintained their institutions under them cannot consider with equanimity a further addition to the statutes, especially in making entrance to the banking field easier rather than more difficult.

When the financiers predicted three years as the minimum period in which a return could come to the farm country, they were basing their idea on the slow steps by which a producer in these days of low price levels for farm products can lay aside enough to meet obligations incurred in more buoyant times. The difference between the country bank's customers and those of the city institution lies in the method by which the former must liquidate any indebtedness. Not by shrewd trading or by accrued value, such as may be secured in a rising stock market, does the producer make headway. He must plant, harvest and market a crop—a full year's work; or he must wait on the natural increase of herds, unless he speculates in livestock, as does his city brother in paper stock certificates. If he borrowed to the limit of his credit in prosperous times he must meet the payment in present times with less margin of gain—or, as is claimed by the producer himself, often none at all.

The first year the banker is lenient; the second he manages to pull along, despite the load of unpaid notes; but about the third year comes a show-down. This has been a year of show-down with some customers and the time when others have caught up with the deficit in their balance. The Government in setting thirty-six months as the limit of agricultural loans on chattel security recognizes this cycle.

Unappreciated Advice

Probably the bank is strong enough—that is, has laid aside enough earnings during its existence—to be able to charge off debts that have finally been proved uncollectible; possibly some means, such as transferring the current loan to capital loan, will be undertaken by the farmer, placing a long-term real-estate mortgage on his land and with the proceeds paying the bank obligation. If the bank be unable to meet its depositors' calls and cannot collect its loans, it puts up a sign stating that it has turned over its affairs to the State or Federal Banking Department.

Because of the advantage of large capital, consolidation of banks has become advisable in many communities, to the advantage of customers. The ability to withstand losses is enhanced and borrowers are given more time in which to readjust their affairs. This has been one outcome of the pinch of the three-year cycle just ending. On the whole, the situation has been fairly well ironed out in the country banks; and when the returns of the 1923 harvest have been utilized, even though there be a disappointing profit margin for the producer, they ought to see more daylight in their actual condition than before. They have mostly taken their losses and survived; a few found definitely their inability to weather the trial. Likewise they have learned to say no to the borrower, and mean it.

This advising the borrower, however, is a most thankless task. Everybody likes to blame someone else for any untoward event that happens to him. In finance it is easy to blame the banker. The wheat raiser who was in debt to his bank $2000 when wheat was $2.65 a bushel, and was urged to sell his 1000 bushels, pay his debts and have a little besides, usually resented it. He thought the banker wanted to prevent him from getting three dollars a bushel, and held to his grain. When finally he sold it for $1.50 a bushel or less, and, after paying out all its return, still was owing the institution, did he remember the good advice he had received? He did not—usually. He somehow blamed the financial interests for the failure of grain prices to reach his dream level. Wheat is going to market this autumn out in the little country towns of the grain belt at about seventy to eighty cents a bushel, and the bins on farms hold tens of thousands of bushels of last year's crop which could have been sold

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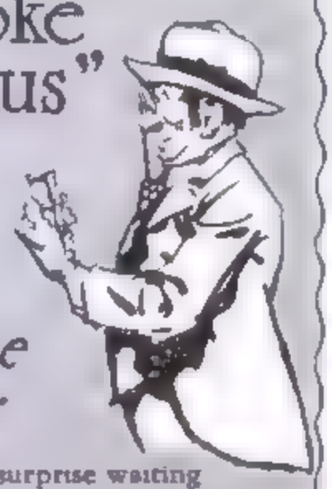

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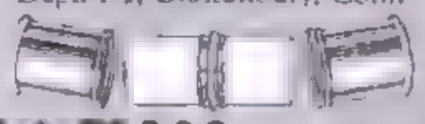

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for more than a dollar a bushel; but advice had no effect.

So it is doubtful if all the experience of the past three years has actually made the bank customer in the farm country any more amenable to advice. He figures out crop conditions for himself, has faith in some panaceas offered by leaders who plan to control the output of the country—if not of the world—and hopes for some dispensation of Providence that will make his crop more valuable, never thinking that perhaps the reason for the low price is that he is raising too much wheat. Demands for government price fixing occasionally arise, but it is to the credit of the producer that he is not listening to the siren voice of that proposed remedy.

Whatever the errors of judgment, and whatever poor bargains made during the early period of our readjustment, the country banker has on the whole gained headway. He has learned the hard lesson of caution and has passed on some of his knowledge to his customers. To preserve the integrity of his community's welfare he has pledged his own resources, borrowed money to loan for community development and has fought a good fight. Steadily the load of frozen loans has lightened, and though the three-year cycle has not been long enough to clear away entirely the débris resulting from deflation's storm, the way is clearer.

Banking departments have aided in every way the struggling institutions and often by their leniency have maintained stability.

Criticism has been free because of seeming delinquencies in living up to the letter of the law by banking boards and commissioners; yet the end has usually justified the means and helpfulness has proved its worth. Henceforth it is not going to be so much a problem of tiding over depression as of building on a foundation equal to any strain that may arise. The rural bank can but reflect its locality's progress, and though caution and conservative action will preserve the bank's integrity, even these cannot eliminate the element of the producer's lessened income. The problem is not complicated; it is, indeed, very simple—and perhaps because it is so simple the banker who has never passed through a period of depression is the more likely to overstep the limits of absolute safety and complete solvency.

The country banker is not opposing Federal legislation or Federal machinery for extension of agricultural credit; indeed, he welcomes any effort that will enable the producer to finance his inevitably slow movement of income—if the new institutions can provide this without encouragement to undue borrowing. Certainly, he does feel that we must lessen rather than increase obligations if farm operations are to be reëstablished firmly. Toward this end he is now bending his own efforts. He does ask, however, that there be no hampering influences that will weaken the bank's ability to serve its community. With these excluded, he has no doubt concerning the return of normal financial conditions.

Just where the country banker's path leads in the next cycle is to be determined. If through better system of production and by reduction of costs intervening between the producer and consumer the farmer can evolve methods insuring a fair profit on his operations, the bank will benefit. If there be also freedom from a competition that makes it more difficult to maintain the institution's position, either through lessening its deposits or undermining its established form of rediscounting and its handling of loans, its progress is assured. Desirous of the strictest supervision and entirely complaisant to all regulations that make for safety, the country bank seeks earnestly to perform its function in community growth. If it fails it is because of inefficient management or of exterior causes. Striving faithfully to overcome every vestige of the former, the banker hopes the latter may not affect the financial structure he has so laboriously built and in which he takes pride.

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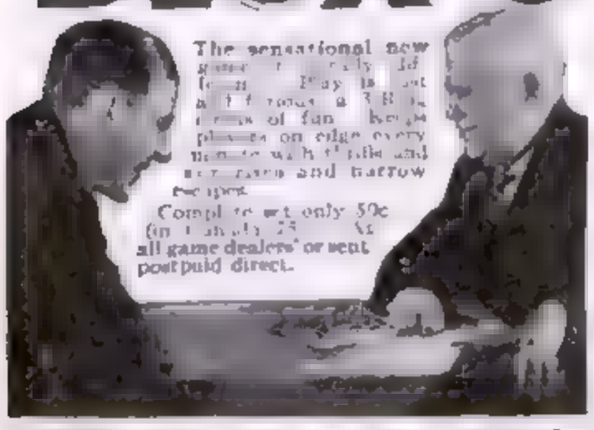

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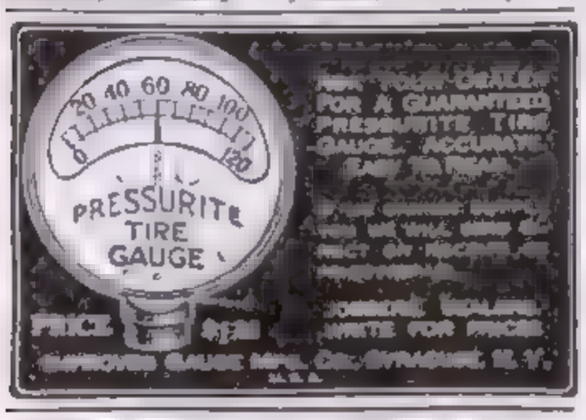

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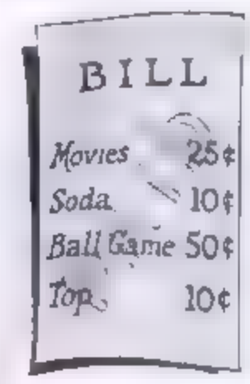

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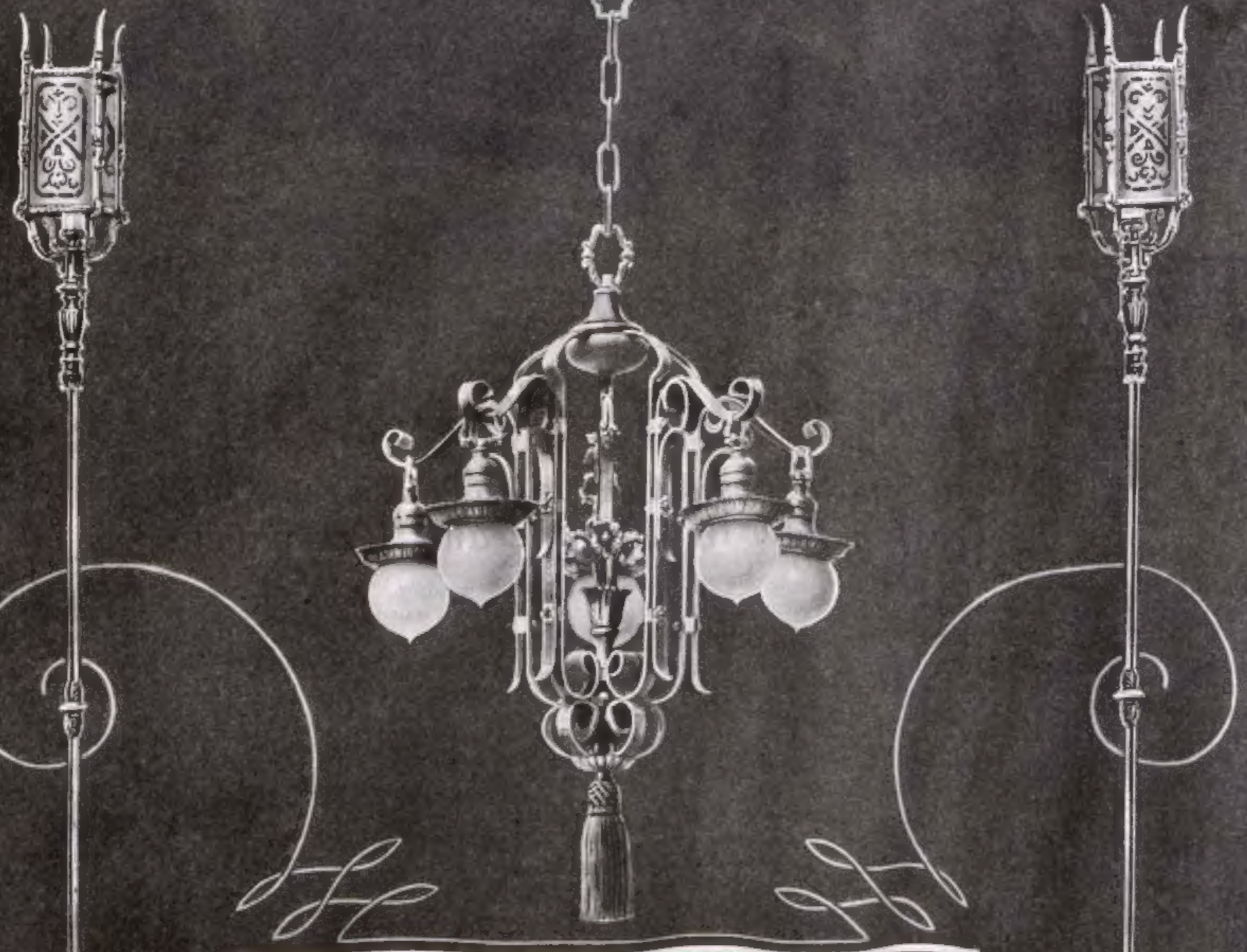

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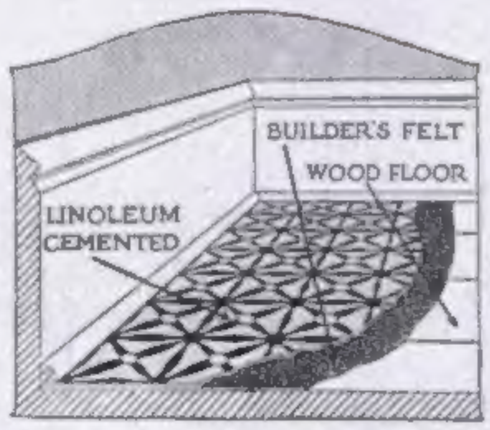

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